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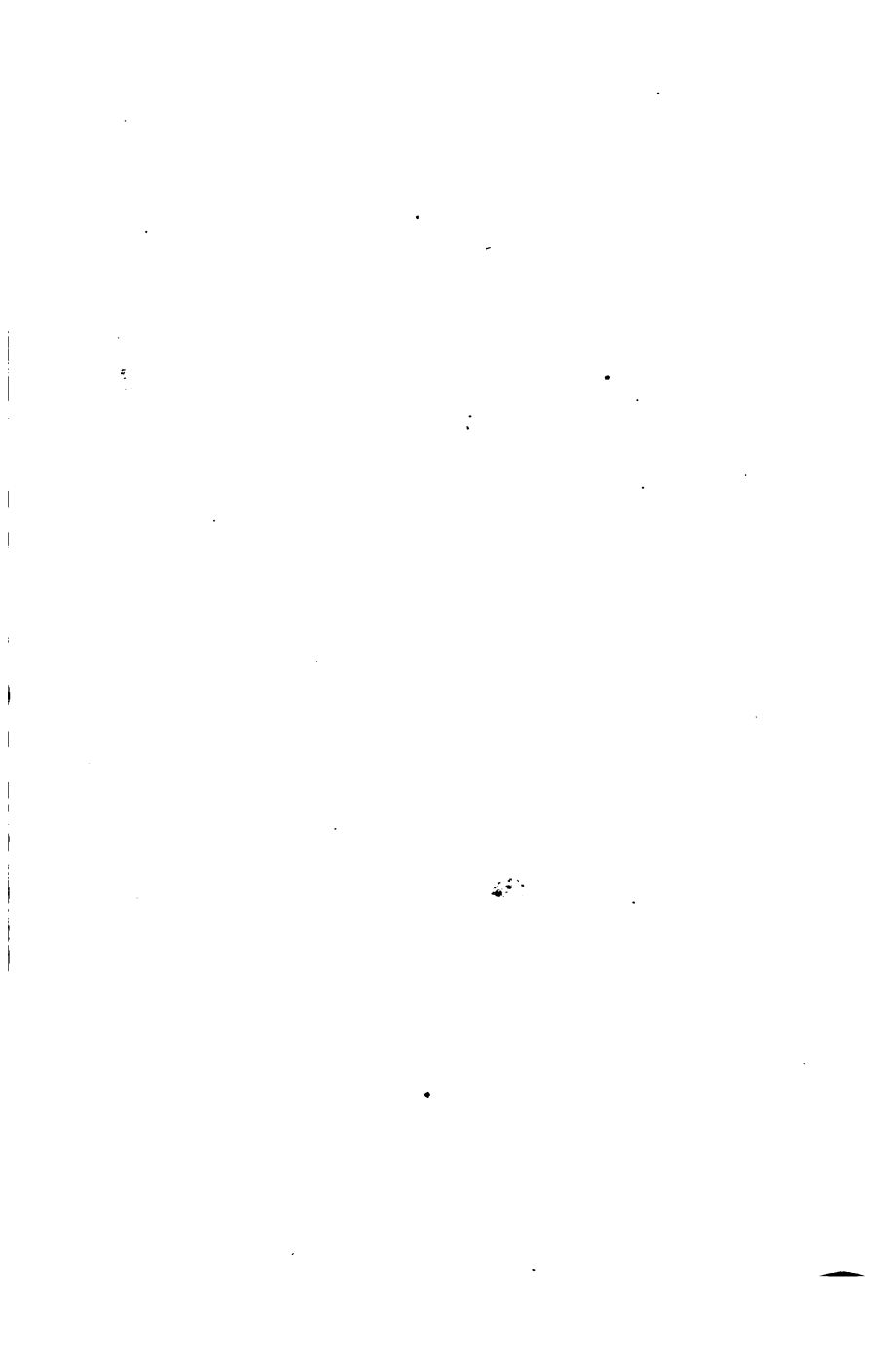
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WAR READINGS

**PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
NATIONAL BOARD FOR HISTORICAL SERVICE**

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

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A

PREFACE

The readings included in this volume have been selected by Mrs. Dana C. Munro, assisted by Mrs. Christian Gauss, Mrs. George A. Hulett, and Mrs. Frank A. Fetter, all of Princeton. For this purpose they have read literally hundreds of volumes written about the War by actual participants and have chosen the most interesting parts.

They have attempted to select the best verses written about the War and a few patriotic poems which every American knows, or should know. They have tried to illustrate as many phases of the War and of the activities connected with it, as it is possible to do in such a small volume as this. They also sought out passages which would show the heroic deeds of those who have been aiding behind the lines. With a few exceptions, all the accounts have been written by those actually engaged in the service in some capacity. As Ruskin wrote in "Stones of Venice," "the only history worth reading is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen, heard out of the mouths of the men who did and saw. One fresh draft of such history is worth more than a thousand volumes of abstracts and reasonings, and suppositions and theories."

Horrors and details of suffering have been omitted as out of place in a volume intended for use in schools. For the same reason, some slight omissions and changes have been made in some of the selections. Also in some passages parts of less interest have been left out in order to make it possible to include the remainder in this volume.

Authors and publishers have been generous in giving permission for the use of their writings and books for this patriotic purpose. Only a very few refused permission and, consequently,

almost all of the passages which were originally selected as the best are in this volume. We hope that the accounts here given will lead many to read the volumes from which these are taken. Practically all of the books published in English by participants before May 1, 1918, have been examined, and a wise and careful selection has been made of the best descriptions for boys and girls.

An interesting series of reproductions of war posters that have been issued in the Allied countries at various times, has been distributed through the book. While not illustrating the text, they are of great interest as an expression of certain phases of the war spirit in the countries where they appeared.

The board expresses its gratitude to Doctor E. C. Richardson, to Doctor A. E. Morse, and other officials of the Princeton University Library, for their constant assistance; to Professor R. C. Clark, of the University of Oregon, for his painstaking care in preparing the introductory notes and for reading the proof; above all to Mrs. Munro and the other ladies who in addition to their other "War work" have given their time and labor so unstintingly.

FOR THE NATIONAL BOARD FOR HISTORICAL SERVICE.

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WAR READINGS

THE CALL¹

R. E. VERNEDE

Lad, with the merry smile and the eyes
Quick as a hawk's and clear as the day,
You, who have counted the game the prize,
Here is the game of games to play.
Never a goal—the captains say—
Matches the one that's needed now:
Put the old blazer and cap away—
England's colors await your brow.

Man, with the square-set jaws and chin,
Always, it seems, you have moved to your end
Sure of yourself, intent to win
Fame and wealth and the power to bend—
All that you've made you're called to spend,
All that you've sought you're asked to miss—
What's ambition compared with this,
That a man lay down his life for his friend?

Dreamer, oft in your glancing mind
Brave with drinking the faerie brew,
You have smitten the ogres blind
When the fair Princess cried out to you.
Dreamer, what if your dreams are true?
Yonder's a bayonet, magical, since
Him whom it strikes, the blade sinks through—
Take it and strike for England, Prince!

¹ From "War Poems and Other Verses," copyright, 1917, by William Heinemann. Used by permission.

Friend with the face so hard and worn,
The Devil and you have sometime met,
And now you curse the day you were born
And want one boon of God—to forget.
Ah, but I know, and yet—and yet—
I think, out there in the shrapnel spray,
You shall stand up and not regret
The life that gave so splendid a day.

Lover of ease, you've lolled and forgot
All the things that you meant to right;
Life has been soft for you, has it not?
What offer does England make to-night?
This—to toil and to march and to fight
As never you've dreamed since your life began;
This—to carry the steel-swept height,
This—to know that you've played the man!

Brothers, brothers, the time is short,
Nor soon again shall it so betide
That a man may pass from the common sort
Sudden and stand by the heroes' side.
Are there some that being named yet bide?
Hark once more to the clarion call—
Sounded by him who deathless died—
"This day England expects you all."

A LETTER TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA¹

EDWARD N. TEALL

DEAR LADS:

These are great times for American boys. American! The word brings your shoulders back, head up, chin out, and starts a thumping under your ribs.

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, copyright, 1917, by The Century Co. Used by permission.

You are not yet of military age. Perhaps you wish you were older. How proud and happy you would be to shoulder a gun and go marching away, following the Flag to France!

You do not need to be reminded that the life of a soldier today is not what you thought it would be only three years ago. Then you were only one of the kiddies "playing soldiers." Now that you are twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen, you know more about what soldiering really is.

You are taking your small part. Your Boy Scout drills and hikes have taken on a new meaning to you. You have been soldiers, perhaps, in the garden army. In one way or another you are contributing your helpful mite, but you chafe because there is so little for you to do; the boy's share is so small, so insignificant.

Boys, your part is not a small one! It is vitally important. The service you can render now in preparing for the service you will surely be called upon to render in a few years is precious to the nation.

Wars do not end when the fighting stops. The effect of this incalculable destruction of lives and property will weigh heavily upon the world long after the peace treaties are signed. Where men have destroyed, other men must rebuild. The whole world is hurt; the whole world must be healed. All the nations pay for the madness of one.

War-torn France must be restored. Shell-scarred fields must be made fertile again. Towns must be rebuilt. Commerce must be reorganized, and on the eastern front there is work for many hands—where the count of hands fit for the work will be pitifully small. Nor is the task of reconstruction to be measured only by the physical toil of men's hands. Institutions of political life have been wrecked. Where autocracy and bureaucracy, all forms of selfishness in government, have been overthrown, new forms of free government—"government of the people, by the people, for the people,"—must be established. Free America must help to teach the world—teach by example.

Free America can take and hold that proud position only if the sum of her citizenship is sound and wise, and it can be so only if each citizen contributes soundness and wisdom. Their opposites—selfishness, indifference, discontent, unreadiness to give up one's own ease and comfort in the interest of the general health and prosperity—may also develop, and in that day, you, the boys of this day, are to be the responsible voting citizens!

Therefore it behooves you now to prepare! There is no vagueness about your present duty.

America will need, more than ever, men of trained minds. Therefore you must study! Not for marks, not just to "keep up with the class"—but to learn, to lay the foundations of useful knowledge.

America will need men who know the past; who know why governments prosper and do good or fail or fall; men who can use their votes so as to give America the best possible governors. To become such men you must study history; not names and dates only, but the "reasons" of history.

America will need men who can make just laws; men who can preach from the pulpit; men who can speak from the platform or in the halls of legislature and Congress with such power and clearness as to make good counsel prevail; men who can write articles and books that will counteract folly and error and will spread truth and wisdom. To be such men who can build roads and bridges, factories and colleges; men who can run railroads and industries; men who know the nature of soils and how to make them bear the best crops. To do these mighty works, men must be masters of science. To master science you must conquer mathematics—arithmetic, algebra, geometry. They are not dull exercises, they are the seeds of achievement. You boys are planting them—or are not planting them!—to-day.

America will need strong, healthy men; and sound bodies are the natural resting-places of sound minds. Therefore your games and sports are honest means of preparation for the future. Do

not play to win. Play to learn self-control, generosity in victory, manliness in defeat.

America will need every last part of her rich resources. The nickel you spend for some little indulgence is only a nickel, but it is one of the nickels that, assembled, make power. Therefore now is the time to learn, and to practise, intelligent thrift.

These are small services, but they are real services. You fellows, each doing his bit, however insignificant it seems, are all together a mighty power. Just what you make of to-day, America will make of to-morrow. To-day more than ever before, the commonplaces of good counsel, the homely philosophy of the old proverbs of the people, have a meaning that bites into the mind and turns ideas into actions.

So just think over these few plain but definite suggestions, and God bless you all, and, through you, America.

THE BELLS OF MALINES¹

(August 17, 1914)

HENRY VAN DYKE

The gabled roofs of old Malines
Are russet-red and gray and green,
And o'er them in the sunset hour
Looms, dark and huge, St. Rombold's tower.
High in that rugged nest concealed,
The sweetest bells that ever pealed,
The deepest bells that ever rung,
The lightest bells that ever sung,
Are waiting for the master's hand
To fling their music o'er the land.

¹Pronounce, *Ma-lin'*. From "The Red Flower," copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And shall they ring to-night, Malines?
 In nineteen hundred and fourteen,
 The frightful year, the year of woe,
 When fire and blood and rapine flow
 Across the land from lost Liége,
 Storm-driven by the German rage?
 The other carillons¹ have ceased:
 Fallen is Hasselt, fallen Diest,
 From Ghent and Bruges no voices come,
 Antwerp is silent, Brussels dumb.

But in thy belfry, O Malines,
 The master of the bells unseen
 Has climbed to where the keyboard stands—
 To-night his heart is in his hands!
 Once more, before invasion's hell
 Breaks round the tower he loves so well,
 Once more he strikes the well-worn keys,
 And sends aerial harmonies
 Far floating through the twilight dim
 In patriot song and holy hymn.

O listen, burghers of Malines!
 Soldier and workman, pale béguine,²
 And mother with a trembling flock
 Of children clinging to thy frock—
 Look up and listen, listen all.
 What tunes are these that gently fall
 Around you like a benison?
 "The Flemish Lion," "Brabançonne,"
 "O brave Liége," and all the airs
 That Belgium in her bosom bears.

Ring up, ye silvery octaves high,
 Whose notes like circling swallows fly;

¹ Carillons—sets of fixed bells tuned to play melodies.

² Bâ gën'—a nun

And ring, each old sonorous bell—
"Jesu," "Maria," "Michael!"
Weave in and out, and high and low,
The magic music that you know,
And let it float and flutter down
To cheer the heart of the troubled town.
Ring out, "Salvator," lord of all—
"Roland" in Ghent may hear thee call!

O brave bell-music of Malines,
In this dark hour how much you mean!
The dreadful night of blood and tears
Sweeps down on Belgium, but she hears
Deep in her heart the melody
Of songs she learned when she was free.
She will not falter, faint, nor fail,
But fight until her rights prevail,
And all her ancient belfries ring
"The Flemish Lion," "God save the King!"

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ANTWERP¹

EDWARD EYRE HUNT

"War Bread," from which this selection is taken, is the narrative of the personal experiences of the American representative on the Commission for the Relief in Belgium in charge of the work in the province of Antwerp. At present he is working with the Red Cross in Italy.

I was awakened by a tremendous roar and a shock which seemed to lift the house from its foundations. Immediately there came a distant boom! a shrill snarling whistle, then another explosion which pounded the air like storm.

Boom—wheeikkkkkkkk Bang—gggg! Boom—wheeEEEEEEI
—KKKK BANGGGG! Every pane of glass in the house blew

¹ From "War Bread," copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt & Co. Used by permission.

out in the chaos which followed the bursting of that fourth bomb. It had hit directly across the street, less than thirty-five feet from where I was hurrying into my clothes. I could hear screams and sobs; then the sound of people rushing by the house, and the crash of glass which littered the sidewalks, splintering to bits as the people ran. But above every other sound clamored the continuous mad-dog snarling of the German shells. Boom—whee *BANG—boom—boom—BangGG!* My watch read 12.05, Belgian time.

From the cellar came a frightened, unintelligible voice.

"Everybody all right?" I yelled, strapping on my belt of gold-pieces and flinging on my clothes.

"All right!" answered Thompson shrilly from the next room. "Y-yes," called Weigle from up-stairs. And we bolted for the cellar.

There, fully dressed even to his overcoat, was the Vice-Consul. His teeth were chattering. He stood ankle-deep in coke in a small fuel closet under the stairs, which we Americans had entirely overlooked in our inspection. A single candle-flame lighted the place. "Sh-sh-shut the door," he begged. "Where is the g-g-g-gas meter? We must turn off the g-g-g-gas meter. It isn't safe. . . ."

. . . . To my astonishment, the cannonade gave me an intense feeling of exaltation. It was like the exhilaration of fever. I was convinced that we should all be killed, so I wrote on the walls of our cyclone-cellar the names and addresses of Thompson, de Meester Weigle, and myself. My senses were keenly alive to danger, but there was a strange joy in the thought that life was to be obliterated in a mad chaos of flame and steel and thunder. Death seemed suddenly the great adventure; the supreme experience. And there was something splendid, like music, in the incessant, insane snarl of the shells and the blasts of the explosions.

Thompson and I ran up-stairs and brought down mattresses and blankets, then we all lay down side by side in the coke, with the flimsy door shut to keep out stray shells. The shell-fire at first

had excited; now it seemed to soothe me, and I went quietly to sleep. Occasionally I was awakened by the Vice-Consul and Weigle arguing whether or not we were in the direct line of fire, and whether or not the last shell had burst nearer our house than the first. Outside, fugitives fled sobbing along the streets; but I slept, indifferent to them.

Such sleep is like drowning. It has the double effect of a stimulant and a narcotic. Pictures of my past life rushed out of the dark in streams and flooded my sleep with bright and sombre visions. I saw them, but I slept. . . .

At four o'clock in the morning Thompson and I left the others and went out into the *Avenue du Sud*. Refugees, most of them women, were hurrying by in every direction, half-dressed, only half sane, and horribly afraid. Many, no doubt, were crouching in the cellars, but most of the people ran. Old and young, in little coveys of fours, fives, half-dozens, dozens, ran along the sidewalks, slipping and crashing over the broken glass, making a terrifying and unearthly racket as they ran. Whenever a shell snarled unusually near, the groups fell cowering on hands and knees against the nearest houses. Women covered their heads with their shawls and waited breathless and motionless for the smash and roar of the explosion. I saw a shell burst in the avenue within a few yards of some of these fugitives. A woman dropped her baby and ran on without it. Two old men, dragging a heavy bundle of household goods between them, abandoned it in the street and fled screaming. A priest ran plump into me, completely unnerved. The shell had struck just at the corner and had torn a hole through curb and cobblestones and earth three feet deep and seven feet in diameter. . . .

I stood in the middle of the street and watched the gray sky in the hope of seeing a shell. The idea was absurd, yet I felt an odd sense of being cheated of part of the spectacle. The air seemed full of steel. I counted three explosions a minute: I wanted to see something. One could hear the shells so easily, it seemed ridiculous not to see them. . . .

WHAT A SHRAPNEL SHELL DID

. . . Daylight brought comfort, but the panic continued. The exodus seemed endless. Little carts, wheelbarrows, baby-carriages, Flemish milk-wagons drawn by dogs, two or three old cabs, and an occasional farm wagon piled high with goods, went by us. Old men and women, invalids, cripples, and young children were carried past in the ghastly rout. A wrinkled old woman came by leading a cow. Dogs were howling everywhere. There was the incessant rattle and crash of broken glass on the sidewalks and in the streets as the fugitives stumbled past. But one sound dominated everything. It was to left of us, to right of us, behind us, before us, and overhead. It was the smack and boom of the big guns, and the everlasting crazy uproar of the bursting shells.

The air was bitter with powder-smoke. Later I smelled kerosene. The Germans were shelling us with shrapnel and incendiary bombs. Fires began to shoot up in the heart of our section. There were heavier explosions. A fifth house in our block was struck, and the entire front was riddled with lead—great jagged holes showing in woodwork and bricks and plaster. The house looked like a colander.

We did not know it then, but the bombardment was systematic as a game of checkers. The city was blocked off on checker-board charts; each battery was given its share of work to do, its time for rest and refreshment, and square by square the Germans shelled.

Hours dragged by. With methodical regularity the German steel was pumped into the doomed city, except for brief pauses once every hour, when the artillery corps stopped to cool the guns. It was almost amusing to think of the calm young Prussian lieutenants of artillery—the same sort as those I had seen in Berlin two days before—now five miles or more away from us, quietly and unemotionally directing that cyclone of shells. . . .

Fire slackened at noon and we had visitors. Our front door-

bell jangled violently, and in came Horace Green, cool and collected as always, but keenly sensitive to the horrors of the situation. He confirmed the worst fears of Weigle and the Vice-Consul by telling us that our house was in the direct line of fire, and that no shells had as yet fallen in the centre of the city. While he was talking, the door-bell jangled again. Thompson answered this time, and I heard his piping voice raised in hearty greeting. "Hello, Jimmie," he yelled, "how are you? Come right in. Glad to see you."

"It's Jimmie Hare—James H. Hare—photographer for *Leslie's Weekly*," explained Green.

I had never met Hare, but I knew of him as the veteran photographer of a dozen wars; seventy-two years old, they said, and spry and bold as a boy. So I left Green and ran up-stairs. Thompson had vanished completely. There was no sign of Hare. I went to the door and threw it open. A German shell whizzed close overhead; the Germans had taken only half an hour off for lunch!

But where was Hare?

A little gray man, about five feet tall, wearing a boy's cap and a brown Norfolk jacket, was hopping about on the other side of the street in a litter of broken window-glass, bricks, and plaster dislodged by the shells. He had a small black box in his hand, and he was sighting it at the house. The box was a camera. The little man was Hare.

"Hello! Hello!" he yelled in the tone of an enraptured camera fiend. "Hold that! Fine! Hold that pose! Duck your head behind the door! Great!" He pointed the camera. Boom! A German shell burst only a quarter of a block away. Hare dodged, but kept the camera pointed. "Hold that pose!" he yelled again. "Look scared!" I obeyed without an effort. "Fine! Great!" he said again. Snap! The picture was taken, and we ran for the cellar together. . . .

We learned from our visitors that the American Consul-General, Vice-Consul, and the entire Consulate staff had fled from the city

to Ghent. What were we going to do? We were going to stay in Antwerp, and we intended to remain in our house until we were burned out or shelled out.

We had not long to wait. Our visitors had scarcely left us, and we were amusing ourselves in our little cyclone-cellar, when our billet¹ arrived. I had just completed a drawing of Weigle and the Vice-Consul lying on the coke. There was the familiar dull, distant boom, and the snarling wheeeeieieiekkk, but the blast that followed was exactly over our heads, and it sounded like all the thunders in the universe rolled into one. The shell had exploded directly over us. It seemed to bring down half the house about our ears.

Thompson and I raced up-stairs with a bucket of water in either hand, ready to put out any fire which might have started. We could not see a thing. The plaster dust was thicker than smoke, and the stair-well was choked with débris, but luckily for us, part of the wall had been blown out, and the air soon cleared sufficiently for us to take stock of our situation.

Two floors and a part of a third were completely wrecked; five rooms and a hall in all. The shell had gone through three thick brick walls. In the ruin was a broken couch, a smashed wardrobe, shivered mirrors, chairs, beds, and bed-linen, a collection of stamps, a rosary, a crucifix, and quantities of small, intimate possessions of no intrinsic worth, but great personal value. The walls were scarred and splintered. There was an acrid smell of powder-smoke in the air, gray plaster dust covered everything, but no fire was visible.

Our door-bell rang sharply, and we ran down-stairs to find our kind Belgian neighbors standing at the door with buckets of water in their hands, all ready to help us. There was plenty of cowardice in Antwerp during the bombardment, but I think gratefully of the unselfish bravery of those Belgians who were so ready to help the strangers.

¹ Billet = turn.

THE TRYST¹

EDITH WHARTON

I said to the woman: Whence do you come,
With your bundle in your hand?

She said: In the North I made my home,
Where slow streams fatten the fruitful loam,
And the endless wheat-fields run like foam
To the edge of the endless sand.

I said: What look have your houses there,
And the rivers that glass your sky?
Do the steeples that call your people to prayer
Lift fretted fronts to the silver air,
And the stones of your streets, are they washed and fair
When the Sunday folk go by?

My house is ill to find, she said,
For it has no roof but the sky;
The tongue is torn from the steeple-head,
The streets are foul with the slime of the dead,
And all the rivers run poison-red
With the bodies drifting by.

I said: Is there none to come at your call
In all this throng astray?
They shot my husband against a wall,
And my child (she said), too little to crawl,
Held up its hands to catch the ball
When the gun-muzzle turned its way.

I said: There are countries far from here
Where the friendly church-bells call,
And fields where the rivers run cool and clear,

¹ From "The Book of the Homeless," copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And streets where the weary may walk without fear,
And a quiet bed, with a green tree near,
To sleep at the end of it all.

She answered: Your land is too remote,
And what if I chanced to roam
When the bells fly back to the steeples' throat,
And the sky with banners is all afloat,
And the streets of my city rock like a boat
With the tramp of her men come home?

I shall crouch by the door till the bolt is down,
And then go in to my dead.
Where my husband fell I will put a stone,
And mother a child instead of my own,
And stand and laugh on my bare hearth-stone
When the King rides by, she said.

Paris, August 27, 1915.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE¹

(August 14, 1914)

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

(Since the bombardment of Strasburg, August 14, 1870, her statue in Paris, representing Alsace, has been draped in mourning by the French people.)

Near where the royal victims fell
In days gone by, caught in the swell
Of a ruthless tide
Of human passion, deep and wide:
There where we two
A Nation's later sorrow knew—
To-day, O friend! I stood
Amid a self-ruled multitude

¹ From "Collected Poems," copyright, 1916, by The Houghton Mifflin Co. By special arrangement with the publishers.



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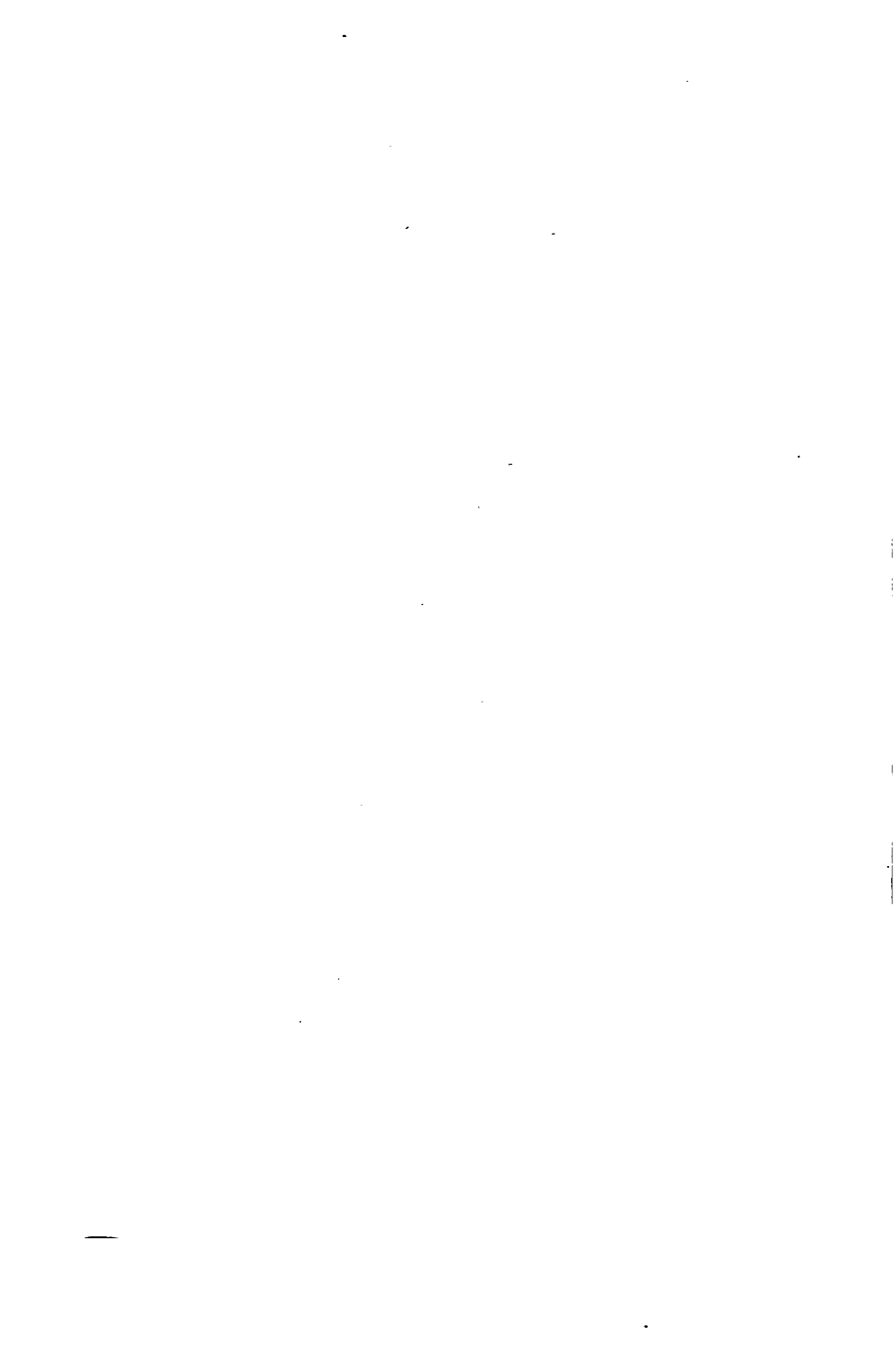
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That by nor sound nor word
Betrayed how mightily its heart was stirred.

A memory Time never could efface—
A memory of Grief—
Like a great Silence brooded o'er the place;
And men breathed hard, as seeking for relief
From an emotion strong
That would not cry, though held in check too long.

One felt that joy drew near—
A joy intense that seemed itself to fear—
Brightening in eyes that had been dull,
As all with feeling gazed.
Then one stood at the statue's base, and spoke—
Men needed not to ask what word;
Each in his breast the message heard,
Writ for him by Despair,
That evermore in moving phrase
Breathes from the Invalides and Père Lachaise—
Vainly it seemed, alas!
But now, France looking on the image there,
Hope gave her back the lost Alsace.

A deeper hush fell on the crowd;
A sound—the lightest—seemed too loud
(Would, friend, you had been there!)
As to that form the speaker rose,
Took from her, fold on fold,
The mournful crape, gray-worn and old.
Her, proudly, to disclose,
And with the touch of tender care
That fond emotion speaks,
'Mid tears that none could quite command,
Placed the Tricolor in her hand,
And kissed her on both cheeks!

STORIES OF FRANCE AT WAR¹

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

At the outbreak of the war, in 1914, Mr. Williams was the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*. In order to reach the battle-front he served two months on a motor ambulance. Later he was admitted within the French lines. The stories selected here are from his personal experiences.

GENERAL JOFFRE²

General Joffre, at the beginning of the war, had been head of the army for only three years. He had received his supreme command as a compromise between political parties. No one knew anything about him—he had a good military record and was considered “safe.” But at the last grand manoeuvres he had given the nation a sudden jar by unceremoniously and without comment dismissing five gold-laced generals.

On one of the first days of the war, at four in the morning, I was walking home—all taxis were mobilized—after a night passed in writing cable copy for my newspaper concerning the momentous tragedy that faced the world.

I was accompanied by a journalistic confrère; our route led past the Foreign Office, where the Cabinet of France had been sitting all night in war council. It was just daybreak. The sun was beginning to glint on the waters of the Seine. We walked and halted, without speaking, but in common thought, before the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. The sun suddenly broke in splendor over the golden dome.

“It seems like a good omen,” I said to my friend.

“Yes—if France had a Napoleon to-day . . .” was his reply. He was a newcomer to Paris.

“Tell me about the Commander-in-Chief,” he asked me. “Who is Joffre, anyway?”

I told him what everybody knew, which was almost nothing.

¹ From “Passed by the Censor,” copyright, 1916, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Used by permission.

² Pronounce Zho’fr.

Now let me shift the picture from the tomb of Napoleon on a sunny morning in August. It is a bleak day on the undulating plains of Champagne—a few kilometres to the rear of the battle-lines—where the French had been steadily gaining ground for several weeks. Only the week before they brilliantly stormed the hills where the Germans had intrenched after the battle of the Marne, and they captured every position.

A fine drizzle had been falling since early morning, making the ground soggy and slippery. Along the roads the crowds of peasants and inhabitants of near-by villages are sloshing toward the great open plain. But all the roads are barred by sentries and they are turned back. No civilian eyes, except those of a half-dozen newspaper men, may see what is to happen there. Yes, something is to happen there—something impressive—something soul-stirring, but there are to be no cheering spectators, no heraldry, and no pomp.

It is to be a military pageant, without the crowd. It is a change from the antebellum military show at Longchamps on the fourteenth of July, when the tricolor waved everywhere, when the President of the Republic and the generals of the army in brilliant uniforms reviewed the troops of France, and all the great world was there to see.

This is to be a review of the troops who took the hills back there a little way, sweeping on and up to victory while a murderous German fire poured into them, dropping them by thousands. Through that clump of trees sticking up in the mud, are little crosses marking the graves of the dead.

Fifteen thousand of the victorious troops will pass in review to-day before the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies. Down across the field you can hear the distant notes of a bugle. They are taken up by other buglers at various points. Then across the field comes a regimental band. The players have been in the charge, too—with rifles instead of musical instruments. This is their first chance to play in months—and play they do. You hear the martial notes of the "Marseillaise" floating across the

field, played with a force that must have been heard in the German lines.

The regiments take up their positions at one side of the field. General Langle de Carry, commander of the army that did the Champagne fighting, with only a half-dozen officers, take positions at the reviewing stand. The reviewing stand is a hillock of mud. Both general and officers wear the long overcoats of the light "horizon blue," the new color of the French army.

A man emerges from the line of trees behind the group, and ploughs his way across the mud. He is large and bulky. He plants his feet firmly at each step—splashing the mud out in all directions. He wears a short jacket of the "horizon blue" and no overcoat. He wears the old red trousers of the beginning of the war. His hat, around which you can see the golden band of oak-leaves signifying that he is a general, is pulled low over his eyes. Drops of rain are on his grizzled mustache. A leather belt is about his powerful body, but he wears no sword.

Langle de Carry and his officers whirl about quickly at his approach. Every hand is raised in salute. The bulky man touches the visor of his hat in response—then plants both his large, ungloved fists upon his hips. His feet are spread slightly apart. He speaks to de Carry in a low voice. As you have already guessed, this big man is Joffre.

You were told at the beginning of the war that Joffre was a little fat man—like Napoleon. That is not true. Joffre is a big man. He is even a tall man, but does not look so because of his bulk. Few men possess, at his age, such a powerful or so healthy a body. That is why he can cover so many miles of battle-front in his racing-auto every day. That is why he shows not the slightest sign of the war.

No time is lost in conversation. The bugles blew again and the regiments of heroes began their march past the muddy reviewing stand. Even in their battle-stained uniforms, every regiment looked "smart." When they came abreast of Joffre, stolidly and solidly standing a step in advance of the others, the long line of

rifles raised in salute is as straight as ever that of a German regiment on parade at Potsdam, despite deep and slippery mud.

After the infantry came the famous "seventy-fives" with the same machine-like precision that before the war we always associated with Germans. The review ends with a regiment of heavy cavalry—cuirassiers—coming at full charge, rising high in their stirrups, with swords aloft, and breaking into a battle yell when they passed "Father Joffre," as he is called by his soldiers.

Through it all he stands motionless, feet apart, one hand planted on his hip, raising the other to the visor of his hat, peering beneath it straight ahead with unblinking eyes. As the men pass this general without a sword, with no medals, no gold braid, no overcoat—and in old red trousers—the rain pelting upon him, the look on their faces is one of adoration. It matters not to them that there are no cheering crowds, no crashing bands, no gala atmosphere. The one eye in France that they care about is upon them.

The long line then forms facing him, and the men to receive decorations advance. One of them—a private—is to receive the *médaille militaire*, the greatest war decoration in the world, for it can only be given to privates, or to generals commanding armies who have already received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Joffre himself only won it after the battle of the Marne.

The private now to receive the medal is brought before the Commander-in-Chief, who pins it upon his breast. Joffre throws both his great arms about the private's shoulders and kisses him on both cheeks. The long line of soldiers remains perfectly quiet. But in the eyes of many of them are tears.

The programme is ended. Father Joffre gets into his low, gray automobile and disappears, in a swirl of mud, to some other part of the "zone of operations."

The army now knows it has the real leader that it waited for so long. To the general public of France Joffre is still a mystery. But they are content with their mystery—they have faith in him. That is the spirit of the new France—a quiet faith and determina-

tion that certainly has deceived the rest of the world, especially Germany. It is the spirit of a nation that has found itself, and Joffre typifies it.

A few books have appeared giving some information about the Commander-in-Chief. They deal chiefly with his march to Timbuctoo and his career in Indo-China. For the rest, Parisians know that before the war he lived quietly in a little villa in Auteuil, and that next to his love for his family, the things he regarded as best in all the world are peace and fishing. Recently it was learned that he commandeered a barge on one of the rivers near the battle-line—and there he sometimes sits and quietly fishes while thinking out new army plans. His only other recreation at the front is reading at night before going to bed from his favorite authors, Balzac, Dumas, and Charles Dickens. Joffre understands English and reads it but will not speak it. "It is that he has an accent which he likes not," explained one of his officers.

A BATTLE-FIELD

I doubt whether until the war is over it will be possible adequately to describe the battle, or rather, the series of battles extending along this particular front of about fifty miles. "Labyrinth" certainly is the fittest word to call it. I always had a fairly accurate sense of direction; but, it was impossible for me, standing in many places in this giant battle-field, to say where were the Germans and where the French, so confusing was the constant zigzag of the trenches. Sometimes when I was positive that a furious cannonade coming from a certain position was German, it turned out to be French. At other times, when I thought I was safely going in the direction of the French, I was hauled back by officers who told me I was heading directly into the German line of fire. I sometimes felt that the German lines were on three sides, and often I was quite correct. On the other hand, the French lines often almost completely surrounded the German positions.

One could not tell from the nearness of the artillery-fire whether it was from friend or foe. Artillery makes three different noises: first, the sharp report followed by detonations like thunder, when the shell first leaves the gun; second, the rushing sound of the shell passing high overhead; third, the shrill whistle, followed by the crash when it finally explodes. In the Labyrinth the detonations which usually indicated the French fire might be from the German batteries stationed close by but unable to get our range, and firing at a section of the French lines some miles away. I finally determined that when a battery fired fast it was French; for the German fire became more intermittent every day.

I shall try to give some idea of what this fighting looks like. Late one afternoon, coming out of a trench into a green meadow, I suddenly found myself backed against a mud bank made of the dirt taken from the trenches. We were just at the crest of a hill. In khaki clothes I was of the same color as the mud bank; so an officer told me I was in a fairly safe position.

Modern war becomes a somewhat flat affair after the first impressions have been dulled.

We blotted ourselves against our mud bank, carefully adjusted our glasses, turned them toward the valley before us—whence came the sound of exploding shells—and watched a village dying in the sunset. It was only about a thousand yards away—I didn't even ask whether it was in French or German possession. A loud explosion, a roll of dense black smoke, penetrated at once by the long, horizontal rays of sun, revealing tumbling roofs and crumbling walls. A few seconds' intermission; then another explosion; a public school in the main street sagged suddenly in the centre. With no pause came succession of explosions, and the building was prone upon the ground—a jagged pile of broken stones.

We turned our glasses on the other end of the village. A column of black smoke was rising where the church had caught fire. We watched it awhile in silence. Ruins were getting

very common. I swept the glasses away from the hamlet altogether and pointed out over the distant fields to the left.

"Where are the German trenches?" I asked the Major.

"I'll show you—just a moment!" he answered, and at the same time signalling to a soldier squatting in the entrance to a trench near by, he ordered the man to convey a message to the telephone station, which connected with a "seventy-five" battery at our rear. I was on the point of telling the officer not to bother about it. The words were on my lips; then I thought: "Oh, never mind! I might know where the trenches are, now that I have asked."

The soldier disappeared. "Watch!" said the officer. We peered intently across the fields to the left. In less than a minute there were two sharp explosions behind us, two puffs of smoke out on the horizon before us, about a mile away.

"That's where they are!" the officer said. "Both shells went right into them!"

HOW SEVENTY-FIVE HELD TWELVE THOUSAND

It was just dawn when I got off a train at Gerbeviller,¹ the little "Martyr City" that hides its desolation as it hid its existence in the foot-hills of the Vosges.

There was a dense fog. At 6 A. M. fog usually covers the valleys of the Meurthe and Moselle.

I went down the main street from the station, the fog enveloping me. I had letters to the town officials, but it was too early in the morning to present them. I would first get my own impressions of the wreck and ruin.

I wandered along to where the street turned sharply. There the ground pitched straight to the little river. Half of a house stood there, unscathed by fire; it was one of those unexplainable freaks that often occur in great catastrophes. Even the window-glass was intact. Smoke was coming from the chimney. I went to

¹ Pronounce Zhër-bâ-vê-yâ.

the opposite side and there stood an old woman looking out toward the river, brooding over the ruin stretching below her.

"You are lucky," I said. "You still have your home."

She turned a toothless countenance toward me and threw out her hands. I judged her to be well over seventy. It wasn't her home, she explained. Her home was "la-bas"—pointing vaguely in the distance. She had lived there fifty years—now it was burned. Her son's house, he had saved thirty years to be able to call it his own, was also gone; but then her son was dead, so what did it matter? . . .

And why were the houses burned? No; it was not the result of bombardment. Gerbeviller was not bombarded until after the houses were burned. They were burned by the Germans systematically. They went from house to house with their torches and oil and pitch. They did not explain why they burned the houses, but it was because they were angry.

The old woman paused a moment, and a faint flicker of a smile showed in the wrinkles about her eyes. I asked her to continue her story.

"You said because they were angry," I prompted. The smile broadened. Oh, yes, they were angry, she explained. They did not even make the excuse that the villagers fired upon them. They were just angry through and through! And it was all because of those seventy-five French chasseurs¹ who held the bridge.

Some one called to her from the house. She hobbled to the door. "Any one can tell you about the seventy-five chasseurs," she said, disappearing within.

I went on down the road and stood upon the bridge over the swift little river. It was a narrow, tiny bridge only wide enough for one wagon to pass. Two roads from the town converged there, the one over which I had passed and another which formed a letter "V" at the junction with the bridge. Across the river only one road led away from the bridge and it ran straight up a hill, when

¹ Sha-sûr'—light infantrymen.

it turned suddenly into the broad national highway to Luneville, about five miles away.

One house remained standing at the end of the bridge, nearest the town. Its roof was gone, and its walls bore the marks of hundreds of bullets, but it was inhabited by a little old man of fifty, who came out to talk with me. He was the village carpenter. His house was burned, so he had taken refuge in the little house at the bridge. During the time the Germans were there he had been a prisoner, but they forgot him the morning the French army arrived. Everybody was in such a hurry, he explained.

I asked him about the seventy-five chasseurs at the bridge.

Ah, yes, we were then standing on the site of their barricade. He would tell me about it, for he had seen it all from his house half-way up the hill.

The chasseurs were first posted across the river on the road to Luneville, and when the Germans approached, early in the morning, they fell back to the bridge, which they had barricaded the night before. It was the only way into Gerbeviller, so the chasseurs determined to fight. They had torn up the street and thrown great earthworks across one end of the bridge. Additional barricades were thrown up on the two converging streets, part way up the hill, behind which they had mitrailleuses¹ which could sweep the road at the other end of the bridge.

About a half mile to the south a narrow foot-bridge crossed the river, only wide enough for one man. It was a little rustic affair that ran through the grounds of the Château de Gerbeviller, which faced the river only a few hundred yards below the main bridge. It was a very ancient château, built in the twelfth century and restored in the seventeenth century. It was a royal château of the Bourbons. In it once lived the great François de Montmorency, Duc de Luxembourg and Marshal of France. Now it belonged to the Marquise de Lamberty, a cousin of the King of Spain.

I interrupted, for I wanted to hear about the chasseurs. I

¹ Mē-trā-yūz' = machine-guns.

gave the little old man a cigarette. He seized it eagerly—so eagerly that I also handed him a cigar. He fondled that cigar for a moment and then placed it in an inside pocket. It was a very cheap and very bad French cigar, for I was in a part of the country that has never heard of Havanas, but to the little old man it was something precious. "I will keep it for Sunday," he said.

I then got him back to the seventy-five chasseurs. It was just eight o'clock in the morning—a beautiful sunshiny morning—when the German column appeared around the bend in the road which we could see across the bridge, and which joined the highway from Luneville. There were twelve thousand in that first column. One hundred and fifty thousand more came later. A band was playing "Deutschland über Alles," and the men were singing. The closely packed front ranks of infantry broke into the goose-step as they came in sight of the town. It was a wonderful sight; the sun glistened on their helmets; they marched as though on parade right down almost to the opposite end of the bridge.

Then came the command to halt. For a moment there was a complete silence. The Germans, only a couple of hundred yards from the barricade, seemed slowly to consider the situation. The Captain of the chasseurs, from a shelter behind the very little house that was still standing—and where his men up the two roads could see him—softly waved his hand.

Crack-crack-crack-crack-crack! The bullets from the mitrailleuses whistled across the bridge into the front ranks of the "Deutschland über Alles" singers, while the men behind the bridge barricade began a deadly rifle-fire.

Have you ever heard a mitrailleuse? It is just like a telegraph instrument, with its insistent clickety click-click-click, only it is a hundred times as loud. Indeed I have been told by French officers that it has sometimes been used as a telegraph instrument, so accurately can its operator reel out its hundred and sixty shots a minute.

On that morning at the Gerbeviller barricade, however, it went

faster than the telegraph. These men on the converging roads just shifted their range slightly and poured bullets into the next ranks of infantry and so on back along the line, until Germans were dropping by the dozen at the sides of the straight little road. Then the column broke ranks wildly and fled back into the shelter of the road from Luneville.

A half-hour later a detachment of cavalry suddenly rounded the corner and charged straight for the barricade. The seventy-five were ready for them. Some of them got half-way across the bridge and then tumbled into the river. Not one got back around the corner of the road to Luneville.

There was another half-hour of quiet, and then from the Luneville road a battery of artillery got into action. Their range was bad, so far as any achievement against the seventy-five was concerned, so they turned their attention to the château, which they could easily see from their position across the river. The first shell struck the majestic tower of the building and shattered it. The next smashed the roof, the third hit the chapel—and so continued the bombardment until flames broke out to complete the destruction.

Of course the Germans could not know that the château was empty, that its owner was in Paris and both her sons fighting in the French army. But they had secured the military advantage of demolishing one of the finest country houses in France, with its priceless tapestries, ancient marbles, and heirlooms of the Bourbons. A howl of German glee was heard by the seventy-five chasseurs crouching behind their barricades. So pleased were the invaders with their achievement that next they bravely swung out a battery into the road leading to the bridge, intending to shell the barricades. The Captain of the chasseurs again waved his hand. Every man of the battery was killed before the guns were in position. It took an entire company of infantry—half of them being killed in the action—to haul those guns back into the Luneville road, thus to clear the way for another advance.

From then on until one o'clock in the afternoon there were more infantry attacks, all failing as lamentably as the first. The seventy-five were holding off the twelve thousand. At the last attack they let the Germans advance to the entrance of the bridge. They invited them with taunts to advance. Then they poured in their deadly fire, and as the Germans broke and fled they permitted themselves a cheer. Up to this time not one chasseur was killed, only four were wounded.

Shortly after one o'clock the German artillery wasted a few more shells on the ruined château and the chasseurs could see a detachment crawling along the river bank in the direction of the narrow foot-bridge that crossed through the château park a half-mile below. The Captain of the chasseurs sent one man with a mitrailleuse to hold the bridge. He posted himself in the shelter of a large tree at one end. In a few minutes about fifty Germans appeared. They advanced cautiously on the bridge. The chasseur let them get half-way over before he raked them with his fire. The water below ran red with blood.

The Germans retreated for help and made another attack an hour later with the same result. By four o'clock, when the lone chasseur's ammunition was exhausted, it is estimated that he had killed one hundred and seventy-five Germans, who made five desperate rushes to take the position, which would have enabled them to make a flank attack on the seventy-four still holding the main bridge. When his ammunition was gone—which occurred at the same time as the ammunition at the main bridge was exhausted—this chasseur with the others succeeded in effecting a retreat to a main body of cavalry. If he still lives—this modern Horatius at the bridge—he remains an unnamed hero in the ranks of the French army, unhonored except in the hearts of those few of his countrymen who know.

During the late hours of the afternoon aeroplanes flew over the chasseurs' position, thus discovering to the Germans how really weak were the defenses of the town, how few its defenders. Besides the ammunition was gone. But for eight hours—from eight

in the morning until four in the afternoon—the seventy-five had held the twelve thousand.

Had that body of twelve thousand succeeded earlier the one hundred and fifty thousand Germans that advanced the next day might have been able to fall on the French right flank during a critical battle of the war. The total casualties of the chasseurs were three killed, three captured, and six wounded.

SISTER JULIE, CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

A little, round apple-dumpling sort of woman in nun's costume was bobbing a curtsy to me from the doorway. In excited French she begged me to be seated. For I was "Monsieur l'Américain" who had come to visit Gerbeviller, the little community nestling in the foot-hills of the Vosges, that has suffered quite as much from Germans as any city, even those in Belgium. It was her "grand pleasure" that I should come to visit her.

I stared for a moment in amazement. I could scarcely realize that this plump, bobbing, little person was the famous Sister Julie. I had pulled every wire I could discover among my acquaintances at the Foreign Office and the Ministry of War to be granted the privilege of making the trip into that portion of the forbidden "zone of military activity" where Sister Julie had made her name immortal. I carried a letter from one of the great officials of the Quai d'Orsay, addressed to the little nun in terms of reverence that one might use toward his mother. He signed himself "Yours, with great affection," after craving that she would grant me audience. And there she was, with the letter still unopened in her hand, telling me how glad she was to see me.

I confess I expected a different type of woman. I thought a different type necessary to handle the German invaders in the fashion Sister Julie handled them at Gerbeviller. I imagined a tall, commanding woman—like Madame Macherez, Mayor of Soissons—would enter the little sitting-room where I had been waiting that sunny morning.

In that little sitting-room the very atmosphere of war is not permitted. There is too much close at hand, where nine-tenths of the city lies in ashes as a result of the German visit. So in that room there is nothing but comfort, peace, and good cheer. Potted geraniums fill the window-boxes, pretty chintz curtains cover the glass. Where bullets had torn furrows in the plaster and drilled holes in the woodwork the wounds were concealed as far as possible. It was hard to realize that the deep, rumbling roars that shook the house while we talked were caused by a Franco-German artillery duel only a few kilometres away.

The little woman drew out chairs from the centre-table and we seated ourselves, she talking continuously of how glad she was that one from "that great America" should want to see her and know about her work. Ah! her work, there was still so much to do!

She got up and toddled to the window, drawing aside the chintz curtains. "Poor Gerbeviller!" she sighed as we looked out over the desolate waste of burned houses. "My poor, poor Gerbeviller!"

Tears stood in her brown eyes and fell upon the wide white collar of the religious order that she wore. She brushed them aside quickly and turned to the table, again all smiles and dimples. Yes! dimples, for although Sister Julie is small, she is undeniably plump. She has dimples in her cheeks and in her chin—chins, I might say. She even has dimples on the knuckles of her hands, after the fashion of babies. Her face is round and rosy. Her voice low and mellow. She looks only about forty of her sixty years—a woman who seems to have taken life as something that is always good. Evil and Germans seem never to have entered her door.

Then I remembered what this woman had done; how all France is talking about her and is proud of her. How the President of the Republic went to the little, ruined city, accompanied by the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and a great military entourage, just to hang the jewelled Cross of the Legion

of Honor about her neck. I wondered what they thought when she bobbed her curtsy in the doorway.

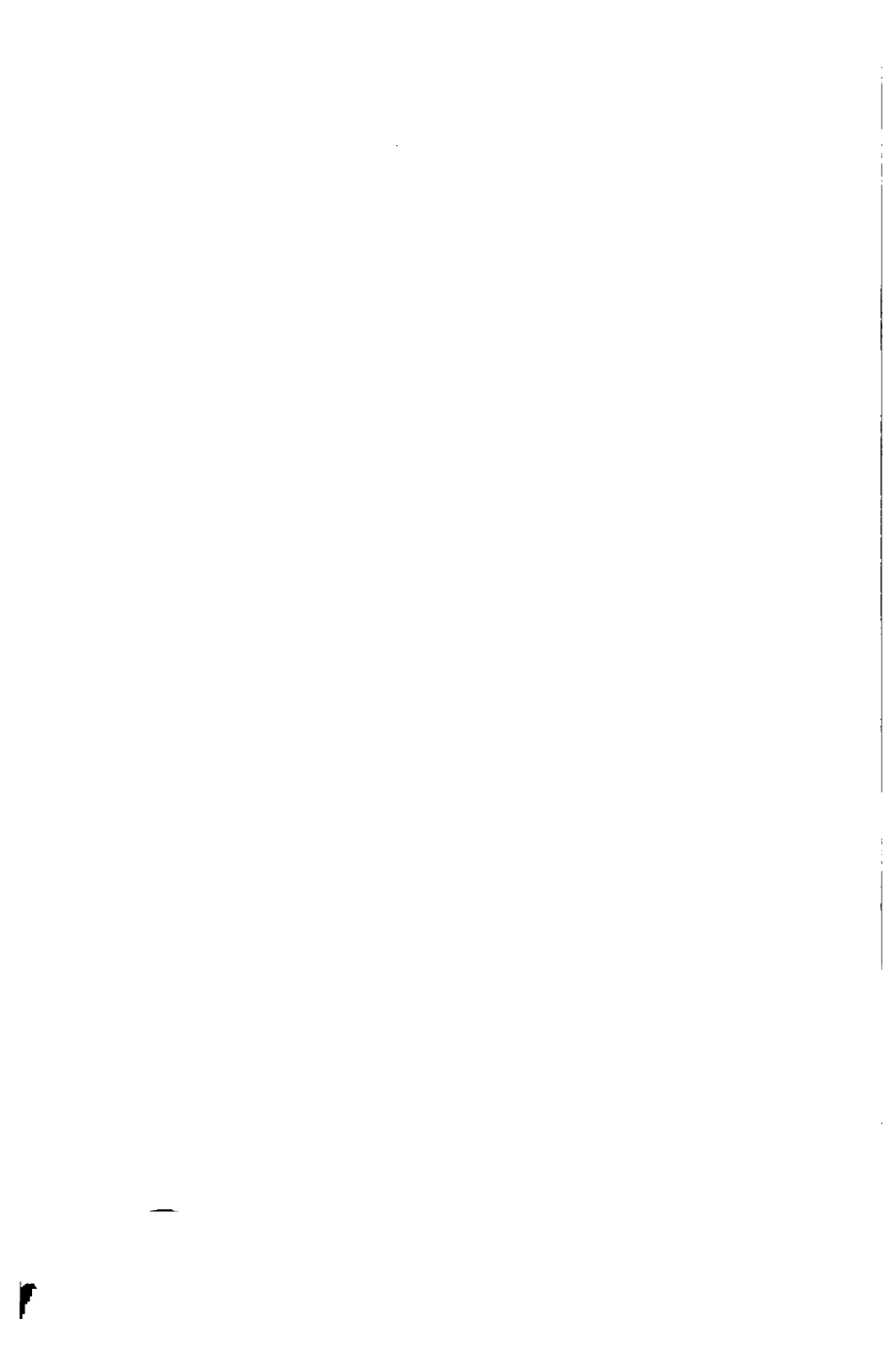
For it took a war to distinguish this little woman from the crowd. Outside her order she was unknown before the Germans came to France. But it did not matter to her. She just went placidly and smilingly on her way, "doing the Lord's work," as she told me. Then the day arrived when the Germans came, and this little, round apple-dumpling woman blew up. That is just the way it was. I could tell it from the way her brown eyes flashed when she told the tale to me. She was angry through and through just from the telling. She just exploded when the Germans entered her front door. And then her name was written indelibly on the scroll of fame as one of the great heroines of the war.

The Germans wanted bread, did they?—such was the way the story began—well, what did they mean by coming to her for it? They burned the baker's shop, didn't they, on the way through the town? Well, how did they expect her to furnish them bread? Her bread was for her people. Yes, she had a good supply of it. But the Germans could find their own bread.

The German officer pointed a revolver at her head. She reached out her hand and struck it from his grasp. Then she waved a plump finger under his nose. Her voice was no longer low and mellow. It was commanding and austere. How dared he point a revolver at her—a "Religieuse," a nun? He could get right out of her house, too—and get out quick.

The officer's heavy jaw dropped in astonishment. He backed his way along the narrow hall, not stopping to pick up his weapon, and kicked backward the file of soldiers that crowded behind him. At the door Sister Julie put a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"You are an officer," she said—the man understood French perfectly. "Well, while your soldiers are setting fire to the town, you just tell them to keep out of this end of the street. This is my house; it is for me and the five Sisters with me. Now we have made it a hospital. You barbarians just keep out of here with your burning."



Barbarians! The officer raised his fist to strike. Something that was not of heaven made Sister Julie's eyes deadly black. The man lowered his fist, quailing. "The devil!" he said. Yes, barbarians! She almost shouted the word at him—and it was quite understood that his men were not to burn the hospital or the houses adjoining.

The crowd cleared out of the house rapidly and the breadth of Sister Julie's form filled the doorway. It was night and the burning was progressing rapidly, the Germans methodically firing every house. Some soldiers came to the house next to the hospital, and broke open the door. Sister Julie left her position in the hospital doorway and advanced upon them.

"Go away from here," she ordered. "Don't you dare set that house afire. It is next to the hospital. If it burns the hospital will burn, too. So go away—your officers have said that you are not to burn this end of the street."

The soldiers gazed at her stupidly. She advanced upon them, waving her arms. Several, after staring a moment, suddenly made the sign of the cross, and the entire party disappeared down the street to continue their destruction elsewhere.

The little nun then left her post at the door. She went to see that her food supplies were safe. She had a conference with the other Sisters, and visited the beds of the thirteen wounded that the house already contained. Six of the wounded were of the band of seventy-five chasseurs who had held the Gerbeviller bridge against the Germans—twelve thousand Germans for eight hours—until their ammunition gave out. The others were civilians who were shot when the Germans finally entered the town.

After visiting her wounded, Sister Julie went out the back door of the house accompanied by two of the Sisters. The three carried large clothes-baskets, kitchen-knives, and a hatchet. Through the gardens and behind the burning houses they passed down the hill to the part of the city near the river, which was already smouldering in ashes. They went into the ruined barns,

where the cows and horses were all burned alive. I was shown a bleached white bone, a souvenir of one of the cows.

With the hatchet and knives they secured enough bones and flesh from the dead animals to fill the two great baskets. Then they climbed painfully up the hill, behind the burning buildings, to the back door of their home. Water was drawn from their well, and a great fire built in the old-fashioned chimney in the kitchen. The enormous kettle was filled with the water, the meat and the bones, and soon the odor from gallons of soup penetrated the outer door to the street. Again a German officer headed a delegation into the hall.

"You have food here," he announced to Sister Julie.

"We have," she snapped back. She was very busy. She waved the butcher-knife under his nose. She then told him that the soup was for the people of Gerbeviller and for her wounded. She expressed no regret that there would be none left for Germans.

The officer said that the twelve thousand who entered Gerbeviller that afternoon was the advance column. The main body, with the commissariat, was coming shortly. Meanwhile, they were hungry. They would take Sister Julie's supply. They would take it—eh? Take it? They would only do that over her dead body. Meanwhile, they would leave her kitchen instantly. They did—the butcher-knife making ferocious passes behind them on their way to the door. Sister Julie was still doing her "work for the Lord."

She then ordered all the wash-tubs filled with water and brought inside the hall. The fire was coming into the street. Dense smoke was everywhere. Even the Germans now seemed willing to save that particular part of Gerbeviller. It was the portion near the railway-station and the telegraph. A substantial building near the *gare*¹ would make an excellent headquarters for their General, who was due to arrive shortly. The civilians (only a few of the 2,000 inhabitants remained) were all herded into a field just on

¹ Railway-station.

the outskirts of the town. Sister Julie, with Sister Hildegarde, sallied forth with their soup, and fed them. The next day she would see that the Germans allowed them to come to the hospital for more.

When she returned, a number of soldiers who had discovered a wine-cellar were reeling up the street. They stopped in front of the hospital, but turned their attention to the house opposite. They would burn it. It had evidently been forgotten. They broke into the place, and in a moment flames could be seen through the lower windows.

Sister Julie called to the soldiers. They stared at her from the middle of the road. She motioned for them to come to her. They came. She told them to follow her into the hall. There she showed them the wash-tubs full of water. They were to carry those tubs across the street and put out the fire they had started, and which would endanger the hospital. This was according to orders given by the officers. After putting out the fire they were to bring the tubs back and refill them from the well in the back yard. The work was too heavy for the Sisters.

When these orders were obeyed, Sister Julie carried a little camp-chair to the front steps and began a vigil that lasted all night long and half the next day. She saw the great German army of a hundred and fifty thousand march by, the band playing "Deutschland über Alles," the infantry doing the goose-step as they passed the burning houses. Four times during the night the tubs of water in the hall were emptied and refilled when the flames crept close to her house.

At dawn next morning four officers approached her where she sat upon the door-step. One of them informed her that, inasmuch as she was concealing French soldiers with arms inside the house, they intended to make a search.

"You are telling a lie," she informed them calmly, and did not budge. Two of the officers drew revolvers. Sister Julie sniffed contemptuously. The first officer again spoke. But his tone altered. It was less bumptious. He said that, inasmuch as the

house had been spared the flames, at least an investigation was necessary.

Sister Julie arose and started inside. The officers stopped her. Two of them would lead the way. The other two would follow. The pair with drawn revolvers entered first and tiptoed cautiously down the hall. Then came the little nun. The second pair drew poniards and brought up the rear. She directed them to the rooms on the first floor, the sitting-room, dining-room, and the kitchen, where Sister Hildegarde was busy over the fire. Then they went up-stairs to the beds of the wounded. The first officer insisted that the covers be drawn back from each bed to make sure that the occupants were really wounded. Sister Julie remained silent at the door. As they turned to leave, she said with sarcasm, but with dignity: "You have seen. You know that I have spoken the truth. We are six Sisters of Mercy. Our work is to care for the sick. We will care for your German wounded, as well as our French. You may bring them here."

That morning the invaders began battle with the French, who had finished their intrenchments some kilometres on the other side of the town. At night the Germans accepted Sister Julie's invitation, and brought two hundred and fifty-eight wounded to her house. They completely filled the place. They were placed in rows in the sitting-room, the dining-room, and the hall. They were even in the kitchen and in the attic. The weather was fine and they were stretched in rows in the garden. The few other houses undestroyed by fire were also turned into hospitals, and for fourteen days Sister Julie and her five assistants scarcely slept. They just passed the time giving medicine and food and nursing wounds. By the fourteenth day, the French had made a considerable advance and were dropping shells into the town, so the Germans decided to take away their own wounded.

During all this time daily rations were served to the civilian survivors, on orders secured by Sister Julie at the German headquarters. The civilians were ill-treated, but they were fed. Sister Julie gave me concrete instances of outrage. Many were killed for no reason whatever; some were sent as hostages to

Germany. During fourteen days they were herded in the field. Afterward ten were found dead, with their hands manacled. Sister Julie told me one instance of an old woman, a paralytic, seventy-eight years old, who was taken out in an automobile to show the various wine-cellars among the neighboring farms. The old woman had not been out of her house for years and did not know the wine-cellars. So the Germans killed her. Sister Julie went out at night and found her body. She and Sister Hildegarde buried it.

On the morning of the fifteenth day, the battle was fiercer than ever. The French had taken a hill near the outskirts, and mitrailleuse bullets frequently whistled through the streets. Several times they entered the windows of Sister Julie's house and buried themselves in the walls. But none of the Sisters was hurt.

There was a lull in the fighting for the next few days. The French were very busy at something—the Germans knew not what. They became more insolent than ever, and drank of the wine they had stored at the *gare*. In the ruins of the church they found the grilled-iron strong box, where the priest, who had been sent to Germany as a hostage, had locked up the golden communion vessels, afterward giving the key to Sister Julie. The lock was of steel, and very old and strong. They tried to break it, but failed. They came to Sister Julie for the key, and she sent them packing. "I lied to them," she said softly. "I told them I didn't have the key."

Through the grilled-iron of the box the soldiers could see the vessels. They were of fine gold, and very ancient. They were given to the church in the fifteenth century by Rene, Duc de Lorraine and King of Jerusalem. The strong box was riveted to the foundations of the church with bands of steel and could not be carried away. They shot at the lock, to break it. But it did not break. Instead the bullets penetrated the box, a half-dozen tearing ragged holes in the vessels. The wine finally became of greater interest than the gold, and the soldiers went away. That night Sister Julie went alone into the ruins of the church, opened the box, and took the vessels out.

She paused in her story, got up from her chair, and unlocked a cabinet in the wall. From it she brought the vessels wrapped in a white cloth. I took the great golden goblet in my hands and saw the holes of the German bullets. Sister Julie sat silent, looking out through the chintz curtains into the street. Then she smiled.

She was thinking of the eighth morning after the wounded had been taken away. That was the happiest morning of her life, she told me. At five o'clock that morning, just after day-break, Sister Hildegarde had come to her bed to tell her that the Germans stationed near the *gare* in that part of the town all seemed to be going to the ruined part, near the river, in the opposite direction from the French. A few minutes later Sister Julie got up and looked from the window. Then she almost fell down the stairs in her rush to get out-of-doors. About fifty yards up the street was a watering-trough. Seated on horseback before that trough, watering their animals, laughing and smoking cigarettes, were six French dragoons.

"I cried at the blessed sight of them," she said. "They sat there, so gay, so debonair, as only Frenchmen know how to sit on horses." Sister Julie hurried to them. They smiled at her and saluted as she approached.

"But do you know the Germans are here?" she anxiously inquired. "You may be taken prisoners."

"Oh, no, we won't," they answered in chorus. "There are thirty thousand more of us just behind—due here in about two minutes. The whole French army is on the advance."

Then came thirty thousand. After the thirty thousand came more thousands. All that day the street echoed to the feet of marching Frenchmen. Their faces were dark and terrible when they saw what the Germans had done. Most of the day Sister Julie sat on her door-step and wept for joy. Since that morning not a German has been seen in Gerbeville.

Sister Julie ceased her story and wiped the tears that had been running in streams down her cheeks. We heard the rattle of a

drum outside the window. It was the signal of the town-crier with news for the population. Sister Julie opened the window and looked out. It was the announcement of the meeting to be held that afternoon, a meeting that she had arranged for discussion of plans for rebuilding the town. Five hundred of the population had returned. There was so much work to do. The streets must be cleared of the débris. The sagging walls must be torn down and new buildings erected. It would be done quickly, immediately almost; aid was forthcoming from many quarters. The new houses would be better than the old. The streets were to be wide and straight, not narrow and crooked. Gerbeviller was to arise from her ashes modern and improved. And only a few miles away the cannon still roared and thundered.

I asked her about the Cross of the Legion of Honor, given her by President Poincaré. I asked why she did not wear it. A pleased flush deepened the color in her rosy cheeks. I shall always remember the grace and dignity of her answer.

"I do not wear it because it was not meant for me alone," she said. "It was given to the women of France who have done their duty."

"Not the little red ribbon of the order," I persisted. "You should pin that on your dress."

But Sister Julie shook her head. She is a "Religieuse," she explained. Nuns do not wear decorations. They are doing the work of the Lord.

TO FRANCE¹

HERBERT JONES

Those who have stood for thy cause when the dark was around
thee,

Those who have pierced through the shadows and shining have
found thee,

¹ From a "Book of Princeton Verse," copyright, 1916, by Princeton University Press. Used by permission.

Those who have held to their faith in thy courage and power,
Thy spirit, thy honor, thy strength for a terrible hour,
Now can rejoice that they see thee in light and in glory,
Facing whatever may come as an end to the story
In calm undespairing, with steady eyes fixed on the morrow—
The morn that is pregnant with blood and with death and with
sorrow.

And whether the victory crowns thee, O France the eternal,
Or whether the smoke and the dusk of a nightfall infernal
Gather about thee, and us, and the foe; and all treasures
Run with the flooding of war into bottomless measures—
Fall what befalls: in this hour all those who are near thee
And all who have loved thee, they rise and salute and revere Thee !

IN FLIGHT BEFORE THE GERMANS¹

FRANCES WILSON HUARD

The book from which these selections are made tells of the share of an American woman in the events of the opening weeks of war. The home of Madame Huard, the Château de Villiers, is near the river Marne on the direct road from Metz to Paris. Forced to flee at the approach of the Germans in August, 1914, her château was occupied by the German general, von Kluck, and his staff. When the Germans retired after their defeat at the battle of the Marne, Madame Huard returned and converted her home into a hospital for wounded French soldiers. Later she travelled through the United States gathering funds for her work. She describes her hospital work in another book, "My Home in the Field of Mercy."

THE COMING OF REFUGEES

That night I was awakened by the low rumbling of heavy carts on the road in front of the château. Fancying that perhaps it was artillery on its way to the front, I put on my dress-

¹ From "My Home in the Field of Honor," copyright, 1916, by Geo. H. Doran & Co. Used by permission.

ing-gown and went as far as the gate. There in the pale moonlight I beheld a long stream of carriages and wagons of every description piled high with household goods, and filled with women and children. The men walked beside the horses to prevent collision, for as far as eye could see, the lamentable cortège extended down the hill.

What did this mean?

"Who are you?" I called to one of the men as they passed.

"Belgians—refugees."

Refugees. My mind flew back to descriptions of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, when so many people fled for their lives. What nonsense! Were we not in the twentieth century? Wasn't there a Peace Palace at The Hague? My thoughts became muddled.

Opening the gate, I went out and accosted another man.

"Won't you come in and rest?"

"No, we can't. We must make our twenty miles by dawn—and rest during the heat of the day."

"But why do you leave home?"

"Because the savages burned us out!"

Bah, the man must be dreaming!

I turned back and addressed myself to another:

"What's your hurry?" I queried.

"They're on our heels!" came the reply.

Surely this one was madder than the other.

A third did not deign to reply, sturdily marching ahead, his eyes fixed on the road in front of him.

On top of a farm cart half filled with hay I saw the prostrate form of a woman with two others kneeling beside her, ministering to her wants. In the trap that followed was the most sorrowful group of old men and middle-aged women I ever hope to see. All were sobbing. Beside them rode two big boys on bicycles. I stopped one of them.

"What's the matter with her?" I questioned, pointing to the woman on the cart.

"She's crazy."

"?"

"Yes, lost her mind."

"How, when, where?"

"Two days ago, when we left X." (Try as I may, I cannot recall the name of the little Belgian town he mentioned.) "She was ill in bed with a fever when the Germans set fire to the place—hardly giving us time to hoist her on the cart. Her husband lingered behind to scrape a few belongings together. In spite of our efforts, she would stand up on the cart, and suddenly we heard an explosion and she saw her house burst into flames. She fainted. Outside in the woods we waited an hour, but her husband never came. Perhaps it's just as well, for when she woke up her mind was a blank " . . .

. . . Dawn, Monday, August 31st, found us still at our posts. I rang the farm bell, assembled my servants, and told them we would abandon all but the most necessary farm work and minister to the wants of the refugees. By eight o'clock they had peeled and prepared vegetables enough to fill two huge copper pots, and the soup was set to boil. And still the long line of heavy vehicles followed one another down the road: moving-vans, delivery-wagons, huge drays, and even little three-wheeled carts drawn by dogs, rolled on toward the south.

When asked where they were going, most of the people replied: "Straight ahead of us, *à la grace de Dieu*."¹

As I turned away, a sturdy youth tapped me gently on the arm, begging shelter for his great-grandmother, a woman ninety-three years old, whom he had carried on his back all the way from St. Quentin. A cot in the entrance-hall was all prudence permitted me to offer, and it was charming to see how tenderly the young fellow bore the poor little withered woman to her resting-place. She was so dazed that I fear she hardly realized what was happening, but tears of gratitude streamed down her cheeks when her boy appeared with a bowl of hot soup, coaxing her to

¹ By the grace of God.

drink, like a child, and finally curling up on the rug beside her bed. . . .

At six-thirty the public distribution of soup recommenced. Who my guests were I have no idea. There were more than a hundred of them. That was clear enough from the dishes that were left. Just as the last round had been served, George came in to say that the village was beginning to get uneasy—people from Neuilly St. Front and Lucy-le-Bocage and Essonnes had already passed down the road—and the peasants looked to the château for a decision!

I went out to the gate. Yes, true enough, our neighbors from Lucy (five miles distant) had joined the procession. Then there was a break, and a lull, such as had not occurred for two days, and in the silence I again recognized the same clattering sound that had caught my ear on the hill-top the afternoon before. This time it was much more distinct, but was soon drowned out by the rumbling of heavy wheels on the road.

Surely this time it was artillery!

I wrapped my shawl closer about me and sat down on the low stone wall that borders the moat, while little groups of peasants, unable to sleep, clustered together on the roadside.

Nearer and nearer drew the clanking noise and presently a whole regiment of perambulators, four abreast, swung around the corner into the moonlight.

Domptin!

Domptin, our neighboring village, one mile up the road, had caught the fever and was moving out wholesale, transporting its ill and decrepit, its children and chattels, in heaven knows how many baby-carriages!

I had never seen so many in all my life. The effect was altogether comic, and Madame Guix and I could not resist laughing—much to the dismay of these poor souls who saw little amusement at being obliged to leave home scantily clad in night clothes.

THE FLIGHT

In front of me I could hear the wheels of our heavy-laden hay cart creaking as the big farm horse plodded on. Its occupants were silent, and thanks to the moon and the lantern which hung up high behind, I could see Julie and Madame Guix nodding with sleep.

We crossed our little market town of Charly amid dead silence. Not a light in a single window, not a sound anywhere. We seemed to be the only souls astir, and the foolhardiness of this midnight departure when every one else was tucked up snug in his bed, angered me. I was seized with a mad desire to turn about and go home.

Just then George asked me which direction I intended taking, and, remembering H's imperative, "Go south," we turned sharp and headed for the first bridge across the Marne.

The Marne crossed, a weight was lifted from my shoulders, and, settling back against the pile of blankets in my rig, I let the horse follow his own sweet will and we started to zigzag up a steep incline. At the end of five minutes' time I was so benumbed by the cold that sleep was impossible, so I left my seat and joined the others who, all save Yvonne, had been obliged to descend to relieve their horses. What a climb that was—seven long kilometres from right to left—winding around that hill, as about a mountain, ever and again finding ourselves on a narrow ledge overlooking the valley. The fog had spread until literally choked up between the hills and I could hardly persuade myself that it was not the sea that rolled below me.

Dawn was breaking as we reached the summit and, pausing for a moment's breath, we could see people with bundles hurrying from cottages and farmyards, while the fields seemed dotted with horses and carts that sprang out of the semidarkness like spectres, following one another to the highway. In less than no time the long caravan had reformed and was again under way.

We brought up the rear, preceded by five hundred snow-white

oxen. There was no way of advancing faster than the cortege. It was stay in line or lose your place, and as the sun rose over the plains, I was so impressed by the magnificence of our procession that I forgot the real cause of our flight and never for an instant realized that I now formed an intimate part of that column which but a few hours since inspired me with such genuine pity.

As we padded through a small agglomeration of houses that one might hardly call a village, I recognized several familiar faces on the door-steps, and presently comprehended why Charly was so dark and silent the night before. It was empty—evacuated—and the greater part of its inhabitants were here on the roadside, preparing to continue their route.

Where were we going? I think none of us had a very definite idea. We were following in line on the only road that crossed this wonderfully fertile country. The monotony of the landscape, the warmth of the sun, added to the gentle swing of my cart calmed my nerves and I fell back into a heavy sleep.

When I opened my eyes I could hear water running over a dam, and see below me, and but a very short distance away, a river flowing through a valley. Some one said it was the Petit Morin; another announced that we had come seventeen kilometres; and a third proffered that it was 6.30 A. M.—time for breakfast. We ought not to attack the opposite hill on empty stomachs.

The boys took all the horses down to the river and carefully bathed their knees and legs. In the meantime, coffee had been found and ground, some one had scurried about and found a house where milk could be had, and on an iron tripod that I had sense enough to bring along, water was set to boiling.

It was very amusing that first picnic breakfast, and my! what appetites we had. The summer lodgers in one of the cottages gazed upon us in amazement—all save one little girl who, so it seems, had had a presentiment that some ill would befall her and for two days had not ceased weeping.

The meal over, each one went to my cart and, taking possession of a blanket and pillow, rolled up in it and went fast asleep

in the brilliant sunshine. How we blessed those warm, penetrating rays, for we had suffered much from the damp cold all night.

My road-map showed us to be at La Trétoire,¹ midway between Charly and Rebais, but as there were no provisions to be had in so small a place, I decided to push on to the township where we might be able to get lodgings. This, however, must be done before noon, or we would be obliged to sleep out-of-doors again, for it would be impossible to travel through the heat of the day. Accordingly, at half past eight, I roused the boys and we started up the hill, bag and baggage.

. . . When I finally made my entrance into Rebais, I found that thousands of other persons had probably had the same idea as I and it took but little time to discover that all rooms, whether private or public, were occupied. The place was overflowing with refugees. The line outside the baker's shop warned me that I had a dozen hungry mouths dependent upon me and yesterday's supply of bread was well nigh exhausted, let alone being stale. I took my place among the others and stood for a good hour, waiting for the second ovenful to finish baking.

Certainly no greasy pig at a county fair was ever more difficult to manage than that long nine-pound loaf of red-hot bread. There was no way of handling it—it burned everything it touched. No sooner did I put it under one arm than I was obliged to change it to the other post-haste. Add to this the fact that I had not ridden a bicycle since a child, and realize that whether walking or riding the bread was equally hot and equally cumbersome. It was too long to fit into the handle-bars; besides, how could I hold it there? Too soft to be tied with string that I might buy. At one moment I thought seriously of picking up my skirt and carrying the bread as peasant women do grass and fodder, but alas, a 1914 skirt was too narrow to permit this. At length, when almost disheartened and I had stood my loaf against the side of a house to cool, I recognized a familiar voice back of me, and George ap-

¹ Trā twā.

peared on his wheel to announce that my party had camped in a young orchard two miles outside of Rebais, neither man nor beast being capable of going any farther. We clapped our loaf into an overcoat that was strapped to the back of his machine and, swinging it between us, soon joined the others.

THE RETURN HOME

From various sources, though none of them official, I learned that the road as far as Coulommiers was clear. That was all we wanted to know, so after seeing the boys off for Orleans, a very much diminished caravan started on its homeward journey. The horses, after two days' rest, were quite giddy, and the carts being light, they carried us on the new road north as far as Pezarches with but few halts. The country we passed through, though abandoned by its inhabitants, showed no traces of invasion. The Germans had not been able to push so far west. I counted on making Coulommiers to sleep, but night closed in early and with it came a chilly drizzle, which sent us in search of lodgings. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere, and as all the houses were shut, I deemed it unwise to force a door. So we pushed ahead into the border of the forest, hoping that the rain would soon cease.

Presently some one discovered an abandoned hermitage, through whose low doorway we crept, and, spreading out our blankets on the floor, prepared to make a night of it—glad of shelter from the dampness.

"Hark!" hissed George, just as we were dropping off to sleep. We all sat up.

"There! That's the third bullet that's landed on this roof!"

Ra-ta-pan! Ratapan! There was no mistaking the sound—even through the wind and rain that raged outside.

George crawled on his knees toward the opening, and a second later jumped back, clapping his hand to his head with a low shriek.

"He's shot!" cried Julie.

I leaped forward, grabbed the lantern, and, holding it to the spot, opened the boy's clinched fingers. As they parted a heavy horse-chestnut burr fell to the floor with a loud thump!

We were too nervous to appreciate the humor of the situation, and had some little difficulty composing ourselves to rest.

As we approached Coulommiers the next morning the horrors of war became more and more evident. On both sides of the roadway the fields were strewn with hay and straw. Every ten paces the earth was burned or charred, and in some places the smoke still rose from dying camp-fires. Bones, bottles, and tin preserve cans in extraordinary quantities were strewn in every direction, and a half-mile before we reached the town itself a dead horse lay abandoned in a ditch. . . .

Twilight was deepening when I entered Bezu-le-Guery¹ (our nearest home town), which seemed to show apparently but few signs of pillaging. I did not even dismount to make inquiries, but pedalled on till I reached the summit on that long, long hill that leads straight down to my home. Excitement lent a new impulse to my energy, and my heart thumped as I recognized familiar cottages still standing. This raised my hopes and sent me rocket-like down that steep incline.

Still not a soul in sight—no noise save that of the guns roaring in the distance.

But what was that in the semidarkness ahead of me? A dog? could it be true? I back-pedalled and whistled—a long, low, familiar howl greeted my ears and brought the tears to my eyes.

And then my poor old beagle hound came trotting up the road to welcome me—his tail wagging joyously and a long frayed cord dangling from his collar.

This was a relief and somewhat steadied and prepared me for what was to come.

Through a gap in the trees I caught a glimpse of the roofs

¹ Bā zoo lě-gā rě.

SOUVENEZ-VOUS!



RIEN D'ALLEMAND !!! DES ALLEMANDS.

Drawn by E. Lemielle.



below. And so I rounded the corner and started on my last hundred yards.

The broken and tangled grill of our stately gateway told of the invaders' visit. A few paces farther and the château came into full view.

Yes, it was standing, but only the shell of that lovely home I had fled from but fourteen days before.

Dropping my machine, I rushed toward the entrance-hall, cast one glance through the broken panes into the vestibule, and turned away in despair.

All the wilful damage that human beings could do had been wrought on the contents of my home.

The spell was broken. My nerves relaxed and, heedless of the filth, I dropped onto the steps and wept.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—1914¹

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A winged death has smitten dumb thy bells,
And poured them molten from thy tragic towers:
Now are the windows dust that were thy flowers
Patterned like frost, petalled like asphodels.
Gone are the angels and the archangels,
The saints, the little lamb above thy door,
The shepherd Christ! They are not, any more,
Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.
But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom
That old divine insistence of the sea,
When music flows along the sculptured stone
In tides of prayer, for him thy windows bloom
Like faithful sunset, warm immortally!
Thy bells live on, and Heaven is in their tone!

¹ From "Afternoons of April," copyright, 1915, by The Houghton Mifflin Co. By special arrangement with the publishers.

SANIEZ¹

GILBERT NOBBS :

Reserve Lazarette² 5, Hanover, boasted of no hospital nurses. There was no tender touch of a feminine hand to administer to the comfort and alleviate the distress of the wounded. There was no delicate and nourishing diet to strengthen the weak; neither did we expect it. We were prisoners of war, and though our sufferings were great, we were still soldiers.

But those who have passed through Ward 43 will always look back with gratitude and admiration on one whose unselfish devotion, tender care, and magnificent spirit was an example and inspiration to all of us.

His name was Saniez, the orderly in charge of the ward; a Florence Nightingale, whose unceasing attention day and night, whose tender watchfulness and devoted care and kindness made him loved and worshipped by the maimed and helpless prisoners who were placed under his charge.

Saniez was no ordinary man. No reward was his, except the heartfelt gratitude of those whom he tended. The wounded who passed through the ward left behind a debt of gratitude which could never be paid, and with a spirit of fortitude and courage created by his noble example.

There are compensations for all suffering; and no greater compensation could any wish for than the devotion of Saniez.

Saniez had suffered too, but would never speak of it. He had his moments of anguish and despair. He had a home, too; but his dreams he kept to himself, and his care he gave to others.

Saniez was a Frenchman, a big, burly artilleryman with eyes bright, laughing, and sympathetic.

He had been captured nearly two years before; and suffered

¹ Pronounce sã-n-e-ã. From "On the Right of the British Line," copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

² See "Rations," p. 261.

³ A prison-hospital.

severely from the effects of frozen feet. Yet, painful as it must have been to get about, he seldom sat down.

All through those long days and nights weak voices would call him: it was always, "Saniez, Saniez!" and slop, slop, slop, we would hear him in his slippered feet, moving down the ward, attending to one and then another.

Saniez would be quiet and sympathetic, with a voice soft and soothing; and the next moment, cheerful and boisterous. Captivity could not subdue Saniez, or make him anything else than a loyal French soldier.

He would guard his patients against the clumsy touch of a German orderly like a tiger guarding its young. He would bribe or steal to obtain a little delicacy for his patients.

He seemed to know but a single German word, which he used on every possible occasion to express his disgust of the Germans. It was a slang word, but when Saniez used it, its single utterance was a volume of expression. It was *nix*, and when Saniez said *nix*, I knew he was shaking his woolly head in disgust.

Saniez had a marvellous voice, and when he sang he held us spellbound, and he knew it. I do not speak French, and could not understand his words, but his expression was wonderful; and he would fling his arms about in frantic gesticulation.

When Saniez sang he seemed to lift himself into a different atmosphere; he was back again in France; his songs all seemed about his country and his home. He seemed to rouse himself into a sudden spirit of defiance, and then his voice would grow soft and pathetic; and then slop, slop, slop, in his slippered feet, he would hurry off to a bedside to fix a bandage or administer a drink of water.

Every morning German soldiers could be heard marching past our windows, singing their national songs. We listened; Saniez would stop his work. What we wanted to say we would leave to Saniez, as, broom in hand and eyes of fire, he would wait until their voices died away in the distance, and then, with a fierce shake of

his head, he would shout: "Boche!¹ Nix!" and, flinging his arms about his head, would sing the "Marseillaise."

One evening, and I remember it well, though no pen of mine can adequately describe the soul-stirring picture—we had a concert in Ward 43. Four British and four French officers—a symbol of the Entente Cordiale—lay side by side in their cots, while convalescent prisoners from other wards sat in front to cheer them with song and music.

The Allies seemed well represented: an English Tommy with a guitar sang a comic song; a Russian soldier with a three-cornered string instrument sang a folk-song of his native land; a Belgian soldier played the violin; and Saniez sang for France.

The applause that greeted the finish of each song was of mixed kind; for those whose arms were maimed would shout, and those who could not shout would bang a chair or clap their hands. It was a patriotic and inspiring scene, and even the German orderly, coming in to see what was going on, was tempted to stop and listen.

We felt we were no longer prisoners; the spirit of the Allies was unconquerable.

Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when Saniez brought it to a dramatic conclusion. Saniez had just finished a soul-inspiring song of his homeland. His audience could not withhold their applause until he finished, and Saniez could not restrain his spirit until the end of the applause. He suddenly threw up his arms, and at the top of his voice burst forth into the "Marseillaise," and the German orderly bolted out of the door.

Then the concert party ran to their dormitories; the lights were turned out, and we sought safety in sleep.

We used to ask Saniez about his home; and he seemed to grow quiet and confident. His home, he said, was about three miles behind the German line.

Some one suggested that it was in a dangerous place, as the British were advancing, and no house near the line could escape untouched; but Saniez was confident.

¹ Bösh.

No! shells could not possibly harm it. His wife and sister lived there; it was his home. He was a prisoner, but whatever happened to him, the combined fury of the nations could not touch his home.

Saniez! Saniez! May you never awaken from your dream!

THE NAME OF FRANCE¹

HENRY VAN DYKE

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you FRANCE!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,
At the touch of a courage that knows not fear,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you FRANCE!

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,

¹ From "The Red Flower," copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you FRANCE!

UNDER SHELL-FIRE AT DUNKIRK¹

ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

We arrived in Dunkirk the evening of the twentieth of June, after a long, ten-hour trip from Paris—a journey which in normal times can be accomplished in three. Dunkirk is in the “war zone” and ranks as a fortified town of the first class, and no one is permitted to enter it without a special military permit, issued by the commander of that sector. However, as we were to join a field-hospital “somewhere in Belgium,” and our permits had been forwarded to us in Paris, we had no difficulty in getting there. On alighting from the train, we were not permitted to pass through the station till all our papers had been carefully examined—our passports and our safe-conducts from the Paris police, as well as our military passes; but all were in order, and after a careful scrutiny we were allowed to go through the gates. The first sensation on entering the war zone is that of being locked in. Only through the most rigid formalities had we been able to enter; only through the same formalities would we be permitted to leave. Individual liberty was gone; we were not free to come and go how and where we liked, but, under observation in the zone of the armies, we must share with the armies whatever fate had in store. It was a curious feeling, this sense of restriction, and one not altogether pleasant. The longer one stays in the

¹ From *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1915. Copyright, 1915, by The Atlantic Monthly Co. Used by permission.

military areas, the more this sense of being a prisoner at large weighs upon one. . . .

Shops were open and business thriving; the streets were full of civilians going about their daily tasks, unheeding, apparently, the threatening danger. Confidence was restored; there had been no bombardment for six weeks—had not the great guns been found and silenced by the Allies? Yet apart from the few ruined houses—and not many at that—there were constant evidences of precaution. Across the panes of nearly every window strips of paper had been pasted, strips four inches wide, running diagonally from corner to corner across the glass, to reduce the shock of concussion. In the centre of the town stood the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall), the windows on two floors completely blocked by sand-bags; and sand-bags, or bags full of ashes, lay before many a cellar window. Here and there on the fronts of certain houses great notices were posted, printed in glaring letters of red upon white backgrounds, *Refuge en cas d'alerte* ("Refuge in case of alarm"), showing where cellars were available to which refugees might fly. Yet it was all over, the danger. Over long ago. The posters were torn, flapping from the walls; many of the sand-bags had holes in them, letting out streams of scattering sand or grimy ashes, which heedless pedestrians kicked along the footway. People strolled about unconcernedly, and normal life and normal interests were reasserting themselves, just as normal life in the individual reasserts itself after intense suffering and pain. Whatever the horror of six weeks ago, it was all over now. The Allies had found and silenced the great guns.

In the harbor, ships were coming and going; along the piers, dozens of fishermen had cast their nets, bringing in good catches of sardines, sole, and plaice, while knots of idle, amused soldiers loitered about each net, winding in the reels, and commenting volubly upon each haul. It was a day of glorious sunshine, of busy, homely occupation. As the afternoon advanced, we could hear guns rolling in the distance; the clear air, the absolute stillness, brought the thunder down from Nieuport, from that "front"

off beyond on the vague horizon. Somewhere over there was "war," but here was harmony, tranquillity, and peace. Later, we became aware that certain guns seemed to punctuate themselves upon our consciousness, certain deeper, more sinister br-r-o-o-o-ms, which, by the watch, came rolling to us at three-minute intervals, but all so remote, so far away! We were conscious only of the golden, fading sunlight, the sweet sea wind, the glittering, sparkling water. We tried to imagine submarines in this North Sea, but failed. After the fever, the rush, the gossip, and intrigue of Paris, this war zone seemed restfulness and peace. So we went to bed that night, wind-burned and sleepy, wishing that the hospital might be ready for us soon. This comfort and idleness might soon become a bore.

Next morning, the twenty-second of June, we were awakened by a terrific explosion. A Boche aviator had dropped a bomb just outside our windows! Instantly anti-aircraft guns began firing, and I sprang from my bed to see French and English aeroplanes rising, one by one, from the aerodrome in Dunkirk and flying, straight and menacing, in pursuit. It was very light, although the sun had not yet risen; quarter to three by my watch. . . .

There were hundreds of people on the beach: French soldiers, who apparently slept in their clothes, for they were fully dressed and looked as crumpled as in the daytime; English Tommies, who, like ourselves, wore bath gowns over pajamas and showed other signs of a hasty toilet. Bare feet and slippered feet were everywhere. Every moment the crowd increased, . . . all attention was centred upon the direction in which the Taube¹ had disappeared, or upon the Allies' aeroplanes which sped low overhead in pursuit. Quite black the machines looked in that early light, for the sun had not yet risen to reflect itself upon the luminous wings.

Men, women, and children now began to flock out from the town, an ever-increasing stream, carrying bundles, leading mongrel

¹ 'Tow' bē, literally "dove" = German aeroplane.

dogs, pushing perambulators laden with household possessions: a silent, anxious, restless crowd, seeking safety on the wide sands. Our gowns flapped in the fresh dawn breeze, and we became suddenly conscious of the cold sand which trickled in over the tops of our slippers. There was nothing more to be seen, so we returned to the hotel. . . .

Suddenly we were startled by a deafening explosion, an appalling, rending crash—the earth shook, the hotel rocked! We sprang to the balcony, and saw a dense column of smoke rising from the town, rising somewhere from the midst of those peaceful, red-tiled roofs that were just catching the first rays of the rising sun. A great seventeen-inch shell, fired by a gun twenty-two miles away, had burst somewhere among those homes. Slowly the smoke rose and spread into the sky, the glorious sky of a June dawn. Not a word was spoken. The doctor glanced at his watch—3.15 A. M. We waited silently on the balcony. Five minutes later another shell plunged downward with a roar. Another cloud of smoke marked its bursting. Then two ambulances, from the garage back of the hotel, dashed along the highroad into the town. Two more shells, and then a pause. In all, four shells at five-minute intervals, then a rest of forty minutes for the guns to cool.

Mrs. A. gave the orders, "Go to bed," she commanded. "Get what sleep you can, till they begin again. After all, it's practically three o'clock in the morning and we shall have a whole day of this." She, too, was an old campaigner, having been through a week's bombardment of Poperingue. So we went up-stairs and back to bed.

This was my first experience of shell-fire, and as yet I did not know enough to be afraid. So far, it was only overwhelmingly interesting and exciting, and I was conscious of extreme regret that the light was not yet strong enough for photographs. The shells were passing completely over us, and falling a mile away. There was nothing to fear.

I was just falling asleep in obedience to instructions, when

at five o'clock there came another tremendous crash. I dashed to the window to see the dense smoke rising in the air, rolling upward in great black billows, which a moment later were succeeded by tongues of fire. The flames mounted higher and higher, sinking for a moment only to leap upward again in fierce, increasing waves. We shouted to some Tommies passing below, to know what had been struck. Some said an oil-tank, others a tobacco factory, still others a jute works. One of them called up gayly: "I say! This is part of their atrocities—waking us up so early in the morning!" As each shell struck, another ambulance dashed along the highroad in a cloud of dust. Never an instant's hesitation on the part of these young fellows, English and American. They drove at top speed into the heart of the stricken town, into the midst of falling walls and splintering steel. It was superb courage. . . .

While we were talking, two boys approached, each carrying a large canvas sack, filled with the fragments of a shell that had pitched down on the sand-dunes, a few hundred yards from the hotel. Some one shouted, "Souvenirs! Souvenirs!" and in a moment the two youths were surrounded by a curious, lively group, intent on bartering cigarettes and sous for these pieces of jagged steel, with fierce cutting edges. They were still warm, these terrible trophies, and had been red hot when the thrifty lads had first gathered them in.

VIVE LA FRANCE!¹

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

¹ From *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1916. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,¹
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—

¹ *Sô tër êl*—grasshopper.

And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

LITTLE ORPHANED ALLIES¹

ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

In France one seems always to be looking into the wondering eyes of bewildered children. They are everywhere. They see their mothers weep and hear strange sad talk among their elders, and their little lives are thrilled with unforgettable but uncomprehended things.

"Father has been killed."

"Father has fallen on the field of honor."

"Et puis, vive la France!"

And an unchildlike bravery begins to shine upon their brows.

France has lost more than one million men! So many more by this time, in fact, that to one million might be added the total cost in lives of our Civil War, with a resulting estimate that would hardly be an exaggeration at all. And at the beginning of last November (1916) another tremendous estimate was made: more than four hundred thousand needy fatherless children—those children only whose fathers have "died on the field of honor."

I had not been in France two days before I began to notice the children particularly; and after a while they began to haunt me.

I went down into Lorraine almost immediately to see that amazing strip of devastated territory into which the Germans plunged in the beginning with their too-damnable combination of fire and sword. I saw a whole countryside—miles on miles—

¹ From *The Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright, 1917, by Eleanor Franklin Egan. Used by permission.

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL!
VIVE LA FRANCE!



Allied Tribute to France: July 14, at 8 p. m.

MASS MEETING on the French National Holiday
to show we all stand together till we win Peace by Victory

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.



laid waste, with all its beautiful old towns and once charming villages nothing now but heaps of ruins. On a hilltop—which was an intricate maze of abandoned trenches—I climbed up on the crumbling outer wall of what was once a monastery, a noble ancient building, and looked out across a shell-ploughed country to two white lines in the middle distance, where the French and German armies were deadlocked in a long-drawn-out and intermittent duel. And in all the vast area I could see from my vantage-point there was not one visible living thing, except a long column of troops winding its way down a hill road toward a deserted mass of stone and plaster dust that had been a smiling village in a sheltered cup of the valley. A few observation-balloons hung brooding over the scene, long distances apart; while here and there a slender, shattered church-spire rose above the general desolation.

MME. JULIETTE AND HER LITTLE MISTER

I wanted to see the people who had fled before the ravaging storm of frightfulness that had swept over this beautiful land. And I did. I found as many as three thousand of them in a refuge at Nancy, and many others hidden away among the ruins of the towns and villages and farmsteads.

Little Raymond was the first real war orphan I encountered, but afterward, as I say, I seemed always to be seeing them. Raymond got himself scolded for being timid.

"You must not cling to my skirts and act all the time as though you are afraid, my little mister," said his mother.

She calls him her *petit monsieur* because, though he is only six years old, he is the only man left in the family. His father lies in a soldier's grave over behind the German lines in a village near the French Border. And when the Germans were advancing she had to gather him up, along with his aged grandmother, and flee for her life and theirs. Their flight was so hurried and tearful; there was such a booming of guns and screeching of shells; and there were so many horrible things to be seen along the roadsides,

that Raymond was frightened speechless, and has never been the same boy since. He used to chatter and laugh all the time; but he grew very solemn after that, seldom laughs at all any more, and almost never says anything.

They were an interesting family—Raymond; his mother, Juliette; and his little round old grandmother, who was known as Madame Charlotte. And they had a big white cow they called Beautiful Sister. In their flight they drove Beautiful Sister along in front of them and trundled behind them a cart of household treasures; so, though they were very hard up, they were not utterly destitute. Beautiful Sister was a rare specimen in her new environment, and she gave milk that could be traded for vegetables and bread.

They came, by mere chance, into the small village where I found them; and when the battle caught up with them they were so tired and perplexed that they merely sought such shelter as they could find, and let it rage on round them and over their heads. And that helped, of course, to overwhelm the childhood of *le petit monsieur*. It was near the point where the tide turned and the Germans began to fall back; and they must have been very angry Germans indeed, since in that unoffending village they left not one stone upon another—except up in one corner, where three or four houses escaped the fire; and even these were pocked and pitted with thousands of bullet marks. Raymond and his family took possession of a sort of half ruin, off in another corner; and Juliette had shown fine skill in the way she had filled its gaps with fallen stones and propped up its tottering walls.

The grandmother was inclined to be good-naturedly ill-natured, if any one can be so described. She wanted very much to find fault, but everything was so terrible, and her daughter-in-law was so sturdy and brave, that she had to do all her complaining as though she were merely joking about it. She was not. Her clean old peasant life had been pulled up by the roots and she had a well-defined case of nervous irritability. She accused Juliette of spending all her time in the fields with Beautiful Sister, and

mimicked her holding on to the cow's horn and talking secrets, "like a woman with no sense at all."

"And with *le petit monsieur*, of course, always at her heels!"

Juliette smilingly admitted that she did spend too much time doing that very thing.

"But," she said, "La Belle Sœur is a perfect stupid! I may talk to her as much as I like, but she will not know enough to keep off the graves. I cannot bear that she should eat grass off the graves; so I must lead her round."

I could quite understand that. All the fields are dotted with graves, lying at every imaginable angle. At the head of each grave is a white wooden cross, and on nearly every cross hangs a bright bead wreath of some kind—pansies mostly. Such graves are in all the fields all over that part of Lorraine; and along the roadsides too—especially along the roadsides: hundreds of them—marking the lines of a terrible running battle in the open.

In Raymond's village there were fifteen other children, most of them fatherless. Out of a population of about three hundred, forty men had gone to the army—all who were young enough; and many others, men, women, and children, had been killed in the local fighting. So there were only about one hundred left, and some of these, like Raymond and his family, belonged elsewhere. A good many among this one hundred-odd had fled in front of the advancing Germans; but they returned later to dig and delve, and take up their lives amid the wreckage of their homes, as thousands have done everywhere. Among French peasants there is a kind of dumb, tenacious content, which is a very difficult thing to break, and the sight of it, harried and heartbroken, makes one hate war as the more spectacularly horrible phases of war never could.

A SCRAP OF PAPER¹

"Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?"—*Question of the German Chancellor to the British Ambassador, August 5, 1914.*

HENRY VAN DYKE

The author of this poem and three others printed in this book is the minister of the United States to the Netherlands. He was in Europe at the outbreak of war in 1914. "Scrap of Paper" refers to a treaty that both Great Britain and Prussia had signed to respect and protect the neutrality of Belgium.

A mocking question! Britain's answer came
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

"Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight
Till our last breath, and God defend the right!

"A scrap of paper where a name is set
Is strong as duty's pledge and honor's debt.

"A scrap of paper holds for man and wife
The sacrament of love, the bond of life.

"A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

"A scrap of paper binds us both to stand
Defenders of a neutral neighbor land.

"By God, by faith, by honor, yes! We fight
To keep our name upon that paper white."

September, 1914.

¹ From "The Red Flower," copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

KITCHENER'S MOB¹

JAMES NORMAN HALL

Mr. Hall was an American college student travelling through England at the outbreak of war in 1914 and, unable to resist the call to arms, enlisted among the British volunteers that made up the armies known as "Kitchener's Mob," because Lord Kitchener was then head of the War Office and had the duty of raising British armies. In the selections given here he describes the army and its training, the barracks or billets in which troops were quartered near the front, and the entrance of a company into the front-line trenches. Mr. Hall went through some of the severest of fighting. He secured his discharge from the British army, but the fascination of the soldier's life proved so strong that he has again enlisted, this time in a Franco-American aviation corps. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for in 1917 as a war-flier he received a severe wound in the lungs in a single-handed combat with seven enemy planes, a wound from which he recovered to fight other successful battles in the air. In May, 1918, he was brought down in the German lines in a sensational battle and made a prisoner.

"Kitchener's Mob" they were called in the early days of August, 1914, when London hoardings were clamorous with the first calls for volunteers. The seasoned regulars of the first British expeditionary force said it patronizingly, the great British public hopefully, the world at large, doubtfully. "Kitchener's Mob," when there was but a scant sixty thousand under arms with millions yet to come, "Kitchener's Mob" it remains to-day, fighting in hundreds of thousands in France, Belgium, Africa, the Balkans. And to-morrow, when the war is ended, who will come marching home again, old campaigners, war-worn remnants of once mighty armies? "Kitchener's Mob."

It is not a pleasing name for the greatest volunteer army in the history of the world; for more than three millions of toughened, disciplined, fighting men, united under one flag, all parts of one magnificent military organization. And yet Kitchener's own Tommies are responsible for it, the rank and file, with their inherent love of ridicule even at their own expense. . . .

¹ From "Kitchener's Mob." Copyright, 1915, by The Houghton Mifflin Co. Used by special arrangement with the publishers.

"A mob" is genuinely descriptive of the array of would-be soldiers which crowded the long parade-ground at Hounslow Barracks during that memorable last week in August. We herded together like so many sheep. We had lost our individuality, and it was to be months before we regained it in a new aspect, a collective individuality of which we became increasingly proud. We squeak-squawked across the barrack square in boots which felt large enough for an entire family of feet. Our khaki service dress uniforms were strange and uncomfortable. Our hands hung limply along the seams of our pocketless trousers. Having no place in which to conceal them, and nothing for them to do, we tried to ignore them. Many a Tommy, in a moment of forgetfulness, would make a dive for the friendly pockets which were no longer there. The look of sheepish disappointment, as his hands slid limply down his trouser-legs, was most comical to see. Before many days we learned the uses to which soldiers' hands are put. But for the moment they seemed absurdly unnecessary.

We must have been unpromising material from the military point of view. That was evidently the opinion of my own platoon sergeant. I remember, word for word, his address of welcome, one of soldier-like brevity and pointedness, delivered while we stood awkwardly at attention on the barrack square.

"Lissen 'ere, you men! 'I've never saw such a raw, roun'-shouldered batch o' rookies in fifteen years' service. Yer pasty-faced an' yer thin-chested. Gawd 'elp 'is Majesty if it ever lays with you to save 'im! 'Owever, we're 'ere to do wot we can with wot we got. Now, then, upon the command, 'Form Fours,' I wanna see the even numbers tyke a pace to the rear with the left foot, an' one to the right with the right foot. Like so: 'One-one-two!' Platoon! Form Fours! Oh! Orful! Orful! As y' were! As y' were!"

If there was doubt in the minds of any of us as to our rawness, it was quickly dispelled by our platoon sergeants, regulars of long standing, who had been left in England to assist in whipping the new armies into shape. Naturally, they were disgruntled at this,

and we offered them such splendid opportunities for working off overcharges of spleen. We had come to Hounslow, believing that, within a few weeks' time, we should be fighting in France, side by side with the men of the first British expeditionary force. Lord Kitchener had said that six months of training, at the least, was essential. This statement we regarded as intentionally misleading. Lord Kitchener was too shrewd a soldier to announce his plans; but England needed men badly, immediately. After a week of training, we should be proficient in the use of our rifles. In addition to this, all that we needed was the ability to form fours and march, in column of route, to the station where we should entrain for Folkestone or Southampton, and France.

As soon as the battalion was up to strength, we were given a day of preliminary drill before proceeding to our future training area in Essex. It was a disillusioning experience. Equally disappointing was the undignified display of our little skill, at Charing Cross Station, where we performed before a large and amused London audience. For my own part, I could scarcely wait until we were safely hidden within the train. During the journey to Colchester, a re-enlisted Boer War veteran, from the inaccessible heights of South African experience, enfiladed us with a fire of sarcastic comment.

"I'm a-go'n' to transfer out o' this 'ere mob, that's wot I'm a-go'n' to do! 'Soldiers! S'y!' I'll bet a quid they ain't a one of you ever saw a rifle before! 'Soldiers? Strike me pink!' Wot's Lord Kitchener a-doin' of, that's wot I want to know!"

The rest of us smoked in wrathful silence, until one of the boys demonstrated to the Boer War veteran that he knew, at least, how to use his fists. There was some bloodshed, followed by reluctant apologies on the part of the Boer warrior. It was one of innumerable differences of opinion which I witnessed during the months that followed. And most of them were settled in the same decisive way.

Although mine was a London regiment, we had men in the ranks from all parts of the United Kingdom. There were North-

Countrymen, a few Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, men from the Midlands and from the south of England. But for the most part we were Cockneys, born within the sound of Bow Bells. I had planned to follow the friendly advice of the recruiting sergeant. "Talk like 'em," he had said. Therefore, I struggled bravely with the peculiarities of the Cockney twang, recklessly dropped aitches when I should have kept them and prefixed them indiscriminately before every convenient aspirate. But all my efforts were useless. The imposition was apparent to my fellow Tommies immediately. I had only to begin speaking, within the hearing of a genuine Cockney, when he would say: "'Ello! w'ere do you come from? The Stites?" or, "I'll bet a tanner you're a Yank!" I decided to make a confession, and I have been glad, ever since, that I did. The boys gave me a warm and hearty welcome when they learned that I was a sure-enough American. They called me "Jamie the Yank." I was a piece of tangible evidence of the bond of sympathy existing between the two great English-speaking nations. I told them of the many Americans of German extraction, whose sympathies were honestly and sincerely on the other side. But they would not have it so. I was the personal representative of the American people. My presence in the British army was proof positive of this.

Being an American, it was very hard, at first, to understand the class distinctions of British army life. And having understood them it was more difficult yet to endure them. I learned that a ranker, or private soldier, is a socially inferior being from the officer's point of view. The officer class and the ranker class are east and west, and never the twain shall meet, except in their respective places upon the parade-ground. This does not hold good, to the same extent, upon active service. Hardships and dangers, shared in common, tend to break down artificial barriers. But even then, although there was good-will and friendliness between officers and men, I saw nothing of genuine comradeship. This seemed to me a great pity. It was a loss for the officers fully as much as it was for the men.

Completing Its Training.—We learned how orders are passed down the line, from sentry to sentry, quietly, and with the speed of a man running. We learned how the sentries are posted and their duties. We saw the intricate mazes of telephone wires, and the men of the signalling corps at their posts in the trenches, in communication with brigade, divisional, and army corps headquarters. We learned how to "sleep" five men in a four-by-six dugout; and, when there are no dugouts, how to hunch up on the firing-benches with our water-proof sheets over our heads, and doze, with our knees for a pillow. We learned the order of precedence for troops in the communication trenches.

"Never forget that! Outgoin' troops 'as the right o' way. They ain't 'ad no rest, an' they're all slathered in mud, likely, an' dead beat fer sleep. Incomin' troops is fresh, an' they stands to one side to let the others pass."

We saw the listening patrols go out at night, through the underground passage which leads to the far side of the barbed-wire entanglements. From there they creep far out between the opposing lines of trenches, to keep watch upon the movements of the enemy, and to report the presence of his working parties or patrols. This is dangerous, nerve-trying work, for the men sent out upon it are exposed not only to the shots of the enemy, but to the wild shots of their own comrades as well. I saw one patrol come in just before dawn. One of the men brought with him a piece of barbed wire, clipped from the German entanglements two hundred and fifty yards away. . . .

I was tremendously interested. At that time it seemed incredible to me that men crawled over to the German lines in this manner and clipped pieces of German wire for souvenirs.

"Did you hear anything?" I asked him.

"'Eard a flute some Fritzies was a-playin' of. An' you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em a-singin'!"

Billets.—The most interesting feature of our life in billets was the contact which it gave us with the civilian population who remained in the war zone, either because they had no place else

to go, or because of that indomitable, unconquerable spirit which is characteristic of the French. There are few British soldiers along the western front who do not have memories of the heroic mothers who clung to their ruined homes as long as there was a wall standing. It was one of these who summed up for me, in five words, all the heart-breaking tragedy of war.

She kept a little shop, in Armentières, on one of the streets leading to the firing-line. We often stopped there, when going up to the trenches, to buy loaves of delicious French bread. She had candles for sale as well, and chocolate, and packets of stationery. Her stock was exhausted daily, and in some way replenished daily. I think she made long journeys to the other side of the town, bringing back fresh supplies in a push-cart which stood outside her door. Her cottage, which was less than a mile from our first-line trenches, was partly in ruins. I couldn't understand her being there in such danger. Evidently it was with the consent of the military authorities. There were other women living on the same street; but somehow, she was different from the others. There was a spiritual fineness about her which impressed one at once. Her eyes were dry as though the tears had been drained from them, to the last drop, long ago.

One day, calling for a packet of candles, I found her standing at the barricaded window which looks toward the trenches, and the desolate towns and villages back of the German lines. My curiosity got the better of my courtesy, and I asked her, in my poor French, why she was living there. She was silent for a moment, and then she pointed toward that part of France which was on the other side of the world to us.

"Monsieur! Mes enfants! La-bas!" ("Sir! My children! Over there!")

Her children were over there, or had been at the outbreak of the war. That is all that she told me of her story, and I would have been a beast to have asked more. In some way she had become separated from them, and for nearly a year she had been

watching there, not knowing whether her little family was living or dead.

To many of the soldiers she was just a plain, thrifty little French-woman who knew not the meaning of fear, willing to risk her life daily, that she might put by something for the long, hard years which would follow the war. To me she is the Spirit of France, splendid, superb France. But more than this she is the Spirit of Mother-love which wars can never alter.

Strangely enough, I had not thought of the firing-line as a boundary, a limit, during all those weeks of trench warfare. Henceforth it had a new meaning for me. I realized how completely it cut Europe in half, separating friends and relatives as thousands of miles of ocean could not have done. Roads crossed from one side to the other but they were barricaded with sand-bags and barbed-wire entanglements. At night they were deluged with shrapnel, and the cobblestones were chipped and scarred with machine-gun bullets.

Tommy had a ready sympathy for the women and children who lived near the trenches. I remember many incidents which illustrate abundantly his quick understanding of the hardship and danger of their lives. Once, at Armentières, we were marching to the baths, when the German artillery were shelling the town in the usual hit-or-miss fashion. The enemy knew, of course, that many of our troops in reserve were billeted there, and they searched for them daily. Doubtless they would have destroyed the town long ago had it not been for the fact that Lille, one of their own most important bases, is within such easy range of our batteries. As it was, they bombarded it as heavily as they dared, and on this particular morning, they were sending them over too frequently for comfort.

Some of the shells were exploding close to our line of march, but the boys tramped along with that nonchalant air which they assume in times of danger. One immense shell struck an empty house less than a block away and sent the masonry flying in every direction. The cloud of brick-dust shone like gold in the

sun. A moment later, a fleshy peasant woman, wearing wooden shoes, turned out of an adjoining street and ran awkwardly toward the scene of the explosion. Her movements were so clumsy and slow, in proportion to the great exertion she was making, that at any other time the sight would have been ludicrous. Now it was inevitable that such a sight should first appeal to Tommy's sense of humor, and thoughtlessly the boys started laughing and shouting at her.

"Go it, old dear! Yer makin' a grand race!"

"Two to one on Liza!"

"The other w'y, ma! That's the wrong direction! Yer runnin' right into 'em!"

She gave no heed, and a moment later we saw her gather up a little girl from a door-step, hugging and comforting her, and shielding her with her body, instinctively, at the sound of another exploding shell. The laughter in the ranks stopped as though every man had been suddenly struck dumb.

Moving into New Lodgings.—We were wet and tired and cold and hungry, for we had left the train miles back of the firing-line and had been marching through the rain since early morning; but, as the sergeant said: "A bloke standin' by the side o' the road, watchin' this 'ere column pass, would think we was a-go'n' to a Sunday-school picnic." The roads were filled with endless processions of singing, shouting soldiers. Seen from a distance, the long columns gave the appearance of imposing strength. One thought of them as battalions, brigades, divisions, cohesive parts of a great fighting-machine. But when our lines of march crossed, when we halted to make way for each other, what an absorbing pageant of personality! Each rank was a series of intimate pictures. Everywhere there was laughing, singing, a merry minstrelsy of mouth-organs.

The jollity in my own part of the line was doubtless a picture in little of what was happening elsewhere.

I remember that march in the light of our later experiences, in the light of the official report of the total British casualties at

Loos: sixty thousand British lads killed, wounded, and missing. Marching four abreast, a column of casualties miles in length. I see them plodding light-heartedly through the mud as they did on that gray September day, their faces wet with the rain, "an' a bloke standin' by the side of the road would think they was a-go'n' to a Sunday-school picnic. . . ." We halted in the evening at a little mining village, and were billeted for the night in houses, stables, and even in the water-soaked fields, for there was not sufficient accommodation for all of us. With a dozen of my comrades I slept on the floor in the kitchen of a miner's cottage, and listened, far into the night, to the constant procession of motor ambulances, the tramp of marching feet, the thunder of guns, the rattle of windows, and the sound of breaking glass.

The following day we spent in cleaning our rifles, which were caked with rust, and in washing our clothes. We had to put these, still wet, into our packs, for at dusk we fell in, in column of route, along the village street, when our officers told us what was before us. I remember how vividly and honestly one of them described the situation.

"Listen carefully, men. We are moving off in a few moments, to take over captured German trenches on the left of Loos. No one knows yet just how the land lies there. The reports we have had are confused and rather conflicting. The boys you are going to relieve have been having a hard time. The trenches are full of dead. Those who are left are worn out with the strain, and they need sleep. They won't care to stop long after you come in, so you must not expect much information from them. You will have to find out things for yourselves. But I know you well enough to feel certain that you will. From now on you'll not have it easy. You will have to sit tight under a heavy fire from the German batteries. You will have to repulse counter-attacks, for they will make every effort to retake those trenches. But remember! 'You're British soldiers!' Whatever happens you've got to hang on!"

We marched down a road nearly a foot deep in mud. It had

been churned to a thick paste by thousands of feet and all the heavy-wheel traffic incident to the business of war. The rain was still coming down steadily, and it was pitch dark, except for the reflected light, on the low-hanging clouds, of the flashes from the guns of our batteries and those of the bursting shells of the enemy. We halted frequently, to make way for long files of ambulances which moved as rapidly as the darkness and the awful condition of the roads would permit. I counted twenty of them during one halt, and then stopped, thinking of the pain of the poor fellows inside, their wounds wrenched and torn by the constant pitching and jolting. We had vivid glimpses of them by the light from flashing guns, and of the Red Cross attendants at the rear of the cars, steadying the upper tiers of stretchers on either side. The heavy garrison artillery was by this time far behind us. The big shells went over with a hollow roar like the sound of an express-train heard at a distance. Field-artillery was concealed in the ruins of houses on every side. The guns were firing at a tremendous rate, the shells exploding several miles away with a sound of jarring thunderclaps.

In addition to the ambulances there was a constant stream of outgoing traffic of other kinds: despatch-riders on motor-cycles, feeling their way cautiously along the side of the road; ammunition supply and battalion transport wagons, the horses rearing and plunging in the darkness. We approached a crossroad and halted to make way for some batteries of field-pieces moving to new positions. They went by on a slippery cobbled road, the horses at a dead gallop. In the red lightnings of heavy-gun fire they looked like a series of splendid sculptured groups.

We moved on and halted, moved on again, stumbled into ditches to get out of the way of headquarters cars and motor-lorries, jumped up and pushed on. Every step through the thick mud was taken with an effort. We frequently lost touch with the troops ahead of us and would have to march at the double in order to catch up. . . .

We halted to wait for our trench guides at the village of Ver-

FORWARD!



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nelles, about three miles back of our lines. The men lay down thankfully in the mud and many were soon asleep despite the terrific noise. Our batteries, concealed in the ruins of houses, were keeping up a steady fire and the German guns were replying almost as hotly. The weird flashes lit up the shattered walls with a fascinating, bizarre effect. By their light I saw men lying with their heads thrown back over their pack-sacks, their rifles leaning across their bodies; others standing in attitudes of suspended animation. The noise was deafening. One was thrown entirely upon his own resources for comfort and companionship, for it was impossible to converse. While we were waiting for the order to move, a homeless dog put his cold nose into my hand. I patted him and he crept up close beside me. Every muscle in his body was quivering. I wanted to console him in his own language. But I knew very little French, and I should have had to shout into his ear at the top of my voice to have made myself heard. When we marched on I lost him. And I never saw him again.

It is an unpleasant experience, marching under fire, on top of the ground, even though it is dark and the enemy is shelling haphazardly. We machine-gunners were always heavily loaded. In addition to the usual infantryman's burden, we had our machine-guns to carry, and our ammunition, water-supply, tools, and instruments. We were very eager to get under cover, but we had to go slowly. By the time we reached our trench we were nearly exhausted.

The men whom we were to relieve were packed up, ready to move out, when we arrived. We threw our rifles and equipment on the parapet and stood close to the side of the trench to allow them to pass. They were cased in mud. Their faces, which I saw by the glow of matches or lighted cigarettes, were haggard and worn. A week's growth of beard gave them a wild and barbaric appearance. They talked eagerly. . . .

. . . They were soon gone and we were left in ignorance of the situation.

. . . About one o'clock, we witnessed the fascinating spectacle of a counter-attack at night.

It came with the dramatic suddenness, the striking spectacular display, of a motion-picture battle. The pictorial effect seemed extravagantly overdrawn.

There was a sudden hurricane of rifle and machine-gun fire, and in an instant all the desolate landscape was revealed under the light of innumerable trench rockets. We saw the enemy advancing in irregular lines to the attack. They were exposed to a pitiless infantry fire. I could follow the curve of our trenches on the left by the almost solid sheet of flame issuing from the rifles of our comrades against whom the assault was launched. The artillery ranged upon the advancing lines at once, and the air was filled with the roar of bursting shells and the melancholy whing-g-g-g-g of flying shrapnel.

I did not believe that any one could cross that fire-swept area alive, but before many moments we heard the staccato of bursting bombs and hand-grenades which meant that some of the enemy, at least, were within striking distance. There was a sharp crescendo of deafening sound, then, gradually, the firing ceased, and word came down the line: "Counter-attack against the — Guards, and jolly well beaten off too."

LANGEMARCK ¹

WILFRID CAMPBELL

This is the ballad of Langemarck,
A story of glory and might;
Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part
In the great grim fight.

It was April fair on the Flanders Fields,
But the dreadest April then

¹ From "Langemarck and Other Poems," copyright, 1918, by The Musson Book Co., Toronto, publishers. Used by permission.

That ever the years, in their fateful flight,
Had brought to this world of men.

North and east, a monster wall,
The mighty Hun ranks lay,
With fort on fort, and iron-ringed trench,
Menacing, grim and gray.

And south and west, like a serpent of fire,
Serried the British lines,
And in between, the dying and dead,
And the stench of blood, and the trampled mud,
On the fair, sweet Belgian vines.

And far to the eastward, harnessed and taut,
Like a scimitar, shining and keen,
Gleaming out of that ominous gloom,
Old France's hosts were seen.

When out of the grim Hun lines one night,
There rolled a sinister smoke;—
A strange, weird cloud, like a pale, green shroud,
And death lurked in its cloak.

On a fiendlike wind it curled along
Over the brave French ranks,
Like a monster tree its vapors spread,
In hideous, burning banks
Of poisonous fumes that scorched the night
With their sulphurous demon danks.

And men went mad with horror, and fled
From that terrible, strangling death,
That seemed to sear both body and soul
With its baleful, flaming breath.

Till even the little dark men of the south,
Who feared neither God nor man,
Those fierce, wild fighters of Afric's steppes,
Broke their battalions and ran:—

Ran as they never had run before,
Gasping, and fainting for breath;
For they knew 'twas no human foe that slew;
And that hideous smoke meant death.

Then red in the reek of that evil cloud,
The Hun swept over the plain;
And the murderer's dirk did its monster work,
'Mid the scythelike shrapnel rain;

Till it seemed that at last the brute Hun hordes
Had broken that wall of steel;
And that soon, through this breach in the freeman's
dyke,
His trampling hosts would wheel;—

And sweep to the south in ravaging might,
And Europe's peoples again
Be trodden under the tyrant's heel,
Like herds, in the Teuton pen.

But in that line on the British right,
There massed a corps amain,
Of men who hailed from a Far West land
Of mountain and forest and plain;

Men new to war and its dreadest deeds,
But noble and stanch and true;
Men of the open, East and West,
Brew of old Britain's brew.

These were the men out there that night,
 When Hell loomed close ahead;
 Who saw that pitiful, hideous rout,
 And breathed those gases dread;
 While some went under and some went mad;
 But never a man there fled.

For the word was "Canada," theirs to fight,
 And keep on fighting still;—
 Britain said, fight, and fight they would,
 Though the Devil himself in sulphurous mood
 Came over that hideous hill.

Yea, stubborn, they stood, that hero band,
 Where no soul hoped to live;
 For five, 'gainst eighty thousand men,
 Were hopeless odds to give.

Yea, fought they on! 'Twas Friday eve,
 When that demon gas drove down;
 'Twas Saturday eve that saw them still
 Grimly holding their own;

Sunday, Monday, saw them yet,
 A steadily lessening band,
 With "no surrender" in their hearts,
 But the dream of a far-off land,

Where mother and sister and love would weep
 For the hushed heart lying still;—
 But never a thought but to do their part,
 And work the Empire's will.

Ringed round, hemmed in, and back to back,
 They fought there under the dark,

And won for Empire, God, and Right,
At grim, red Langemarck.

Wonderful battles have shaken this world,
Since the Dawn-God overthrew Dis;
Wonderful struggles of right against wrong,
Sung in the rhymes of the world's great song,
But never a greater than this.

Bannockburn, Inkerman, Balaclava,
Marathon's godlike stand;
But never a more heroic deed,
And never a greater warrior breed,
In any war-man's land.

This is the ballad of Langemarck,
A story of glory and might;
Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part
In the great, grim fight.

PRIVATE PEAT¹

HAROLD R. PEAT

The author of "Private Peat" enlisted in a company of volunteers at Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, in the first weeks of the war, in 1914. Because of physical defects he was at first refused and it was only by persistence that he got himself accepted. He was among the Canadian troops who fought so bravely and who suffered great losses in the region around Ypres. His book has been one of the most popular of "war books." Private Peat was wounded in action and discharged from the service. The selections given here tell of the first march to the battle-front, the joy of getting mail, the refugee Belgians, and a Canadian charge.

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? No!

"Hush, boys, . . . we're in enemy country!" our second in command whispered ominously. We shivered. The sound of

¹ From "Private Peat," copyright, 1917, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Used by special permission of the publishers.

the guns seemed to grow louder. Captain Johnson repeated his warning:

"Not a word, men," he muttered, and we stumbled out of the station in silence that could be cut with a knife. Sure enough the enemy was near. He couldn't have been less than twenty-two miles away! We could hear him. There was no disposition on our part to talk aloud. Captain Johnson said, "Whisper," and whisper we did.

We trekked over mud holes and ditches, across fields and down through valleys. We had many impressions—and the main impression was mud. The main impression of all active service is—mud. It was silent mud, too, but we knew it was there. Once in a while during that dark treading through an unfamiliar country one of the boys would stumble and fall face down. Then the mud spoke . . . and it did not whisper. There were grunts and murmurings, there were gurgling expletives and splutterings which sent the army, and all fools who joined it, to places of unmentionable climatic conditions; we were in it up to our necks, more or less literally.

All the way along we could see the flashes of star-shells. When one went up we could fancy the battalion making a "duck" in perfect unison. The star-shells seemed very close. It was still for us to learn that they always seem close.

After about seven miles of this trekking, we reached billets.¹ This was our first experience of French billets. The rest-house was a barn and we were pretty lucky. We had straw to lie on.

Notwithstanding our distance from the enemy, as Captain Johnson had said, we were in his country, and in consequence there had to be a guard. Four of the boys were picked for the job. There was no change in my luck. I was one of the chosen four.

The guard-room, whether for good or ill, was set in a chicken-house. And thereby hangs a tale-feather. Corporal of the guard

¹ Soldier's lodgings.

was a sport. He was a young chap from Red Deer, Alberta. Now, figure the situation for yourself. For days past we had been feeding on bully-beef—bully-beef out of a tin. Four men on guard, a dozen chickens perched not a dozen feet away. Would abstemiousness be human? Ask yourselves, *mes amis* (my friends).

We drew lots. My luck had turned. But I ate of it. It was tender; it was good; it was roasted to a turn.

They say dead men tell no tales. Of dead chicken there is no such proverb. Wish there had been. We buried those feathers deep. Alas, that monsieur,¹ in common with all the folk in Northern France, was so thorough in his cataloguing of his properties. I don't blame him. He had dealt with Germans when they overran the territory. He had met with Belgians when they hastened forward. He had had experience of his own countrymen when they endeavored to drive back the enemy. He had billeted the Imperial British soldier. Now he was confronted with a soldier of whom he had no report, save only the name—Canadian. Monsieur had counted his chickens before they were perched.

We had not yet had read or explained to us the laws and penalties attaching to such a crime while on active service. Of course, no one killed that chicken. No one ate it. No one knew anything about it. We were perfectly willing, if need be, to pay double price for the chicken rather than have such a term as "chicken-thief" levelled at us. We of the guard, however, protested, but paid five francs each to smooth the matter over. This totalled about four dollars.

The next morning the whole battalion was lined up before the colonel while the adjutant read aloud the law which we boys term the "riot act." This document informed us very clearly that if any soldier was found to have taken anything from the peasantry for his own use; if any man was found drunk on active service, or if he committed any other crime or offense which might be counted as minor to these two, the punishment for a

¹ Pronounced me-syû; equivalent to English *mister*.

first offense would be six months first field punishment. For any offense of a similar nature thereafter the man would be liable to court martial and death:

While this paper was being read, I shook in my boots, to think that I had been—innocently or at least ignorantly—associated with what was probably the first crime of our battalion.

We went back to billets a very subdued lot of soldiers.

We passed another night in the same billets. Next morning at five thirty we were roused to make a forced march across country of some twenty-two miles. This was the hardest march of the entire time I was at the front. . . .

It was winter. There was heavy traffic over the roads. There were no road-builders, and precious little organization for the traffic. Part of the way the surface had been cobblestones; now it was broken flints.

We started out gallantly enough with full packs, very full packs. Then, a few miles out, one would see out of the corner of his eye, a shirt sail quietly across the hedgerow; an extra pair of boots in the other direction; another shirt, a bundle of writing-paper; more shirts, more boots. Packs were lightening. Down to fifty pounds now; forty, thirty, twenty, ten . . . the road was getting worse.

No one would give up. Half a dozen men stopped and slashed at their boots to get room for a pet corn or a burning bunion. But every man pegged ahead. This was the first forced march. We were on our way to the trenches. . . . We agonized, but persevered.

Armentières was our objective. A fine city, this, and one which we might have enjoyed under happier circumstances. It was under fire, but not badly damaged, and consequently many thousands of the Imperial soldiers were "resting" there while back from the trenches.

We were the First Canadians. We were expected, and the English Tommies determined to give us right royal welcome and a hearty hand-shake. We had a reputation to keep up, for in

England the Cockney Tommy and his brother "civvies" had named us the "Singing Can-ydians."

But on the road to Armentières . . . oh, *ma foi!* (my faith). There was no singing . . . as we stumbled, bent double, lifting swollen feet, like Agag, treading on eggs through the streets of the city.

Tommy Atkins to right of us; Tommy Atkins to left of us, cobblestones beneath us, we staggered and swayed. The English boys cheered and yelled a greeting. It was rousing, it was thrilling, it was a welcome that did our hearts good; but we could not rise to the occasion.

Suddenly from out of the crowd of khaki figures there came a voice—that of a true son of the East End—a suburb of Whitechapel was surely his happy home.

"S'y, 'ere comes the Singin' Can-ydians. . . . 'Ere they come . . . 'ear their singin'!"

Not a sound from our ranks. Silence. But it was too much. No one can offer a gibe to a man of the West without his getting it back. Far from down our column some one yelled:

"Are we downhearted?" "No." We pealed back the answer raucously enough, and then on with the song:

Are we Downhearted? NO, no, no.
Are we downhearted? No, no, no.
Troubles may come and troubles may go,
But we keep smiling where'er we go,
Are we downhearted? Are we downhearted?
No, no, NO!

"No, y're not down'earted, but yer look bally well broken-'earted," chanted our small Cockney comrade, with sarcasm ringing strong in every clipped tone of his voice.

SOLDIER'S MAIL

The authorities are just as careful about sending up a soldier's letters, his parcels, and small gifts from home as they are about the food and clothing supplies. They recognize that Tommy Atkins naturally and rightly wants to keep in touch with the home folks, and every effort is made to get communications up on time. But war is war, and there are days and even weeks when no letters reach the front line. Those are the days that try the mettle of the men. We do not tell our thoughts to one another. The soldier of to-day is rough of exterior, rough of speech, and rough of bearing, but underneath he has a heart of gold and a spirit of untold gentleness.

Suddenly down the trench will pass the word that the officer and sergeant are coming with letters and parcels. . . .

We crowd around the officer with shining eyes, like so many schoolboys. Parcels are handed out first, but we throw these aside to be opened later, and snatch for the letters. But luck is not always good to all of us, and possibly it will be old Bill who has to turn away empty-handed and alone. No letter. Are they all well, or—no letter.

But Bill is not left alone very long. A pal will notice him, notice him before he himself has had more than a glimpse of the heading of his own precious letter, and going over to Bill, will slap him a hearty blow on the shoulder and say: "Say, Bill, old boy, I've got a letter. Listen to this—" And then, no matter how sacred the letter may be, he will read it aloud before he had a chance to glance at it himself. If it is from the girl, old Bill will be laughing before it is finished—girls write such amusing stuff; but, no matter whom it is from, it is all the same. It is a pleasure shared, and Bill forgets his trouble in the happiness of another.

We had only been about ten weeks in France when we were moved out of the trenches and placed in Ypres in billets. Some of us were actually billeted in the city itself, and others of us had a domicile in the environs.

YPRES

Ypres,¹ or Wipers, as Tommy Atkins called it, was then considered a "hot" spot. The Germans say no one ever comes back from Ypres without a hole in him. . . .

At this time Ypres was not yet destroyed by the enemy. I have seen many cities of the world, I have seen the beauties of Westminster Abbey, the Law Courts; I have seen the tropical wonders of the West Indies; I have seen the marvels of the Canadian Rockies, but I have never seen greater beauty of architecture and form than in the city of Ypres. There was the Cloth Hall, *la Salle des Draperies*, with its massive pillars, its delicate traceries, its Gothic windows, and its air of age-long, gray-toned serenity.

There was Ypres Cathedral! A place of silence that breathed of heaven itself. There was its superb bell-tower, and its peal of silver-tongued chimes. There were wonderful Old World houses, quaint steps and turns and alleys. It was a city of delight, a city that charmed and awed by its impressive grandeur.

Now the city was massed with refugees from the ravaged parts of Belgium. In peace-times possibly the population would have numbered thirty-five to forty thousand, at this time it seemed that sixty thousand souls were crowded into the city limits. Every house, every *estaminet*,² every barn, every stable was filled to its capacity with folk who had fled in despair before the cloven hoof of the advancing Hun. . . .

One day I walked out from Ypres a few miles. I came to the village of Vlamentinge. I went into an *estaminet* and called for some refreshment. From among the crowd of soldiers gathered there a civilian Belgian made his way over to me. He was crippled or he would not have been in civilian clothes.

"Hello, old boy!" he said to me in perfect English. "How are you?"

I replied, but must have looked my astonishment at his knowledge of my language, for he went on to explain.

¹ Pronounced 5-pr.

² Coffee-house.

"I got over from the States just the week war broke out. I worked in North Dakota, and had saved up and planned to come over and marry my sweetheart, who waited in Brussels for me. I have not seen her. She must be lost in the passing of the enemy. I have gathered a very little money, enough to start on the small farm which is my inheritance. Come and see it—come and have dinner with me."

I accepted his invitation, and we walked over together. The Belgian spoke all the way of his fine property and good farm. All the while there was a twinkle in his eye, and at last I asked him what size was his great farm.

"Ten acres," said he, and laughed at my amazement at so small a holding.

We reached the house, which proved to be a three-roomed shack. In a little, dinner was served and we went in to sit down. Not only the owner and myself, but fifteen others sat down to a meal of weak soup and war bread. The other guests at the table were fourteen old women and one young girl. They sat in a steady, brooding silence. I asked the Belgian if they understood English. They did not, and so I questioned him.

"Very big family, this you've got," I remarked. I knew who they were, but just wanted to draw him out.

"Oh, they're not my family."

"Only visitors?" I queried.

"Darned good visitors," said he, "they've been here since the second week of August, 1914."

"Refugees," I commented.

"Yes, refugees, not one with a home. Not one who has not lost her husband, her son, or her grandson. Not one who has not lost every bit of small property, but her clothes as well. You think that I am doing something to help? Well, that is not much. I'm lucky with the few I have. There's my old neighbor over yonder on the hill. He owns five acres and has a two-roomed shack and he keeps eleven."

"And how long do you expect them to stay?"

"Why, laddie," said he. "Stay—how should I know? I was talking to an officer the other day and he told me he believed the first ten years of this war would be the worst. They are free and welcome to stay all that time, and longer if need be. They are my people. They are Belgians. We have not much. My savings are going rapidly, but we have set a few potatoes"—he waved his hand over to where four of the old women were hoeing the ground—"we get bread and a little soup; we have enough to wear for now. We shall manage."

That is only one instance in my own personal experience. Every place was the same. The people who could sheltered those that had lost all. It was a case of share and share alike. If one man had a crust and his neighbor none, why then each had half a crust without questions.

Ypres had been destroyed in seven hours, after a continuous bombardment from one thousand German guns. It was a city of the dead. The military authorities of the Allies told the civilians they must leave. They had to go, there was no alternative. The liberation they had hoped for was in sight, but their road to it was of a roughness unspeakable.

There was the grandfather in that procession, and the grandmother; sometimes she was a crippled old body who could not walk; sometimes she was wheeled in a barrow surrounded by a few bundles of household treasure. Sometimes a British wagon would pass, piled high with old women and sick, to whom the soldiers were giving a lift on their way.

There was the mother in that procession. Sometimes she would have a basket with a few broken pieces of food. There was a young child, the baby hardly able to toddle and clinging to the mother's skirts. There was the young brother, the little fellow, whimpering a little perhaps at the noise and confusion and terror which his tiny brain could not grasp. There was the baby, the baby which used to be plump and smiling and round and pinky white, now held convulsively by the mother to her breast, its little form thin and worn because of lack of nourishment.

There was no means of feeding these thousands of helpless ones. Their only means of sustenance was from the charity of the British and French soldiers, who shared rations with them.

CANADIANS—CANADIANS—THAT'S ALL!

The night of April twenty-second was probably the most momentous time of the six days and nights of fighting. Then the Germans concentrated on the Yser Canal, over which there was but one bridge, a murderous barrage fire which would have effectively hindered the bringing up of reinforcements or guns, even had we had any in reserve.

During the early stages of the battle, the enemy had succeeded to considerable degree in turning the Canadian left wing. There was a large open gap at this point, where the French Colonial troops had stood until the gas came over. Toward this sector the Germans rushed rank after rank of infantry, backed by guns and heavy artillery. To the far distant left were our British comrades. They were completely blocked by the German advance. They were like rats in a trap and could not move.

At the start of the battle, the Canadian lines ran from the village of Langemarcke over to St. Julien, a distance of approximately three to four miles. From St. Julien to the sector where the Imperial British had joined the Turcos¹ was a distance of probably two miles.

These two miles had to be covered and covered quickly. We had to save the British extreme right wing, and we had to close the gap. There was no question about it. It was our job. On the night of April twenty-second we commenced to put this into effect. We were still holding our original position with the handful of men who were in reserves, all of whom had been included in the original grand total of twelve thousand. We had to spread out across the gap of two miles and link up the British right wing.

Doing this was no easy task. Our company was out first and

¹ Troops from French North Africa.

we were told to get into field-skirmishing order. We lined up in the pitchy darkness at five paces apart, but no sooner had we reached this than a whispered order passed from man to man: "Another pace, lads, just another pace."

This order came again and yet again. Before we were through and ready for the command to advance, we were at least twice five paces each man from his nearest comrade.

Then it was that our captain told us bluntly that we were obviously outnumbered by the Germans, ten to one. Then he told us that, practically speaking, we had scarcely the ghost of a chance, but that a bluff might succeed. He told us to "swing the lid over them." This we did by yelling, hooting, shouting, clamoring, until it seemed, and the enemy believed, that we were ten to their one.

The ruse succeeded. At daybreak, when we rested, we found that we had driven the enemy back almost to his original position. All night long we had been fighting with our backs to our comrades who were in the front trenches. The enemy had got behind us and we had had to face about in what served for trenches. By dawn we had him back again in his original position, and we were facing in the old direction. By dawn we had almost, though not quite, forced a junction with the British right.

The night of April twenty-second is one that I can never forget. It was frightful, yes. Yet there was a grandeur in the appalling intensity of living, in the appalling intensity of death as it surrounded us.

The German shells rose and burst behind us. They made the Yser Canal a stream of molten glory. Shells fell in the city, and split the darkness of the heavens in the early night hours. Later the moon rose in a splendor of spring-time. Straight behind the tower of the great cathedral it rose and shone down on a bloody earth.

Suddenly the grand old Cloth Hall burst into flames. The spikes of fire rose and fell and rose again. Showers of sparks went upward. A pall of smoke would form and cloud the moon,

LINE UP, BOYS!



ENLIST TO-DAY.

Published by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, London. Price 6d.

(L. 10700) (D. 10700) (S. 10700)

Published by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, London.

waver, break, and pass. There was the mutter and rumble and roar of great guns. . . .

It was glorious. It was terrible. It was inspiring. Through an inferno of destruction and death, . . . we lived because we must.

Perhaps our greatest reward came when on April twenty-sixth the English troops reached us. We had been completely cut off by the enemy barrage from all communication with other sectors of the line. Still, through the wounded gone back, word of our stand had drifted out. The English boys fought and force-marched and fought again their terrible way through the barrage to our aid. And when they arrived, weary and worn and torn, cutting their bloody way to us, they cheered themselves hoarse; cheered as they marched along, cheered and gripped our hands as they got within touch with us. Yell after yell went upward, and stirring words woke the echoes. The boys of the Old Country paid their greatest tribute to us of the New as they cried:

"Canadians—Canadians—that's all!"

THOMAS OF THE LIGHT HEART¹

OWEN SEAMAN

Facing the guns, he jokes as well
As any Judge upon the Bench;
Between the crash of shell and shell
His laughter rings along the trench;
He seems immensely tickled by a
Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

He whistles down the day-long road,
And, when the chilly shadows fall
And heavier hangs the weary load,

¹ From "War Time," copyright, 1915, by Constable & Co. Used by permission.

Is he downhearted? Not at all.
'Tis then he takes a light and airy
View of the tedious route to Tipperary.

His songs are not exactly hymns;
He never learned them in the choir;
And yet they brace his dragging limbs
Although they miss the sacred fire;
Although his choice and cherished gems
Do not include "The Watch upon the Thames."

He takes to fighting as a game;
He does no talking, through his hat,
Of holy missions; all the same
He has his faith—be sure of that;
He'll not disgrace his sporting breed,
Nor play what isn't cricket. There's his creed.

October, 1914.

THE BELOVED CAPTAIN¹

DONALD HANKEY

The writer of this selection was an officer in the British army. He went to the front in May, 1915, and wrote the articles making up the book, "A Student in Arms," after he had been wounded and had returned home. In May, 1916, he returned to the front and was killed in action the following October. He was last seen alive rallying his men, who had wavered for a moment under the heavy machine-gun and rifle fire. He carried the waverers along with him, and was found that night close to the trench, the winning of which had cost him his life.

He came in the early days, when we were still at recruit drills under the hot September sun. Tall, erect, smiling: so we first saw him, and so he remained to the end. At the start he knew as little of soldiering as we did. He used to watch us being drilled by the sergeant; but his manner of watching was peculiarly his

¹ From "A Student in Arms," copyright, 1917, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Used by permission.

own. He never looked bored. He was learning just as much as we were, in fact more. He was learning his job, and from the first he saw that his job was more than to give the correct orders. His job was to lead us. So he watched, and noted many things, and never found the time hang heavy on his hands. He watched our evolutions so as to learn the correct orders; he watched for the right manner of command, the manner which secured the most prompt response to an order; and he watched every one of us for our individual characteristics. We were his men. Already he took an almost paternal interest in us. He noted the men who tried hard, but were naturally slow and awkward. He distinguished them from those who were inattentive and bored. He marked down the keen and efficient among us. Most of all, he studied those who were subject to moods, who were sulky one day and willing the next. These were the ones who were to turn the scale. If only he could get these on his side, the battle would be won.

For a few days he just watched. Then he started work. He picked out some of the most awkward ones, and, accompanied by a corporal, marched them away by themselves. Ingenuously he explained that he did not know much himself yet; but he thought that they might get on better if they drilled by themselves a bit, and that if he helped them, and they helped him, they would soon learn. His confidence was infectious. He looked at them, and they looked at him, and the men pulled themselves together and determined to do their best. Their best surprised themselves. His patience was inexhaustible. His simplicity could not fail to be understood. His keenness and optimism carried all with them. Very soon the awkward squad found themselves awkward no longer; and soon after that they ceased to be a squad, and went back to the platoon.

Then he started to drill the platoon, with the sergeant standing by to point out his mistakes. Of course, he made mistakes, and when that happened he never minded admitting it. He would explain what mistakes he had made, and try again. The result

was that we began to take almost as much interest and pride in his progress as he did in ours. We were his men, and he was our leader. We felt that he was a credit to us, and we resolved to be a credit to him. There was a bond of mutual confidence and affection between us, which grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. He had a smile for almost every one; but we thought that he had a different smile for us. We looked for it, and were never disappointed. On parade, as long as we were trying, his smile encouraged us. Off parade, if we passed him and saluted, his eyes looked straight into our own, and his smile greeted us. It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. It bucked one up when one was bored or tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view. There was nothing feeble or weak about it. It was not monotonous like the smile of "Sunny Jim." It meant something. It meant that we were his men, and that he was proud of us, and sure that we were going to do jolly well—better than any of the other platoons. And it made us determine that we would. When we failed him, when he was disappointed in us, he did not smile. He did not rage or curse. He just looked disappointed, and that made us feel far more savage with ourselves than any amount of swearing would have done. He made us feel that we were not playing the game by him. It was not what he said. He was never very good at talking. It was just how he looked. And his look of displeasure and disappointment was a thing that we would do anything to avoid. The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. We loved him. And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all's said and done.

He was good to look on. He was big and tall, and held himself upright. His eyes looked his own height. He moved with the grace of an athlete. His skin was tanned by a wholesome outdoor life, and his eyes were clear and wide open. Physically he was a prince among men. We used to notice, as we marched along the road and passed other officers, that they always looked

pleased to see him. They greeted him with a cordiality which was reserved for him. Even the general seemed to have singled him out, and cast an eye of special approval upon him. Somehow, gentle though he was, he was never familiar. He had a kind of innate nobility which marked him out as above us. He was not democratic. He was rather the justification for aristocracy. We all knew instinctively that he was our superior—a man of finer temper than ourselves, a “toff” in his own right. I suppose that that was why he could be so humble without loss of dignity. For he was humble, too, if that is the right word, and I think it is. No trouble of ours was too small for him to attend to. When we started route marches, for instance, and our feet were blistered and sore, as they often were at first, you would have thought that they were his own feet from the trouble he took. Of course, after the march there was always an inspection of feet. That is the routine. But with him it was no mere routine. He came into our rooms, and, if any one had a sore foot, he would kneel down on the floor and look at it as carefully as if he had been a doctor. Then he would prescribe, and the remedies were ready at hand, being borne by the sergeant. If a blister had to be lanced he would very likely lance it himself there and then, so as to make sure that it was done with a clean needle and that no dirt was allowed to get in. There was no affectation about this, no striving after effect. It was simply that he felt that our feet were pretty important, and that he knew that we were pretty careless. So he thought it best at the start to see to the matter himself. Nevertheless, there was in our eyes something almost religious about this care for our feet. It seemed to have a touch of the Christ about it, and we loved and honored him the more.

We knew that we should lose him. For one thing, we knew that he would be promoted. It was our great hope that some day he would command the company. Also we knew that he would be killed. He was so amazingly unself-conscious. For that reason we knew that he would be absolutely fearless. He would be so keen on the job in hand, and so anxious for his men, that he would

forget about his own danger. So it proved. He was a captain when we went out to the front. Whenever there was a tiresome job to be done, he was there in charge. If ever there were a moment of danger, he was on the spot. If there were any particular part of the line where the shells were falling faster or the bombs dropping more thickly than in other parts, he was in it. It was not that he was conceited and imagined himself indispensable. It was just that he was so keen that the men should do their best, and act worthily of the regiment. He knew that fellows hated turning out at night for fatigue, when they were in a "rest camp." He knew how tiresome the long march there and back and the digging in the dark for an unknown purpose were. He knew that fellows would be inclined to grouse and shirk, so he thought that it was up to him to go and show them that he thought it was a job worth doing. And the fact that he was there put a new complexion on the matter altogether. No one would shirk if he were there. No one would grumble so much, either. What was good enough for him was good enough for us. If it were not too much trouble for him to turn out, it was not too much trouble for us. He knew, too, how trying to the nerves it is to sit in a trench and be shelled. He knew what a temptation there is to move a bit farther down the trench and herd together in a bunch at what seems the safest end. He knew, too, the folly of it, and that it was not the thing to do—not done in the best regiments. So, he went along to see that it did not happen, to see that the men stuck to their posts, and conquered their nerves. And as soon as we saw him, we forgot our own anxiety. It was: "Move a bit farther down, sir. We are all right here; but don't you go exposing of yourself." We didn't matter. We knew it then. We were just the rank and file, bound to take risks. The company would get along all right without us. But the captain, how was the company to get on without him? To see him was to catch his point of view, to forget our personal anxieties, and only to think of the company, and the regiment, and honor.

There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him.

We longed for the chance to show him that. We weren't heroes. We never dreamed about the V. C. But to save the captain we would have earned it ten times over, and never have cared a button whether we got it or not. We never got the chance, worse luck. It was all the other way. We were holding some trenches which were about as unhealthy as trenches could be. The Boches were only a few yards away, and were well supplied with trench mortars. We hadn't got any at that time. Bombs and air-torpedoes were dropping round us all day. Of course, the captain was there. It seemed as if he could not keep away. A torpedo fell into the trench, and buried some of our chaps. The fellows next to them ran to dig them out. Of course, he was one of the first. Then came another torpedo in the same place. That was the end.

But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his. There are not many of the old lot left now, but I think that those who went West have seen him. When they got to the other side I think they were met. Some one said: "Well done, good and faithful servant." And as they knelt before that gracious pierced Figure, I reckon they saw near by the captain's smile. Anyway, in that faith let me die, if death should come my way; and so, I think, shall I die content.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT¹

HENRY NEWBOLT

I was out early to-day, spying about
From the top of a haystack—such a lovely morning—
And when I mounted again to canter back
I saw across a field in the broad sunlight
A young Gunner Subaltern, stalking along

¹ Used by special permission of the author.

With a rook-rifle held at the ready, and—would you believe
It?—

A domestic cat, soberly marching beside him.

So I laughed, and felt quite well disposed to the youngster,
And shouted out "the top of the morning" to him,
And wished him "Good sport!"—and then I remembered
My rank, and his, and what I ought to be doing:
And I rode nearer, and added, "I can only suppose
You have not seen the Commander-in-Chief's order
Forbidding English officers to annoy their Allies
By hunting and shooting."

But he stood and saluted
And said earnestly, "I beg your pardon, Sir
I was only going out to shoot a sparrow
To feed my cat with."

So there was the whole picture,
The lovely early morning, the occasional shell
Screeching and scattering past us, the empty landscape,—
Empty, except for the young Gunner saluting,
And the cat, anxiously watching his every movement.
I may be wrong, and I may have told it badly,
But it struck me as being extremely ludicrous.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

JOHN McRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

LONDON CHILDREN IN THE AIR RAID OF
JUNE 13, 1917¹

OLIVE HOPE CONSTANCE

I suppose that many American children on hearing of this terrible raid have wondered how the English children felt and behaved during that time of death and ruin. I was in the zone of danger at the time, teaching in a school not far from the place where some of the bombs fell, and thought it might interest the readers of *St. Nicholas* to have some account of the event.

It was such a hot June day! The sky glowed misty with the heat, and teachers and children were not sorry to have, as they thought, only a quarter of an hour's more work before closing for the morning. Suddenly a buzzing sound was heard above, and a quick order was given to the surprised teachers to move the children away from the windows. But hardly had the command been given when there was a terrific, crashing thud, the building shook, and sounds of smashing glass and falling brick-work were heard. With a cry, each class rose in a body and bolted straight for the teacher, eyes and mouths wide open, faces pale, and hands outstretched—but no one running for the door; and in a few moments all were ranged quietly along the inner wall, there was not another sound of fear, and the order to jump up and

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, copyright, 1917, by The Century Co. Used by permission.

down was obeyed immediately. This cheered up the children tremendously, for the familiar sound of their own feet drowned the noise still going on outside. It was learned afterward that a shell passed over the school very near the roof; shrapnel was certainly falling all around, and within, gas-globes and windows had been smashed. The next bomb might fall on them—this was fully realized as they gazed anxiously upward—yet up and down they bobbed, the bigger ones holding hands with tiny mites of three and four years old, and even laughing at them now that the first fright and surprise were over. All kept pretty near their own teachers, but there was no more pressing against skirts or hiding of faces.

"Now let us sing," suggested a teacher. "Rule Britannia," suggested some one; and immediately a boy of seven, one of the most nervous, highly strung children in the school, started off in a clear, firm voice, and every one joined in:

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

The ring of courage in that "never, never, never" will remain in the memories of those who heard it.

This is what happened in one school, and it is a very fair type of what occurred throughout the bombed part of London. Some schools had time to carry out what is known as "raid drill," and were quickly and quietly moved away from the windows or into the lower parts of high buildings, there being no rush, however, in these cases. One headmaster started the singing before the explosions began, and the children sang song after song, just as if it were an "Empire Day," keeping it up till all danger was past. Very few children cried to go home, though I have heard of some who wished to run to smaller sisters and brothers, and one girl begged to be allowed to go to her mother, who was very ill.

"Teacher, are you frightened?" asked a small boy of five. His teacher could not tell a lie—she was frightened—so she replied: "Well, do I look frightened, Willie!" "No, teacher,

no!" half a dozen voices chorused, and the faces round her visibly brightened; one could see that these little mites were holding themselves together through sheer pride and courage—they were not going to be cowards. "Never mind, teacher," another older boy was saying at the same time; "God is taking care of us—He is watching all the time, isn't He?" The teachers were, indeed, thanking God from the bottom of their hearts that the raid had not come ten minutes later, for then these children would have been on their way home, and many would never have returned.

When at last the report came, "All is over," the children were told to go quietly and quickly home. They did not rush out into the playground with a shout, as boys and girls do generally the world over, but trailed out rather soberly. Glad they were to see their mothers waiting for them at the gates. Many of them had hurried away from terrifying scenes at home. Tales were told later of families in danger—one child spoke of a baby sister blown down-stairs; another of a wee baby a few months old, whose cot was covered with splinters of glass; others of injuries and death among friends and relations. Some boys picked up wicked-looking lumps of shrapnel from the playground, handing them to their teachers; and many, as they went home, had to pass ambulances carrying burdens from streets near by to the nearest hospital. Yet in the afternoon many of the children were back at school, going on with their lessons. Few people would have guessed what they had been through during the last few hours.

Some people have said that the children did not realize their danger, or even know what was happening. But London children have often experienced Zeppelin raids at night, and it has fallen to their lot to hear rumors and descriptions of such things ever since the war began. So, although they felt the shock of explosions around and beneath them, although they looked up into the sky and waited for the next, yet it was a singing London which greeted the enemy in the air. Thousands of children were cheering themselves and each other in song. If their fathers and brothers in the trenches could have heard, their hearts would surely have

swelled with pride at the spirit of their lads and lasses. Among the mothers and all civilians at home there has been a stiffening of attitude and a feeling quite opposite to that which the enemy evidently expected to inspire.

RETREAT¹

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Broken, bewildered by the long retreat
Across the stifling leagues of southern plain,
Across the scorching leagues of trampled grain,
Half-stunned, half-blinded, by the trudge of feet
And dusty smother of the August heat,
He dreamt of flowers in an English lane,
Of hedgerow flowers glistening after rain—
All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet.

All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet—
The innocent names kept up a cool refrain—
All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet,
Chiming and tinkling in his aching brain,
Until he babbled like a child again—
"All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet."

LINES WRITTEN IN SURREY, 1917²

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

A sudden swirl of song in the bright sky—
The little lark adoring his lord the sun;
Across the corn the lazy ripples run;
Under the eaves, conferring drowsily,

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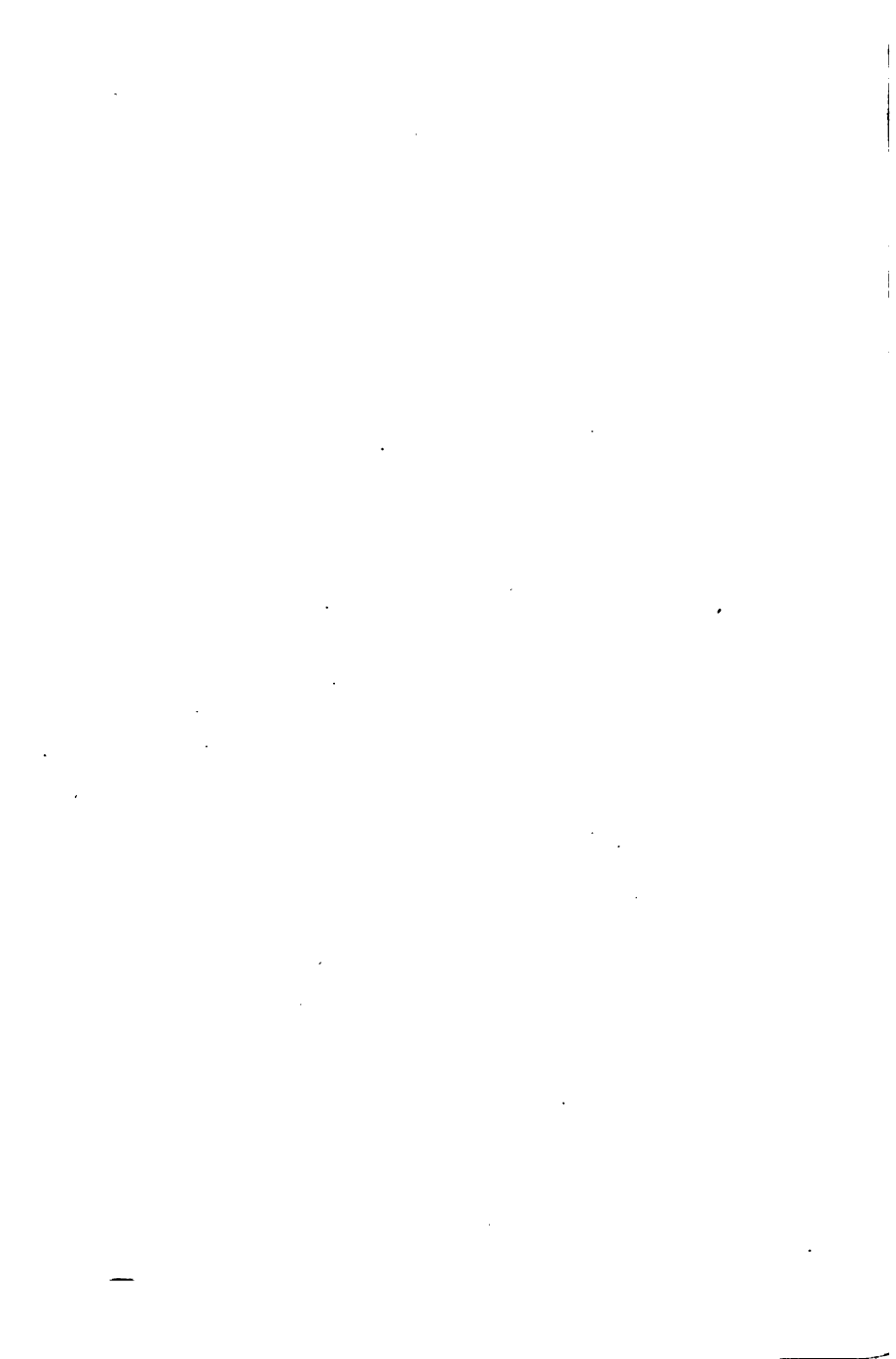
² From *The Westminster Gazette*, copyright, 1917. Used by permission.

WHO'S ABSENT?



Is it You?

Published by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, London.



Doves droop or amble; the agile waterfly
Wrinkles the pool; and flowers, gay and dun,
Rose, bluebell, rhododendron, one by one,
The buccaneering bees prove busily.

Ah, who may trace this tranquil loveliness
In verse felicitous?—no measure tells;
But gazing on her bosom we can guess
Why men strike hard for England in red hells,
Falling on dreams, 'mid Death's extreme caress,
Of English daisies dancing in English dells.

THE HOUSE AT ZAGORA ¹

WILL IRWIN

The two stories, "The House at Zagora" and "With the Alpini," are taken from a book that describes the soldiers of France and Italy, and fighting along these fronts. They are a part of the personal observations and experiences of a well-known war correspondent. At the time of his visit the Italians and Austrians were fighting on the very summits of the Alps. The places mentioned here are within the Carnic Alps that separate Austrian and Italian territory in the northeast of Italy.

The foot-hills of the Alps would be called a little more than foot-hills in the Rocky Mountains, but real mountains in Scotland or our Atlantic States. As we strode on, trotting at intervals to keep pace with the long, mountain-trained legs of our lieutenant, they began to come one by one out of the dawn. In conformation, it occurred to me, they much resembled the American Catskills or perhaps the mountains of Scotland, only that they were more abrupt. The day broke in beauty-clear skies, April and the Alps. It is not my purpose, however, to write here of scenery. And, indeed, during the last part of our passage to the point where the communication-trenches opened, I was indifferent to beauty.

¹ From "The Latin at War," copyright, 1917, by D. Appleton & Co. Used by permission.

When you go down a path at a stooping run, dodging from side to side in order to dazzle a sniper, it is hard to remember that you are dodging through incomparable forest.

This is why we had come:

The Isonzo, near by, runs into a gorge. On both sides rise mountains with occasional cliffs. The Italians, advancing here as elsewhere toward the River of Promise, had swept the Austrians down the slope of the right bank and across the Isonzo. In face of deadly fire, they had themselves crossed. They had struggled on until they forced the enemy up near to the summit on the left bank. At the hamlet of Zagora the lines locked, and affairs came to a standstill. And in Zagora stood the strangest house in all Europe, where the two armies "had contact." This situation had existed since November. The Austrians were in the dining-room, the Italians in the kitchen. The Austrians were in mother's room, the Italians in the children's.

And that mountainside on the conquered left bank, up which we were to climb—it was a litter, a mess, of military works. I say now that nothing has so exemplified to me the mighty labor of this war as that one hillside. It was as though one had started to put in a city, and had dug the cellars, the water-mains, the street gradings, and the sewers all at once. And this labor had but one object—to feed, to arm, to protect a few hundred men doing the real fighting at the actual front. Everywhere that morning we met men digging and delving, passing timber, setting blocks, sawing wood, carrying boxes slung between poles, Chinese fashion. All proved the peril of the work by wearing steel trench-helmets.

Now there comes in these positions a certain hour when you can count with fair certainty on a lull. The night has been hot and anxious, bringing one kind of deadly work. There will be work of another kind later in the day; but in this hour or so the armies, by a tacit truce—formal truces are unknown to this war—eat, clean guns, "tidy up" the trenches, and rest. One can never count absolutely on this truce, however; hence our nervousness as we came out, during one stage of our passage, into full view and

rifle-range of the Austrians. An untoward incident may break it at any moment. We had timed our visit for this interval of comparative safety.

Every one thinks of modern war as a noisy business. It is, for the most part. But I had never before thought much of the cautious silences which come between action and action. That was the first thing which struck me as I came out on this hillside of workmen whose master is death. Men, men, men, a city of men dozing behind rocks or sand-bags, carrying timbers, cleaning out ditches, passing with careful, stealthy feet—and none spoke a word. A skylark was soaring on his fluttering, perpendicular flight, singing his heart out as he soared. A bird-chorus answered him from the herbage of the hillside. Theirs seemed the only sound; for even the distant guns were still.

We picked our way in and out of the tangled walls, trenches, barricades, to a dugout, set deep in the hill and furnished with a door and a window. Before it lay a little garden-plot fenced neatly with bent willow-branches, where new-sown grass was springing. Inside was hot coffee and a warm welcome. As we ate our cheese and our good, brown-yellow war bread, a young lieutenant entered. He had come up from headquarters that morning bringing the mail—letters from wives, sweethearts, and daughters. The officers excused themselves and ripped through their letters with eager eyes. The Commander opened a fat packet.

“Look!” he said, snapping its contents across the table. It was sweet-pea seed for his little garden!

But time pressed; and, since it must be done, it were best to do it while the silence held. So now we pushed forward. The Commander, guiding us personally, stopped to ask a question about the route; and, from the cook shed, but softly:

“Hello! I speak English.”

He was chef of the officers’ mess; but he was also a cook at the Plaza, in New York! Ruffo was his name; a sprightly little Italian boy, with a joke for everything. “The Hudson,” he said, pointing to the blue Isonzo; and “The Palisades!” Also, he re-

marked that the baseball season was opening; and then, I thought, there was pathos in his eyes.

"And now," said the Lieutenant, "our orders are to walk very gently and to whisper."

Do not think of this as an ordinary hill, this height which the Italians have won yard by yard. It was so steep in its natural condition that a man could not walk straight up, but must follow winding paths. Now, there were crude stairways everywhere. Before us lay the wreckage of the hamlet and of that strange three-story house. Its roof was gone, and much of its upper story. The buildings that once stood about it were down to the foundations; but the lower story remained, and most of the second. We were approaching what had been the kitchen, I suppose—one of those half-cellar rooms which characterize hill-side houses. Behind it was a kind of back-door yard. Everything was black with old smoke of battle and of conflagration, or gray with the heavy dust of powdered rocks.

I may not describe it minutely, although I remember it as I remember my own flat in New York. At last, I felt, I was clear beyond the world of humanly pleasant things and wholly in the world of war; for everywhere else there had been those little human touches like the latticed lawn before the dugout. But here—only rifles, boxes of grenades, empty cartridge-cases, clips tramped into the dust, shell-holes, newly made graves, crude, battered works of war. And everywhere silence, so that the spring bird-songs came out sharply. Once the Lieutenant opened a canvas curtain. We looked in. A handsome little Italian boy grinned at us genially from over a pot of coffee boiling on a spirit-lamp. We entered that cellar kitchen. I laid my hand on the wall. A foot away, in the coal-cellar, was the enemy! Had I waited long in that silence I might have heard him stirring.

We were preparing to make our adieux, exchange cards and get away, when the great whistle of a great shell sounded overhead. I cannot describe that sound, though once heard it is never forgotten. It has been compared to the rush of a fast express-train,

passing close; but it has a sharper, more crackling quality. And near the crest of a mountain on the other side of the river rose a tremendous puff. A few seconds afterward, the sound of the explosion followed. . . .

The Commander viewed the horizon with his glasses, took a long look to the rear, and turned to us.

"Gentlemen," he said in French, "I regret for your sake to tell you that you cannot go now. It is not safe. I must beg the honor of your company to luncheon."

We accepted with a grace which I for one did not feel. It is not pleasant for a civilian to know that he is bottled up indefinitely on a hillside at no point immune from violent death. In danger, I have observed, one is always happiest when he is going away. As I sat on a bench before the dugout, watching the shells burst on the mountain beyond and the embankment below, listening to the slamming noise of the grenades, I felt a hollow in the pit of my stomach and a rusty-iron taste in my mouth. The emotion indicated by these symptoms would flash out; and, as the shells whistled and broke more and more heavily on hill or bank, interest in the thing as a spectacle would flash in.

THE AEROPLANE RAID

It was market-day, and about ten of a very fair spring morning, when the whistle blew the "Alerte"—a hostile aeroplane was coming. Two seconds before the whistle began, the market-place was all color, business and normal excitement. Peasant women with thick waists, powerful hands, and heavy yet vivacious faces bargained and flirted and gesticulated with soldiers and agents of the regimental messes. Women of the buying class, their social position proclaimed by the fact that they wore hats and gloves, strolled from booth to booth, gravely considering radishes, cauliflowers, lettuce, or early cabbage, and then bursting into explosive Latin gestures when the bargain was found. It was all life, vivacity, and sociability. Two seconds after the whistle began, the

whole market was scattering, like chickens from the shadow of a hawk, to doorways and arcades. A few civilian stragglers, braver than the rest, tried to stand by their booths. The military police shoved them back under cover. A shopkeeper behind the arch where I stood rushed out in a sudden panic, gathered up his family and a few odd women, thrust and pulled and carried them inside his shop, and began to put up the iron shutters. A minute later, his panic going as fast as it came, he opened the shutters and let out his flock. While the people arranged themselves according to their personal courage—the braver on the edge of the sidewalk where they might see, the more timid in the doorways where they could be safe from shrapnel—there was babble and confusion. Then the noise of tongues died out; except for the wail of the whistles and the boom of church-bells joining in the warning, there was unearthly silence. So we waited.

Through the whistle and the bells there pierced a series of sounds, distant but definite—a cannon-shot, another and another. A chorus of cannon followed, the explosions increasing in frequency and intensity. Still, no one spoke; men and women gazed into the quarter-sphere of sky before us, intent and pale. No one moved, either, except the military police; they ran from point to point, shoving back eddies of the crowd which stood in danger of our own shrapnel, if the firing came our way. Now, the bells and the whistles stopped; we waited; the guns rolled like drums.

And now it came into sight—an aeroplane travelling like the wind, growing from a speck to a tangible thing. Usually the sun catches the wings of an aeroplane, so that it shines and flashes like a minnow in the shallows. Somehow, there was no such effect this time; it looked with its deep, flat, gray, war-paint, like a sinister, fat-bellied mosquito. And behind it trailed puff after puff of snow-white smoke. The guns were reaching, reaching—and never touching. A puff broke out just below it; another just above, a whole trail of puffs to one side. It was heading toward us—no, it had turned! The fire had become too hot. It struck a course at right angles to our line of vision, it went on, it lost it—

self behind the turreted old church at the end of the market-place. And at that instant, something like a gigantic bee buzzed overhead. We at the front edge of the crowd craned our necks upward. One of our own great armored aeroplanes, its national device marked on the lower surface of its wings, had taken the air. It flew so near that we could see the vapor from its exhaust trailing behind it. At this new sign of reassurance, conversation suddenly bubbled out of the crowd like wine out of a bottle. We looked into each other's eyes and laughed, at first foolishly and then sociably. Gestures and jokes began to fly. A nun crossed herself with an air of great relief and fell into animated conversation with another nun. A group of girls began to exchange badinage with the military police. A few boys tried to venture out into the square; the police seized them by their little waists and breeches and hurled them back into the crowd—for the whistle had not yet announced the end of danger. The mother of one of the boys indignantly shook her fist in the face of the police. The crowd, taking sides at once, began to banter the police or the mother with about equal humor and enthusiasm in both factions.

At this moment, I happened to look up and observe a proceeding which I had been seeing, without really observing, ever since the whistles opened. Across the square was an old building; on its roof stood a kind of open shed. Three women in black shawls and wooden shoes were hastily but methodically taking in their washing. At this moment they tucked the last sheet into their basket, grabbed it by the handles, and scurried for the skylight.

The whistle wailed again—a succession of short toots—"Raid over." On this signal, the crowd broke from the arcades as runners break from the mark at the starter's pistol. It was a race, with wooden shoes scuffling and peasant shawls flying, for the booths and custom. Two minutes later, the buying and badinage were going on as merrily as before the raid. Only our great armored aeroplane soared low above us, with a kind of insolent swagger in its glide.

WITH THE ALPINI

WILL IRWIN

We mounted beyond the timber-line; mounted until those gray crags, so sharp that the snow could not cling, fenced us on both sides, and until that white wall which was the edge of the glacier glistened in our very faces. It was a great place to study the ways and the causes of avalanches. The rock walls were cleft to their top with gigantic runways. A little way below the summit of these creases the snow began; it had found a slope just obtuse enough so that it might pile up. Thence it spread down toward us in great funnels and half-cones. You realized how, at any time, it might begin to start and slide, as it slides from a mansard roof in town.

At a certain point the officers stopped.

"We had better go no farther," said the chaplain. "There are brave men buried under there," he added, pointing to a great domed drift in the distance, "and we shan't get the bodies out until spring."

We turned back—I with relief. This trail had been carefully laid to avoid avalanches as much as possible. But no trail is entirely safe in such weather. Alpini from farther up passed us as we stood waiting to gather and go. When they entered the sector of the path which ran below the funnels, they would glance cautiously over their shoulders at the runways above and then scurry past the dangerous point. And we scurried after them.

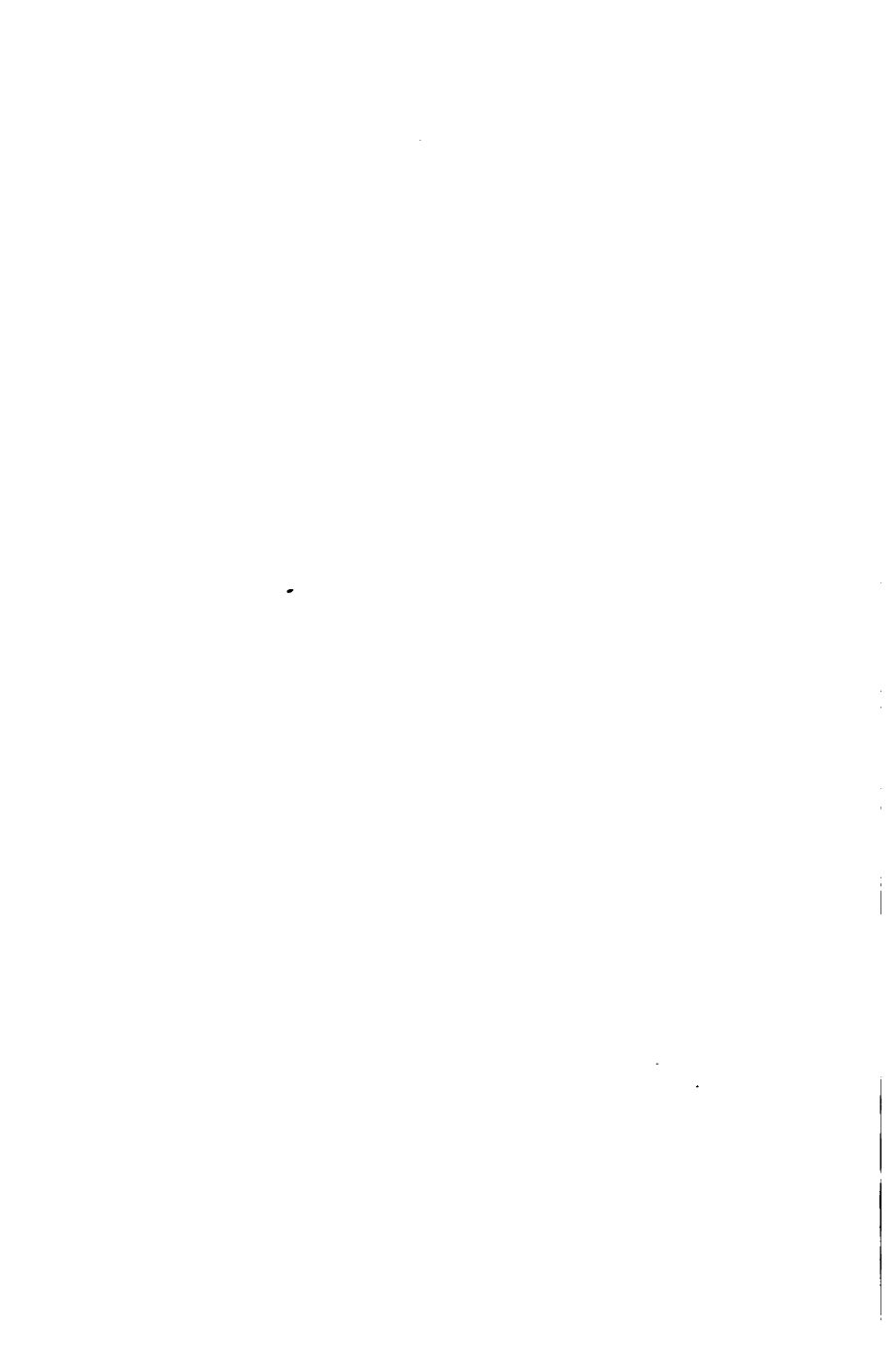
Just before we turned back, one of the officers pointed upward to three of the funnels.

"When one of them starts they all go," he said.

And now, having learned the signs, we saw that there had been two or three avalanches that morning. None, however, had been great enough to cross our path. You could mark their course by the break in the even, white surface; by gigantic, irregular snowballs; and even by rocks brought down from the crags.



Drawn by M. Dudovich.



Once more in the safe district, we took another climb. This brought us to a natural platform in the mountain, and to the foot of a curious piece of military work, devised since the war and of immense use to these mountain fighters. The author of this enterprise, I believe, is a young engineer of Milan. He had seen it as an "aerial train" at work on the dump of a mine, and he adapted it to military use.

The Italians call it a *teleferica*; and as we have no name for the device I had better follow their tongue. A *teleferica* is nothing less than a gigantic cash-carrier such as we use in department-stores. A carriage, perhaps four feet long by two feet and a half wide, depends from two wheels on a wire cable. Another cable draws it up, the power being furnished by gangs of men or by motor-engines. We stood on this platform and looked up to a perilous crag above. From platform to crag, perhaps a third of a mile, ran the double thread of the *teleferica*, one strand for the upward journey, the other for the descent.

That crag, however, was only the first landing-place. From it another double wire stretched upward and lost itself in a cleft of the mountain. There were still other stages farther up, they told us; and when the supplies had shot the last stage they were within comfortable reach, by man-back or sled, of the snow-covered advanced trenches.

How useful the Italians make this device only their army engineers know. Later, and in another place, I saw a *teleferica* which makes the trip in seven or eight minutes. From its first stage to its second there is also a mule-trail, hewed out of the mountain-side. The mules take two hours and a half for the climb. In still another place I heard a commander boast that his series of *telefericas* did the work of thousands of men and, what was more important, did it more quickly in emergency.

This, however, was a small hand-*teleferica*, the motive power being a wheel propelled by the sturdy arms of three reservists. Piled in one of the semicylindrical black sheds were supplies such as no army ever employed before this war, devices whose

uses I did not understand until the chaplain explained. For example, there were "trench boots" to wear in the snow-huts of the glacier. Their soles were of thick wood, studded with sharp spikes. Their white felt uppers rose above the knee, and they were lined with the heaviest of rough wool. That tin bucket, as big as a ten-gallon oil-can, was not a fireless cooker, as I supposed, but a gigantic vacuum-bottle which would keep dinner for a squad warm all day. They cannot cook by ordinary means up there in the glacial trenches, where the snow drifts high over the sand-bags, and where one lives like an Eskimo. That would betray the position.

Not only supplies go up that perilous cash-carrier, but men. By this means the high officers save time; by it the doctors ascend in case of emergency; and by it they bring down the wounded. An army surgeon, who but a year before was a prosperous specialist in Milan, remarked to me one day that he did not reckon, when he volunteered, on becoming an acrobat.

As we walked down, he whom I have called the hero consented to give me a modest account of his exploit, for which, to the pride of his battalion, he was going to be decorated. He was just a slim, lean, agreeable boy in his early twenties—this hero. He told his story like a true soldier, without much detail. The wonderful thing about it was the way in which he and his party had refused to accept ill luck. They had started on skis to capture by surprise an advanced Austrian position on the glacier. The attack was timed for a certain hour when light and weather would be favorable. But the ski-party lost its way in a tempest of snow. When they discovered their mistake they decided not to turn back. In spite of an unfavorable hour and unfavorable weather, they stalked the Austrian position, rushed it, made every man who survived their attack a prisoner.

The day had now come off bright and even warm—a favorable time for avalanches. And that morning I saw what the Italian officer meant when he told me that the avalanches went off all together. I was walking with the chaplain. There had been some artillery fire; and one cannon-shot among the peaks reverberates

like a salvo from echo to echo. Suddenly came a duller roaring, which I took for new guns.

"Avalanche!" said the chaplain. "Look!"

I could see nothing until I used the glasses. From three clefts at once rocks, great snowballs, the snow surface itself, were racing down like an express-train.

THE SINGING SOLDIER¹

LEWIS R. FREEMAN

Discipline of any kind is more or less irksome to the high-spirited Alpino, but he manages to struggle along under it with tolerable good-will so long as it is plain to him that the military exigencies really demand it. But the one thing that he really chafes under is the prohibition to sing. This is, of course, quite imperative when he is on scouting or patrol work, or engaged in one of the incessant surprise attacks which form so important a feature of Alpine warfare. He was wont to sing as he climbed in those distant days when he scaled mountains for the love of it; and, somehow, a sort of reflex action seems to have been established between the legs and the vocal chords that makes it extremely awkward to work the one without the other. If the truth could be told, indeed, probably not a few half-consummated coups de main would be found to have been nearly marred by a joyous burst of "unpremeditated melody" on the part of some spirited Alpino who succumbed to the force of habit.

I was witness of a rather amusing incident illustrative of the difficulty that even the officer of Alpini experiences in denying himself vocal expression, not only when it is strictly against regulations, but even on occasions when, both by instinct and experience, he knows that "breaking into song" is really dangerous. It had to do with passing a certain exposed point in the Cadore at a time when there was every reason to fear the incidence of heavy ava-

¹ From *Atlantic Monthly*, copyright, 1917. Used by permission.

lanches. Your real Alpino has tremendous respect for the snow-slide, but no fear. . . .

The Italian General Staff laid its plans for minimizing unnecessary casualties; and so the order went out that soldiers passing certain exposed sections, designated by boards bearing the warning "Pericoloso di Valanga" (Danger from Avalanches), should not raise the voice above a speaking tone, and, especially that no singing should be indulged in. This is, of course, no more than sensible, for a shout, or a high-pitched note of song, may set going just the vibrations of air needed to start a movement on the upper slopes of a mountainside which will culminate in launching a million tons of snow all the way across the lower valley. The Alpino has observed the rule as best he could—probably saving not a few of his numbers thereby—but the effort is one that at times tries his stout spirit almost to the breaking-point.

On the occasion I have in mind it was necessary for us, in order to reach a position I especially desired to visit, to climb diagonally across something like three quarters of a mile of the swath of one of the largest and most treacherous slides on the whole Alpine front. There had been a great avalanche here every year from time out of mind, usually preceded by a smaller one early in the winter. The preliminary slide had already occurred at the time of my visit, and, as the early winter storms had been the heaviest in years, the accumulated snows made the major avalanche almost inevitable on the first day of a warm wind. Such a day, unluckily, chanced to be the only one available for my visit to the position in question. Although it was in the first week in January, the eaves of the houses in the little Alpine village where the colonel quartered had been dripping all night, and even in the early morning the hard-packed snow of the trail was turning soft and slushy when we left our sledge on the main road and set out on foot.

We passed two or three sections marked off by the "Pericoloso" (Danger) signs, without taking any special precautions; and, even when we came to the big slide, the young major responsible for seeing the venture through merely directed that we were to

proceed by twos (there were four of us), with a 300-metre interval between, walking as rapidly as possible and not doing any unnecessary talking. That was all. There were no dramatics about it, only the few simple directions that were calculated to minimize the chances to "total loss" in case the slide did become restive. How little this young officer had to learn about the ways of avalanches I did not learn till that evening, when his colonel told me that he had been buried, with a company or two of his Alpini, not long previously, and escaped the fate of most of the men only through having been dug out by his dog.

The major, with the captain from the Comando Supremo (General Headquarters) who had been taking me about the front, went on ahead, leaving me to follow, after five minutes had gone by, with a young lieutenant, a boy so full of bubbling mountain spirits that he had been dancing all along the way and warbling "Rigoletto" to the tree-tops. Even as we waited he would burst into quick snatches of song, each of which was ended with a gulp as it flashed across his mind that the time had come to clamp on the safety-valve.

When his wrist-watch told us that it was time to follow on, the lad clapped his eagle-feather hat firmly on his head, set his jaw, fixed his eyes grimly on the trail in front of him, and strode off into the narrow passage that had been cut through the towering bulk of the slide. From the do-or-die expression on his handsome young face one might well have imagined that it was the menace of that engulfing mass of poised snow which was weighing him down, and such, I am sure, would have been my own impression had this been my first day among the Alpini. But by now I had seen enough of Italy's mountain soldiers to know that this one was as disdainful of the valanga (avalanche) as the valanga was of him; and that the crushing burden on his mind at that moment was only the problem how to negotiate that next kilometre of beautiful snow-walled trail without telling the world in one glad burst of song after another how wonderful it was to be alive and young, and climbing up nearer at every step to those glistening snow-

peaks whence his comrades had driven the enemy headlong but a few months before, and whence, perchance, they would soon move again to take the next valley and the peaks beyond it in their turn. If he had been alone, slide or no slide, orders or no orders, he would have shouted his gladness to the high heavens, come what might; but as it was, with a more or less helpless foreigner on his hands, and within hearing of his superior officer, it was quite another matter.

It was really very interesting going through that awakening valanga—so my escorting captain told me when we rejoined him and the major under a sheltering cliff at the farther side—especially in the opportunity that the cutting through of the trail gave to study a cross-section of the forest that had been folded down by the sliding snow. Indeed, they had told me in advance of this strange sight, and I had really had it in mind to look out for these up-ended and crumpled pine-trees. Moreover, it is quite probable that I did let the corner of an eye rove over them in a perfunctory sort of way; but the fact remains that the one outstanding recollection I have of that thousand-yard-wide pile of hair-poised snow is of the hunched shoulders and comically set face of my young guide as revealed to me when he doubled the zigzags of the tortuous trail that penetrated it.

Time and again, as his eyes would wander to where the yellow light-motes shuttled down through the tree-tops to the snow-cap on the brow of the cliff toward which we toiled, I would hear the quick catch of his breath as, involuntarily, he sucked it in, to release it in a ringing whoop of gladness, only—recollecting in time—to expel it again with a wheezy snort of disgust. For the last two or three hundred yards, by humming a plaintive little love-lilt through his nose, he hit upon a fairly innocuous compromise which seemed to serve the desired purpose of releasing the accumulating pressure slowly without blowing off the safety-valve. When we finally came out on the unthreatened expanse of the glacial moraine above, he unleashed his pent-up gladness in a wild peal of exultation that must have sent its bounding echoes

caroming up to the solitary pinnacle of the *massif* still in the hands of the slipping Austrians.

That afternoon, as it chanced, the teleferica to the summit, after passing the captain and myself up safely, went on a strike while the basket containing the young lieutenant was still only at the first stage of its long crawl, and he had full opportunity to make up, vocally, for lost time. It was an hour before the cable was running smoothly again and by then it was time, and more than time, for us to descend if we were to reach the lower valley before nightfall. I found my young friend warbling blithely on the teleferica terrace when I crawled out at the lower end, apparently no whit upset by the way his excursion had been curtailed.

"What did you do while you were stuck up there in the basket?" I hastened to ask him; for being stalled midway on a teleferica-cable at any time in the winter is an experience that may well develop into something serious. I had already heard recitals—in the quiet matter-of-fact Alpini way—of the astonishing feats of aerial acrobatics that had been performed in effecting rescues in such instances, and once or twice grim allusions to the tragic consequences when the attempted rescues had failed.

"Oh, I just sang for a while," was the laughing reply in Italian; "and then, when it began to get cold up there, I dropped over on to the snow and slid down here to get warm."

I have not yet been able to learn just how far it was that he had to drop before he struck the snow; but, whatever the distance, I am perfectly certain that he kept right on singing all the way. . . .

There was a trio of blithe rock-breakers that furnished me with one of the most grimly amusing impressions of my visit. It was toward the end of December, and Captain G., the young officer who had me in charge, arranged a special treat in the form of a visit to a magnificent observation-post on the brink of a hill which the Italians had wrested from the Austrians in one of their late advances. We picked our way across some miles of this shell-churned and still uncleared battle-field, and ate our lunch of sandwiches on the parapet of a trench from which one could follow,

with only a few breaks, the course of the Austrian lines in the hills beyond Gorizia, to where they melted into the marshes fringing the sea. . . .

Half a minute later we rounded a bend in the stone wall we had been hugging, to come full upon what I have always since thought of as the Anvil Chorus—three men cracking rock to metal the surface of a recently filled shell-hole in the road and singing a lusty song to which they kept time with the rhythmic strokes of their hammers. Dumped off in a heap at one side of the road was what may have been the hastily jettisoned cargo of a half-dozen motor-lorries, which had come there under cover of darkness—several hundred trench-bombs, containing among them enough explosive to have lifted the whole mountainside off into the valley had a shell chanced to nose-dive into their midst. Two of these a couple of the singers had appropriated as work-stools. The third of them sat on the remains of a "dud 305," from a broad crack in which a tiny stream of rain-dissolved high explosive trickled out to form a gay saffron pool about his feet. This one was bare-headed, his trench helmet, full of nuts and dried figs—evidently from a Christmas package—lying on the ground within reach of all three men.

The sharp roar of the quickening Italian artillery, the deeper booms of the exploding Austrian shells, and the siren-like crescendo of the flying projectiles so filled the air, that it was not until one was almost opposite the merry trio that one could catch the fascinating swing of the iterated refrain.

"A fine song to dance to, that!" remarked Captain G., stopping and swinging his shoulders to the time of the air. "You can almost feel the beat of it."

"It strikes me as being still better as a song to march to," I rejoined meaningly, settling down my helmet over the back of my neck and suiting the action to the word. "It's undoubtedly a fine song, but it doesn't seem to me quite right to tempt a kind Providence by lingering near this young mountain of trench-bombs any longer than is strictly necessary. If that Austrian

battery "lifts" another notch, something else is going to lift here, and I'd much rather go down to the valley on my feet than riding on a trench-bomb."

The roar of the artillery battle flared up and died down by spells, but the steady throb of the Anvil Chorus followed us down the wind for some minutes after another bend in the stone wall cut off our view of the singers. How often I have wondered which ones of that careless trio survived that day, or the next, or the one after that; which, if any, of them is still beating time on the red-brown rocks of the Carso to the air of that haunting refrain! . . .

On one of my last days on the Italian front I climbed to a shell-splintered peak of the Trentino under the guidance of the son of a famous general, a Mercury-footed flame of a lad who was aide-de-camp to the division commander of the sector. Mounting by teleferica from just above one of the half-ruined towns left behind by the retreating Austrians after their drive of last spring, we threaded a couple of miles of steep, zigzagging trail, climbed a hundred feet of ladder and about the same distance of rocky toe-holds—the latter by means of a knotted rope and occasional friendly iron spikes—finally to come out on the summit, with nothing between us and an almost precisely similar Austrian position opposite but a half-mile of thin air and the over-turned, shrapnel-pitted statue of a saint—doubtless erected in happier days by the pious inhabitants of —— as an emblem of peace and good-will. An Italian youth who had returned from New York to fight for his country—he had charge of some kind of mechanical installation in a rock gallery a few hundred feet beneath our feet—climbed up with us to act as interpreter.

To one peering through the crook in the lead-sheathed elbow of the fallen statue, the roughly-squared openings of the rock galleries which sheltered an enemy battery seemed well within fair revolver-shot; and, indeed an Alpino sharpshooter had made a careless Austrian gunner pay the inevitable penalty of carelessness only an hour or two before. One could make one's voice carry across without half an effort.

Just before we started to descend, my young guide made a megaphone of his hands, threw his head back, his chest out, and directing his voice across the seemingly bottomless gulf that separated us from the enemy, sang a few bars of what I took to be a stirring battle-song.

"What is the song the captain sings?" I asked of the New-York-bred youth, whose head was just disappearing over the edge of the cliff as he began to lower himself down the rope. "Something from William Tell, isn't it?"

Young "Mulberry Street" dug hard for a toe-hold, found it, slipped his right hand up till it closed on a comfortable knot above his head, and then, with left leg and left arm swinging free over a 200-foot drop to the terraces below, shouted back:

"Not on yer life, mista. De capitan he not singa no song. He just tella de Ostrichun datta Italia, she ready fer him. Datta all."

I looked down to the valley where line after line of trenches, fronted with a furry brown fringe that I knew to be rusting barbed wire, stretched out of sight over the divides on either hand, and where, for every gray-black geyser of smoke that marked the bursting of an Austrian shell, a half-dozen vivid flame-spurts, flashing out from unguessed caverns on the mountainside, told that the compliment was being returned with heavy interest.

"Yes, Italy is ready for them," I thought; and whether she has to hold here and there—as she may—in defense, or whether she goes forward all along the line in triumphant offense—whichever it is—the Italian soldier will go out to the battle with a song on his lips, a song that no bullet which leaves the blood pulsing through his veins and breath in his lungs will have power to stop.

ITALY AT WAR¹

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Mr. Powell is a well known war correspondent who writes from personal observation. He is describing the Italian battle-front as it was before October 24, 1917, when a combined army of Germans and Austrians drove the Italians back to the line of the Piave River. Since this disaster the fighting has been for the most part on Italian soil.

The Italian Front.—When I told my friends that I was going to the Italian front they smiled disdainfully. "You will only be wasting your time," one of them warned me. "There isn't anything doing there," said another. And when I came back they greeted me with, "You didn't see much, did you?" and "What are the Italians doing anyway?"

If I had time I told them that Italy is holding a front which is longer than the French and British and Belgian fronts combined (trace it out on the map and you will find that it measures more than four hundred and fifty miles); that, alone among the Allies, she is doing most of her fighting on the enemy's soil; that she is fighting an army which was fourth in Europe in numbers, third in quality, and probably second in equipment; that in a single battle she lost more men than fell on both sides at Gettysburg; that she has taken 100,000 prisoners; that, to oppose the Austrian offensive in the Trentino, she mobilized a new army of half a million men, completely equipped it, and moved it to the front, all in seven days; that, were her trench lines carefully ironed out, they would extend as far as from New York to Salt Lake City; that, instead of digging these trenches, she has had to blast most of them from the solid rock; that she has mounted 8-inch guns on ice-ledges nearly two miles above sea-level, in positions to which a skilled mountaineer would find it perilous to climb; that in places the infantry has advanced by driving iron pegs and rings into the perpendicular walls of rock

¹ From "Italy at War," copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

and swarming up the dizzy ladders thus constructed; that many of the positions can be reached only in baskets slung from sagging wires stretched across mile-deep chasms; that many of her soldiers are living like arctic explorers, in caverns of ice and snow; that on the sun-scorched floor of the Carso the bodies of the dead have frequently been found baked hard and mummified, while in the mountains they have been found stiff, too, but stiff from cold; that in the lowlands of the Isonzo the soldiers have fought in water to their waists, while the water for the armies fighting in the Trentino had to be brought up from thousands of feet below; and, most important of all, that she has kept engaged some forty Austrian divisions (about 750,000 men)—a force sufficient to have turned the scale in favor of the Central Powers on any of the other fronts. And I have usually added: "After what I have seen over there, I feel like lifting my hat, in respect and admiration, to the next Italian that I see."

Venice in War Time.—Because it is a naval base of the first importance, because it is almost within sight of the Austrian coast, and therefore within easy striking distance of Trieste, Fiume, and Pola, and because throughout Venetia Austrian spies abound, Venice is a closed city. It reminded me of a beautiful playhouse which had been closed for an indefinite period; the fire-curtain lowered, the linen covers drawn over the seats, the carpets rolled up, the scenery stored away, the great stage empty and desolate. Gone are the lights, the music, the merriment which made Venice one of the happiest and most care-free of cities. Because of the frequent air-raids—Venice has been attacked from the sky nearly a hundred times since the war began—the city is put to bed promptly at nightfall. To show a light from a door or window after dark is to invite a domiciliary visit from the police and, quite possibly, arrest on the charge of attempting to communicate with the enemy. The illumination of the streets is confined to small candle-power lights in blue or purple bulbs, the weakened rays being visible for only a short distance. To stroll at night in the darkened streets is to risk falling into a canal, while the use

of an electric torch would almost certainly result in arrest as a spy. The ghastly effect produced by the purple lights, the utter blackness of the canals, the deathly silence, broken only by the sound of water lapping the walls of the empty palaces, combine to give the city a peculiarly weird and sepulchral appearance.

Of the great hotels which line the Great Canal, only the Danieli remains open. Over the others fly the Red Cross flags, and in their windows and on their terraces lounge wounded soldiers. The smoking-room of the Danieli, where so many generations of traveling Americans have chatted over their coffee and cigars, has been converted into a place of refuge, in which the guests can find shelter in case of an air attack. A bomb-proof ceiling has been made of two layers of steel rails, laid crosswise, and ramparts of sandbags have been built against the walls. On the doors of the bedrooms are posted notices urging the guests, when hostile aircraft are reported, to make directly for the *rifugio*, and remain there until the raid is over. In other cities in the war zone the inhabitants take to their cellars during aerial attacks, but in Venice there are no cellars, and the buildings are, for the most part, too old and poorly built to afford safety from bombs. To provide adequate protection for the population, particularly in the poorer and more congested districts of the city, has, therefore, proved a serious problem for the authorities. Owing to its situation, Venice is extremely vulnerable to air attacks, for the Austrian seaplanes, operating from Trieste or Pola, can glide across the Adriatic under cover of darkness, and are over the city before their presence is discovered. Before the anti-aircraft guns can get their range, or the Italian airmen can rise and engage them, they have dropped their bombs and fled. Although, generally speaking, the loss of life resulting from these aerial forays is surprisingly small, they are occasionally very serious affairs.

THE ITALIANS AT BAY¹

G. WARD PRICE

Moving a great army is an affair of time-tables. There is room for only a certain amount of men and material on the roads and railways at one time, and every man and every wagon above that maximum becomes a factor of confusion and retards the movement of the whole mass to a dangerous degree. The sudden retreat of an army is often reduced to chaos; first, because a thoroughly worked-out plan of general retirement exists but rarely in the strong-boxes of any general staff, and secondly, because in the absence of a time-table drawn up in detail and strictly enforced, the elementary principle of self-preservation leads every unit of the army to put itself on the road just as quickly as it can get transportation. This is not to say that confusion is an invariable indication of personal panic; but it is very natural, and even very proper, that every battery commander, the director of every military store and depot, and the leader of every body of troops which is not definitely ordered to remain should have the individual determination that his particular command shall not fall into the hands of the enemy. The artillery officer firmly resolves that he will save his guns at all costs; the heads of supply departments are in charge of valuable stores which their army needs for its very existence and which would be of great aid to the enemy if captured, and the troop-leader naturally argues that it would be futile to allow his men to be cut off when a general retreat had already been ordered. So if the organization of withdrawal is left to the discretion of the people involved in it, as it has to be when the whole thing has not been deliberately arranged beforehand, confusion is almost inevitable.

Moreover, the enemy always seems to be advancing much faster than he really is. Under the discouragement that every army

¹ From *Century Magazine*, copyright, 1916, by The Century Co. Used by permission.



UFFICIO DELL'ISTITUTO ITALIANO D'ARTI GRAFICHE - BERGAMO

Drawn by G. Capranesi.



feels in falling back, it is easy to credit the pursuer with exaggerated powers of rapid motion; the defeated soldier forgets that the miles are just as long and weary for his adversary trudging painfully after him as they are for himself. Rumor, too, spreads wildly among tired and disheartened men. Enemy cavalry, enemy armored motor-cars hurrying ahead to cut him off—that idea haunts the mind of each man in an enforced retirement. A further complication is caused then, as was the case in the Italian withdrawal; the civilian population is also desperately anxious to be gone before the arrival of the enemy. The news of the forthcoming evacuation of territory spreads backward with rapidity, and the roads along the route of the retreating army fill at once with unregulated, disorderly swarms of frightened civilians and their household baggage, hastily stowed on slow-moving, dilapidated carts that are likely to break down at narrow points of the way and block whole miles of military traffic for hours at a time. The Italian army had to endure a great deal of that kind of complication. Theoretically, of course, a general could throw back cavalry and mounted police along the line of his retreat and forbid any civilian traffic whatever, under pain of military penalties; but it is very difficult to use such measures against your own countrymen threatened with invasion, especially when the whole aim and object of your war is to free men of your race from foreign domination. And not only does the sentimental reason of saving fellow citizens from the yoke of an invader forbid this course, but also considerations of common humanity. In the old wars, when the danger area of fighting was restricted to the places where opposing troops actually came into contact, there was no particular danger for the civilian inhabitants remaining in invaded territory; though their property might suffer from the enemy's requisitions, their lives were likely to be safe. But wars of this modern character spread destruction broadcast over a whole region. A rear-guard action will involve a rain of shells that may smash to pieces any village on the line of retreat; gas may be used, creeping into the refuges where the non-combatant popula-

tion has taken shelter, and choking them there like vermin in a hole. War is no longer a civilly organized affair of pitched battles; it is a wild fury of destruction, raging across the whole countryside like a typhoon. . . .

So, as with that little party of Englishmen I started on the retreat in the early morning hours of October 28, we seemed to be engulfed in a constantly broadening flood of human beings. We were in a train, the men in open trucks, miserable enough under the cold, streaming rain, the officers crowded into a closed van with the baggage. When we started in the dark we had the train to ourselves, but as I awoke three hours later from an uneasy sleep and looked out of the van, the rest of the train already swarmed with Italian soldiers who had clambered upon it as it crept along at a snail's pace. And when dawn came we saw ahead of us a long vista of trains stretching out of sight, while behind stood another queue of them, whistling impatiently like human beings at a ticket-office; sometimes one of them would back a little and make the others behind it back too, all screeching furiously with their whistles exactly as if they were trying to shout: "Where are you coming to?"

Along the railway, and on the roads at both sides of it, and across the fields beyond the roads, moved at the same time a crawling mass of people, all going in the same direction, all at about the same pace, without stopping, without talking to one another, every one of them just plodding slowly, wearily, persistently rearward. As you watched them you knew that each man had in his mind just one idea, to keep on moving like that until he knew that he was safe. There was no panic or fighting during the retreat except at isolated times and places.

These dark, sluggish streams of men and vehicles and beasts crept tortuously over the countryside like the channels of a delta trickling to the sea. Here and there little eddies of stragglers had been thrown out to each side. It is a curious thing, which I have noticed under similar conditions before, that each person or little group of persons in this mass of human beings seemed almost

unaware of the presence of the rest. You would see a family party of peasants gathered round their ox-cart and making a meal of bread and raw red wine without so much as a glance at the motley thousands streaming by at their elbows. . . .

Among the trains that stretched out of sight along the line there were some trucks stacked with bundles of military mackintoshes, woollen helmets, shirts, thick socks. Some inquisitive soldier discovered these and disinterred a complete outfit for himself. A few minutes later he was a changed figure, with clean clothing in place of his own muddy, rain-soaked things, and a stiff blue mackintosh and sou'wester hat over all. The transfiguration attracted envious attention and he was besieged with questions. Soon those trucks with their piles of white packages looked like giant sugar-basins swarming with wasps, and all around were throngs jostling one another for the next place on the heap. It was all quite good-humored; they were all laughing, waving their arms, calling to friends on the trucks to throw them a shirt or a waterproof, and when these things came flying down to them they turned away with the satisfied smile of children. Nothing puts human beings in such thoroughly good temper as to get something for nothing.

In this way the whole track soon became a litter of old clothes, which the retiring soldiers trampled into the mud. Amid all this chaos one kept on meeting utterly incongruous figures, for with all the world road-worn, shabby, and dirty, to be clean and well-dressed is to be grotesque. Amid this multitude of haggard, unwashed, unshaven, dead-beat males, I noticed two Italian ladies treading delicately over the rough ballast of the railway track. They had naturally brought with them in their flight the most valuable of their possessions, which were of a kind to be most conveniently carried on their persons. Against this gray background of mud and rubbish and a disbanded army their two figures glittered with a brilliance that would have been conspicuous in the rue de la Paix.¹ Heavy sable furs and muffs almost bowed their

¹ Ry dē lă pá, a fashionable street in Paris.

shoulders; each finger had two or three rings that flashed in the light; round their necks were gold chains hung with pendants, and yet, instead of the air of self-satisfied ostentation that might well have gone with a display so lavish, there were only two pathetically little, frightened, perplexed faces, and an uncertain gait that did not promise much further progress along that ankle-wrenching railway-line. . . .

It was about ten o'clock on that morning when I reached the village of Latisana, where was the southernmost bridge across the Tagliamento. The streets of the little town were simply chock-a-block with troops which were pouring into it from converging roads. Two or three Italian officers, splashed to the eyes with mud and hoarse with shouting, had organized some control at this point, or otherwise nothing would have moved at all. Pushing soldiers this way and that, seizing horses' heads, straining their voices against the din of clattering motors, they held up each stream of traffic in turn for a few minutes and passed the other through.

Conspicuous in his khaki among this spate of Italian gray, stood an English soldier contentedly munching dry brown bread. The motor-bicycle at his side indicated him as a despatch-rider belonging to one of the batteries. It would have been hard to say whether machine or man was the more travel-stained. The cycle's front wheel was badly bent, evidently by some collision; the soldier's hand was bound with a dirty rag, and his face clotted with the blood of a congealed scratch, the result of having been pushed off the road by a motor-lorry in the dark and falling head-long down a stone embankment. Yet about both mount and man there was still an air of efficiency and unimpaired fundamental soundness that was encouraging, and the mud-plastered figure saluted the English officer at my side with a flick of the wrist that would have passed on the parade-ground at Wellington Barracks. Two guns of his battery, he reported, were three or four miles back down the road; the men were dead-beat, but the worst was that they had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours,

owing to the tractor that had their rations on board catching fire and burning them; they had picked up scraps of bread that other troops had dropped, and some of them had tried and appreciated cutlets from a dead mule; they needed food to restore their strength, for they had been working hard without sleep for two days and nights. It had been forty-eight hours of continuous hauling on those heavy guns, which were constantly getting edged off the road by other traffic, and which had to be unhitched every time the tractor stopped, because it was so overloaded that it would not start with the full weight of its tow. So the officer had sent him on ahead to scout for food, and he had just found a supply-station where they had given him a sack of bread to take back.

"You all right yourself?" asked my officer-companion.

"Quite all right, sir, thank you," he answered, and slinging the bulging sack across his shoulders, the despatch-rider straddled his battered bicycle and set off on a sinuous path through the wedged traffic, with his bent front wheel writhing like a tortured snake.

"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD"¹

HENRY VAN DYKE

Thou warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay,
The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:
Thine eyes at last look far and clear, thou liftest high thy hand
To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land.

No more thou dreamest of a peace reserved alone for thee,
While friends are fighting for thy cause beyond the guardian sea:
The battle that they wage is thine; thou fallest if they fall;
The swollen flood of Prussian pride will sweep unchecked o'er all.

¹ From "The Red Flower," copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

O cruel is the conquer-lust in Hohenzollern brains:
The paths they plot to gain their goal are dark with shameful stains:
No faith they keep, no law revere, no god but naked Might;
They are the foemen of mankind. Up, Liberty, and smite!

Britain, and France, and Italy, and Russia newly born,
Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn.
Serene and strong and full of faith, America, arise,
With steady hope and mighty help to join thy brave Allies.

O dearest country of my heart, home of the high desire,
Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire:
For thou must suffer, thou must fight, until the war-lords cease,
And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace.

April 19, 1917.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

GROVER CLEVELAND

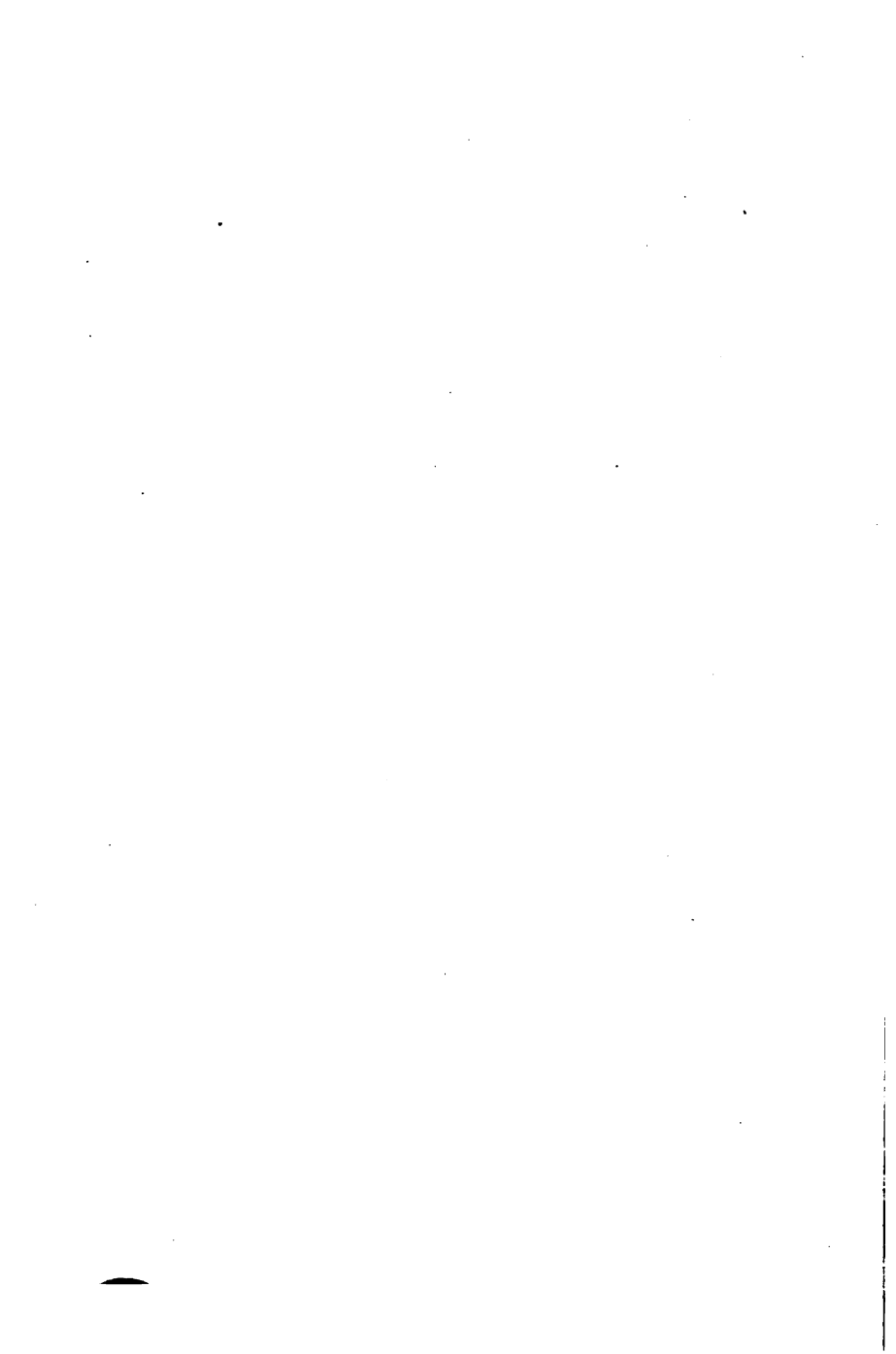
Our country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free government, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well sur-

Have you
bought YOUR
BOND
?



Liberty Loan

Drawn by Adolph Treidler.



rounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony and honesty and industry and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly, burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can see His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

"OUR VILLAGE," SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE¹

STERLING HEILIG

A French valley full of empty villages, close to the fighting-line. No city of tents. No mass of shack constructions. The village streets are empty. Geese and ducks waddle to the pond in Main Street.

It is four o'clock A. M.

Bugle!

Up and down the valley, in the empty villages, there is a moving-picture transformation. The streets are alive with American soldiers—tumbling out of village dwelling-houses!

Every house is full of boarders. Every village family has given, joyfully, one, two, three of its best rooms for the cot-beds of the Americans! Barns and wagon-houses are transformed to dormitories. They are learning French. They are adopted by the family. Sammy's in the kitchen with the mother and the daughter.

Bugle!

They are piling down the main street to their own American breakfast—cooked in the open, eaten in the open, this fine weather.

In front of houses are canvas reservoirs of filtered drinking-water. The duck-pond in Main Street is being lined with cement. The streets are swept every morning. There are flowers. The village was always picturesque. Now it is beautiful.

Chaplains' clubs are set up in empty houses. The only large

¹ From adaptation made by *The Literary Digest* from *Los Angeles Times*.

tent is that of the Y. M. C. A.; and it is *camouflaged* against enemy observers by being painted in streaked gray-green-brown, to melt into the colors of the hill against which it is backed up, practically invisible. Its "canteen on wheels" is loaded with towels, soap, razors, chocolate, crackers, games, newspapers, novels, and tobacco. At crossroads, little flat Y. M. C. A. tents (painted grass and earth color) serve as stations for swift autos carrying packages and comforts. In them are found coffee, tea, and chocolate; ink, pens, letter-paper, and envelopes; and a big sign reminds Sammy that "You Promised Your Mother a Letter. Write it To-day!"

All decent and in order. Otherwise the men could never have gone through the strenuous coaching for the front so quickly and well.

In "Our Village," not a duck or goose or chicken has failed to respond to the roll-call in the past forty days—which is more than can be said of a French company billet, or many a British.

Fruit hung red and yellow in the orchards till the gathering. I don't say the families had as many bushels as a "good year"; but there is no criticism.

In a word, Sammy has good manners. He looks on these French people with a sort of awed compassion. "They had a lot to stand!" he whispers. And the villagers, who are no fools ("as wily as a villager," runs the French proverb), quite appreciate these fine shades. And the house-dog wags his tail at the sight of khaki, as the boys come loafing in the cool of the back yard after midday dinner.

Sammy sits in the group around the front door in the twilight. Up and down the main street are a hundred such mixed groups. Already he has found a place, a family. He is somebody.

And what American lad ever sat in such a group at such a time without a desire to sing. And little difference does it make whether the song be sentimental or rag; sing he must, and sing he does. The old-timers, like "I Was Seeing Nelly Home" and "Down by the Old Mill Stream," proved to be the favorites of the listening French girls. For they will listen by the hour to the soldiers'

choruses. They do not sing much themselves, for too many of their young men are dead. But, finally, when the real war-songs arrived, they would join timidly in the chorus.

THE FLAG GOES BY¹

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!

The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

¹ Copyright by Henry Holcomb Bennett. Used by permission.

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

CHRISTMAS DAY "OVER THERE"¹

J. EDWARD NEWTON

HOW FRENCH KIDDIES WERE MADE HAPPY—A TRULY COLD CHURCH

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, December 20.

The fortune of war has made for me a very agreeable change. Instead of living in the humble home of the peasant I am living in a château situated in the most beautiful grounds. In only one respect is my situation for the worse; it is more difficult to keep warm.

Since I last wrote I have picked up my trunk and now am situated 25 miles south of my last appointment and 13 miles east of my first place. My room is a very spacious one—too spacious, for I should be more cosy in a small room and the fire would warm it better. My fire is of wet green wood and requires nearly all my energy to keep it going. Many times I can make it burn only through the active use of a pair of bellows. The fireplace is of gray marble, over which a large mirror reaches almost to the ceiling. There are some very beautiful cabinets in the room made of mahogany with marble tops. The château is built in a square and is of stucco. The major and adjutant are in rooms near mine. Still in all this magnificence my room lacks the comfort of warmth. Here goes for a fresh pumping with my host's bellows to draw up the fire.

¹ From *The Courier Gazette*, Rockland, Me. Used by permission.

In my work once more I am starting all over again. The place was being used as barracks when I came and the floor was not completed. Yesterday some French soldier carpenters finished laying the floors, and to-day they have been fixing the doors, closing cracks, etc. I have received some stoves and 25 tables, each with two benches, but I have neither lamps nor candles. My plans are being made for a Christmas celebration for the boys, but the wood problem is such a hard one I don't know whether we could keep warm or not. Many of the boys have severe colds and this group has been suffering with the mumps.

This has been a very dreary Christmas Eve for us all. The Hut has been miserably cold all day, for we had no wood until past 6 o'clock this evening, too late to warm up. All day I have had to wear mittens; my overcoat I wear all the time. This morning, after breakfast, I took a walk around the park in which my château is situated. It is very beautiful, and thick clusters of mistletoe grow upon the trees. I have so much to write about and yet I cannot write it!

It is past 9 o'clock and I have just come to my room. The bugle blows first call for quarters at 8.30, then I begin to call out "Come boys, first call has gone," and they pull up from their places where they have been writing, playing checkers or dominoes, or standing around the stove talking.

By the time the second call blows there is not a man to be seen and I lock up and make my way home through the deserted streets. Then I have my accounts to make up and this often takes me until 11 o'clock. The French have paper money of most miserable quality and our boys, being used to good serviceable dollar bills, wad this up so it is all torn to pieces. The banks will not accept it in this condition, so the Y. M. C. A. man must paste it together, and we are provided with plaster for that purpose. The one condition we impose is that the bill is all there.

Our men welcome the Y. M. C. A. work. They come to us for advice, lay before us their troubles and seek our help in every

way. Many are ready to respond to a suggestion that they lead a better life, and by and by when the conflict gets more severe I anticipate an even greater willingness to do so. I have already been much surprised in this respect. To-morrow is Christmas Day. I would ask for no better present than just a letter from Rockland, but I am doomed to disappointment.

Dec. 27, Paris.—This has indeed been a joyous day for me, for I have received some letters. I came to our Y. M. C. A. headquarters and there found my mail stacked up; also a Christmas package from Rockland. You may imagine I was glad.

Another of those sudden changes which occur in war came about and left me free for a few days, so I came to Paris to visit the dentist and to do some business which I cannot speak of. I shall be here for a few days and I assure you it is a happy relief to break away from the field for a few days and be warm. Eating with your overcoat and mittens on and stamping on the stone floor while you do it to keep your feet from freezing isn't exactly like a July picnic at Oakland Park.

But I must tell you about our Christmas celebration. First, for reasons which I must not explain, the Major ordered the Christmas exercises cut out. The day before Christmas a detail brought in great bunches of beautiful mistletoe and evergreen and from the Y. M. C. A. I received a huge bag of stuff for distribution. The Major and I looked over this bag and decided that the thing to do was to have all the school children gather at the Hut and give them a great treat. So we got the old man who acts as village crier to go around the streets beating his drum and announcing that all the children were invited to go to the Y. M. C. A. at 3 o'clock on the date of the fête de Noël.¹

Early in the morning I set to work with my detail, Stinford and Bill Thompson, to decorate the Hut. Eight huge bunches of mistletoe were strung down the centre, evergreens were put around the walls and a blaze of color was furnished by colored-paper

¹ Fête de Noël = Christmas.

decorations. The effect was a surprise, and when we opened up the Hut was very attractive and warm, but at 3 o'clock our wood gave out, so after that the dim candles were the only source of light and heat. But from 3 to 4 was a very happy hour for me. The children came in full strength with their teacher, the priest, and the mayor, and we made them the happiest lot of children you ever saw. They all assembled in the open space down the centre of the Hut while our boys mounted the tables and benches.

First the French lieutenant told them, as I had asked him to do, that we were far away from our own boys and girls, and, not being able to give them presents, we wanted to make the French boys and girls happy. Then I started to give the presents. To the little tots I gave bonbons, then to every boy and girl I gave a bagpipe. In two minutes the noise was deafening. Then each girl received a rubber face which you could pull all sorts of ways, and each boy received a whistle. To the older ones I gave puzzles and all sorts of things. Finally to every one, children, mothers, and soldiers I gave a horn. Then there was some noise!

After the gifts were all distributed little Pierre Galle came forward and read this little speech, which, translated, is:

"Monsieur le Commandant: In the name of all my comrades, the mothers and little children of the Commune of —, I wish to express to you our appreciation for your gracious and touching kindness and for the presents on this fête de Noël. So far from your country, so far from your family, you have bestowed upon us the affection which you would have given to them. We cannot fail to see that your young men have come in the flower of their youth to sacrifice their best years and to pour out their blood for the inestimable cause of our liberty, in aiding our valiant armies to drive the terrible invader from our soil. Thank you, my dear Commandant. Thank you, Messieurs. Long live the U. S. of America! Long live the 167th regiment of infantry!

"PIERRE GALLE."

The interpreter gave the sense of it to our soldiers, and how they did cheer! Then the children crowded around, saluting and saying, "Bon jour, Monsieur," and, slipping their little hands into mine, they looked up at me with such expressions of happiness that I felt glad I represented to them the kindness of the American people.

For our Christmas dinner we had one of Uncle Sam's turkeys, which the cook failed to roast sufficiently, but the boiled chestnuts were fine. After dinner I attended church in the village. I tell you the American people know nothing about a cold church. With the thermometer away down, a stone-floor and no fire, the church was so cold that we were numb in about five minutes. I wish I could tell you with what tremendous sacrifice and heroism these people keep their churches going. The church is their one comfort.

For our Christmas supper we had roast chicken. We officers clubbed together and bought two and the Madam roasted them finely. After this I hurried away to the Hut. A few men lingered in the cold, but some had the courage to write or play checkers in the dim candle-light! I had to clear up everything before going home, for we were to start early the next morning. At 5 o'clock the first call was sounded. Then we all made up our bedding rolls, hiked for the railroad-station, and caught the 8.42 A. M. train. At 11.40 P. M. we pulled into Paris and soon I was in a warm room. I am sending a piece of the outer covering of the big Zeppelin¹ which raided London, then lost its way and was brought down in France.

¹ Zeppelin = German airship.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH¹

ALAN SEEGER

The author of this poem, Alan Seeger, an American, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France during the third week of the war and was killed in battle July 5, 1916. He wrote twenty or more poems while in active service, all of them of high poetic quality. The "Rendezvous with Death" has been one of the most popular of war-poems.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

¹ From "Poems by Alan Seeger," copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ON THE MONASTIR ROAD¹

HERBERT COREY

This is a lively description of one section of the battle-line held by the armies of the Allies. A great many geographical names appear here and the selection should be read with a map of this region on which the road described can be traced.

The story of Macedonia to-day is the story of the Monastir road. Along this highway Alexander and Xerxes and Galerius once tramped with their legions. It has been the link between the Adriatic and the Ægean Seas ever since history was written.

For centuries it has carried its ox-carts with their solid wooden wheels, and long trains of donkeys and peasant women bowed under packs. Serb and Bulgarian raiders have descended on Saloniki along it. For thirty centuries fighting men and peasants and thieves and slaves have marched through its bottomless mud. To-day it is kaleidoscopic as it could never have been in the worst days of its bad history. To the ox-carts and donkeys have been added great camions and whirling cars filled with officers in furs and gold. Natty Frenchmen in horizon-blue, Englishmen in khaki, Italians in gray-green, Russians in brown, Serbian soldiers in weather-washed gray, bead its surface. Fezzed Turks are there, and Albanians in white embroidered with black, and Cretans in kilts and tights and tasselled shoes.

Color and Movement Fill the Road To-Day.—Airmen, so wrapped in fur that they remind one of toy bears, dash by in cars that are always straining for the limit of speed. Arabs, perched high on their little gray horses, direct trains of the blue carts of the French army. Gaudy Sicilian carts with Biblical scenes painted on their side-boards are dragged through the mire.

Senegalese soldiers, incredibly black, watch with an air of comical bewilderment the erratic ventures of donkeys that seem to have been put under pack for the first time. Indo-Chinese soldiers in pagoda-shaped hats, tipped with brass, putter about at mysteri-

¹ From *National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1917. Used by permission.

ous tasks. Blackish-brown men from Madagascar carry burdens. Moroccans in yellowish brown swing by under shrapnel helmets.

Soldiers of Allies Tread Historic Ground.—New levies marching toward the front, the sweat-beads standing out on their pale foreheads as they struggle under their 60-pound packs, give the road to the veterans of six months' service—hard, capable, tireless. Overhead the fliers purr on the lookout for the enemy. Big guns lumber along behind caterpillar tractors. Ammunition dumps line the road and hospitals dot it. Girl nurses from France and the United States and all the British Empire ride over it.

Always the ambulances are there. They are always given the road. The men who turn out for them anticipate the day when, in their turn, they will be riding in a Red Cross car toward Saloniki and home.

At the farther end of the road is Monastir, taken last winter by the Allied forces in a battle that in any other war would have been set down as great. At the sea end of the road is Saloniki, the Allied base, where Cicero lived for a time and St. Paul shook the dust from off his feet as a testimony against the Thessalonians of his day, and where Suleiman the Magnificent¹ built the White Tower, in whose *oubliettes*² bones still moulder of the victims of 500 years of Turkish rule. . . .

The Serbian army began the great retreat of 1915 250,000 strong. Not more than 150,000 reached asylum on the island of Corfu after the winter's fight through the snow-filled passes of Albania and Montenegro. In the confusion of those days some one had forgotten. There was not sufficient clothing or medicines or nursing waiting them. Men who had struggled through the winter died on the open beaches of the Island of Vido.

Dying men dug their own graves and then dug the graves of the men already dead. Not more than half were fit to serve again when the fall campaign of 1916 began.

An Army of Old Men in the Fighting-Line.—It was a sad army—a bitter army—but not a despairing army that I accompanied

¹ A great Turkish ruler.

² Dungeons.

last winter. Many of these men were "cheechas," in the Serb phrase. When a man reaches the age of forty he becomes "uncle" to his neighbors. Some of these men were in the fourth line before the war.

Serbia to the Serb peasant means the little white cottage, the plum or hard, the ten acres of ground. Few of them had been fifty miles away from home when war began five years ago in the Balkans. Fewer have seen their homes since. They have received no news from their wives and families, for the Austro-Bulgarian censorship has been extremely severe. They had seen their comrades die. Most of them—three men out of five in some units—had been wounded at some time during the war.

There were no songs upon the march except during those vivid days when the Bulgarians were being forced out of Monastir. There was no light-hearted music, except that now and then one heard the weird and complaining tones of a one-stringed fiddle which some patient soldier had made out of the material at hand. They kept to themselves or in little groups of twos and threes. At night scores of tiny fires would sparkle in the open land on either side of the Monastir road, where the paired comrades were cooking their evening meal. They marched badly, slowly, slouching their old shoulders bowed under their packs, their grizzled faces deeply lined. Yet these men were the cutting edge of the weapon that bent back the Bulgarian lines. . . .

Occasionally the drama takes on an intimate—almost a neighborly—touch. Five cold men of one Serbian division became aware last winter that in the Bulgarian dugout just opposite their post—not 50 feet away—three fur-coated officers often met.

"Let us get the fur coats," said the five cold Serbs.

The story of the getting is too long to be told here. But during the two weeks in which the five cold men intrigued and manœuvred for those three fur coats their entire regiment became aware of the play and watched it as one might a particularly entertaining movie. In the end the five cold men succeeded. Lives were lost on both sides; but that is beside the point. From the colonel

down the men of that regiment rejoiced over the strategy of the five cold men. For the remainder of the winter they luxuriated in fur. The bitter winds of Dobrapolyi Mountain had no terrors for them.

There was the old woman of Polok, too. Polok is hardly a hamlet. It is just a huddle of stone huts, stained by the ages, each crowned with a blackened and disheveled thatch. For weeks the Serbs attacked Chuke Mountain, in a dimple of whose shoulder Polok rests. Each day the village had been under bombardment. The artillery observers from their high posts could see the lone old woman going about her business. No other peasants were seen in Polok, but she milked her cows and drove them to water, as though peace reigned in the land. Once she was seen chasing a group of Bulgarian soldiers with a stick, as though they were a parcel of mischievous boys.

Twice the hamlet was taken in hand-to-hand fighting and lost again. The third time the Serbs held it.

The old woman picked her way down the cluttered hillside, past the dead men and the wounded, and through the shell-holes and amid the ruins of the other huts, until she found the officer commanding:

"And who is to pay me for my cow?" she asked. "What have I to do with your war? I want pay for my cow that is dead."

German Fliers Watch the Allied Plans.—Sometimes the enemy fliers visit the Monastir road. On many a pleasant day they fly over Saloniki, 100 miles distant from their lines, on missions of reconnoissance. It is desirable to know how many ships there are in the harbor, for in this way they can keep an eye upon the Allied plans.

It is not often that they drop bombs. Usually they come at the noon-hour, when all leisured Saloniki is taking its coffee in front of its favorite café. No one goes to shelter; it isn't worth while. Perhaps no bombs will be dropped, and if bombs are dropped experience has told those beneath that running and dodging are futile ways in which to attempt to escape.

It is not this conviction of futility, but real indifference, however, which keeps most men and women in their seats. They are "fed up" on aeroplanes, as the British say.

Sometimes this indifference is carried to an extreme. One day I visited for the first time a hospital on the Monastir road. There were pretty girl nurses there—several of them. Next door was an ammunition dump. Farther on were hangars for the war fliers. On a recent visit an enemy plane, no doubt intending to bomb the ammunition depot, had dropped bombs instead in the midst of the hospital tents.

The surgeon in charge was a practical man of forethought and reason. He had funk-holes dug all over the place—many funk-holes. No matter how unexpectedly a flier appeared, one had but to dive for the entrance of a funk-hole. It was somewhat rabbit, perhaps, but the plan was sound and safe.

"Boche coming," trilled one of the pretty nurses.

"To the funk-holes, girls; hurry," said the doctor.

He stood at the mouth of his individual funk-hole and waited. Like a captain whose duty it is to stand by his ship, he felt that he must see his nurses secure. They had but to get into the bottom of the funk-holes and take a half-turn to the left and there they were safe—at least as safe as could be expected.

No One Worries About Bomb-Droppers.—The girls ran. But instead of running to the funk-holes they ran to their tents and produced minute cameras, each having a possible range of about 40 feet. They stood there in the open and snap-shotted the flier and uttered small, excited squeaks of satisfaction. The doctor did not go down into his funk-hole. He showed a regrettable lack of moral courage. I could not go either, for I was talking to the doctor.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD¹

WINIFRED M. LETTS

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

¹ From "Hallowe'en and Poems of the War," copyright, 1917, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Used by permission.

TRENCHING AT GALLIPOLI¹

JOHN GALLISHAW

The author of "Trenching at Gallipoli" was a student at Harvard University when the war broke out in 1914 and enlisted at once in the First Newfoundland Regiment. This regiment was sent to England for training and after about ten months went out with the expedition that had for its purpose to break through the Turks at the Dardanelles and capture Constantinople. This expedition did not succeed, but the Newfoundlanders did their part. Of the 1,100 men of their regiment who landed at the Dardanelles only 171 answered to roll-call on the day of the departure of the British armies. This story was written after the author had been wounded and honorably discharged from service.

"GREAT BRITAIN IS AT WAR"

The announcement came to Newfoundland out of a clear sky. Confirming it, came the news of the assurances of loyalty from the different colonies, expressed in terms of men and equipment. Newfoundland was not to be outdone. Her population is a little more than two hundred thousand, and her isolated position made garrisons unnecessary. Her only semblance of military training was her city brigades. People remembered that in the Boer War a handful of Newfoundlanders had enlisted in Canadian regiments, but never before had there been any talk of Newfoundland sending a contingent made up entirely of her own people and representing her as a colony. From the posting of the first notices bearing the simple message, "Your King and Country Need You," a motley crowd streamed into the armory in St. John's. The city brigades, composed mostly of young, beautifully fit athletes from rowing crews, football and hockey teams, enlisted in a body. Every train from the interior brought lumbermen, fresh from the mills and forests, husky, steel-muscled, pugnacious at the most peaceful times, frankly spoiling for excitement. From the outharbors and fishing villages came callous-handed fishermen, with backs a little bowed from straining at the oar, accus-

¹ From "Trenching at Gallipoli," copyright, 1916, by The Century Co. Used by permission.

tomed to a life of danger. Every day there came to the armory loose-jointed, easy-swinging trappers and woodsmen, simple-spoken young men, who, in offering their keenness of vision and sureness of marksmanship, were volunteering their all.

It was ideal material for soldiers. In two days many more than the required quota had presented themselves. Only five hundred men could be prepared in time to cross with the first contingent of Canadians. Over a thousand men offered. A corps of doctors asked impertinent questions concerning men's ancestors, inspected teeth, measured and pounded chests, demanded gymnastic stunts, and finally sorted out the best for the first contingent. The disappointed ones were consoled by news of another contingent to follow in six weeks. Some men, turned down for minor defects, immediately went to hospitals, were treated, and enlisted in the next contingent.

Seven weeks after the outbreak of war the Newfoundlanders joined the flotilla containing the first contingent of Canadians. Escorted by cruisers and air scouts, they crossed the Atlantic safely and went under canvas in the mud and wet of Salisbury Plain, in October, 1914. To the men from the interior, rain and exposure were nothing new. Hunting deer in the woods and birds in the marshes meant just such conditions. The others soon became hardened to it. They had about settled down when they were sent on garrison duty, first to Fort George in the north of Scotland, and then to Edinburgh Castle. Ten months of bayonet-fighting, physical drill, and twenty-mile route marches over Scottish hills moulded them into trim, erect, bronzed soldiers.

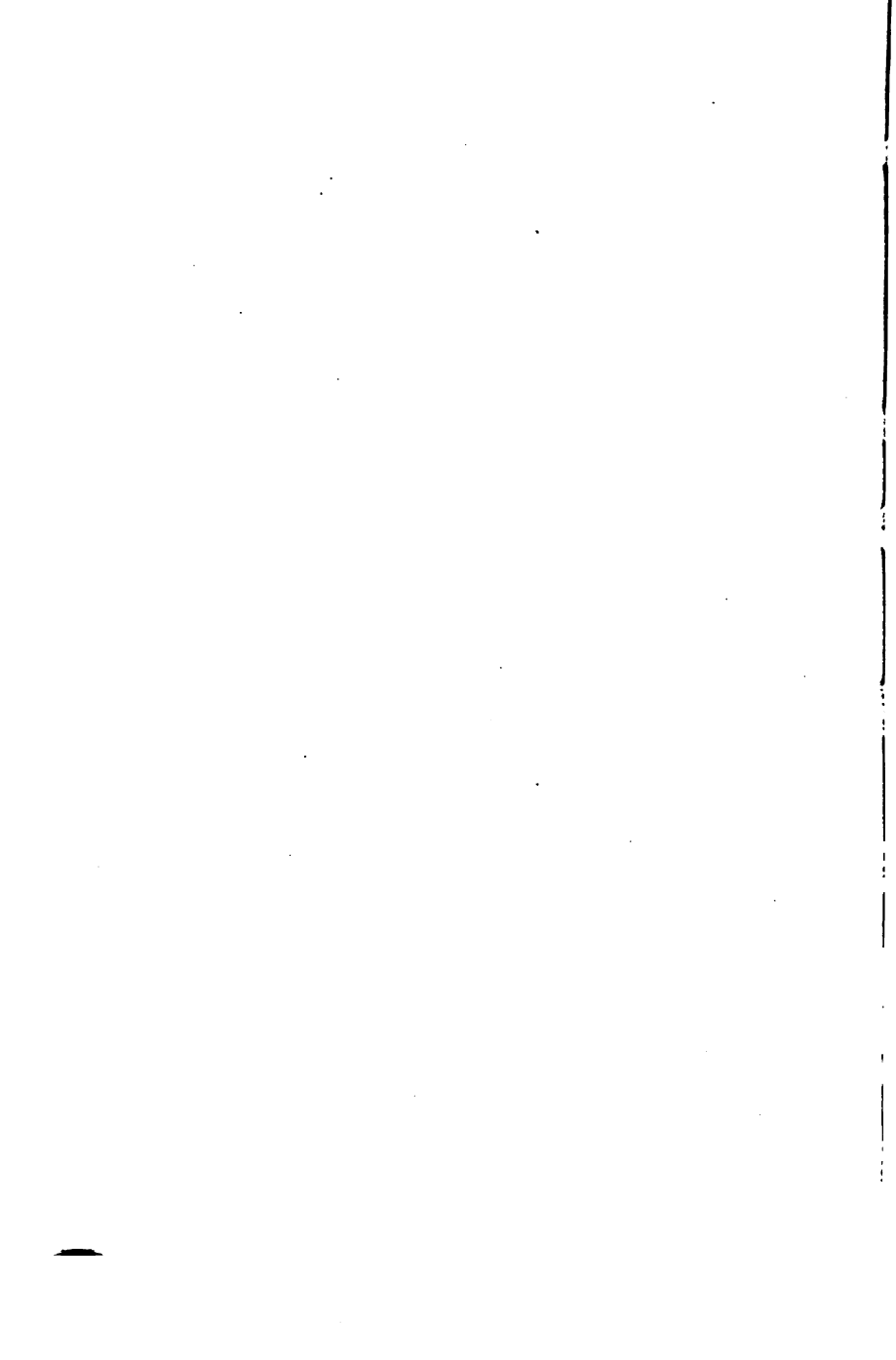
In July of 1915, while the Newfoundlanders were under canvas at Stob's Camp, about fifty miles from Edinburgh, I was transferred to London to keep the records of the regiment for the War Office. At any other time I should have welcomed the appointment. But then it looked like quitting. The battalion had just received orders to move to Aldershot. While we were garrisoning Edinburgh Castle, word came of the landing of the Australians and New Zealanders at Gallipoli. At Ypres, the Canadians had

THE CALL TO ARMS



**IRISHMEN
DONT YOU HEAR IT ?**

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just then recaptured their guns and made for themselves a deathless name. The Newfoundlanders felt that as colonials they had been overlooked. They were not militaristic, and they hated the routine of army life, but they wanted to do their share. That was the spirit all through the regiment. It was the spirit that possessed them on the long-awaited-for day at Aldershot when Kitchener himself pronounced them "just the men I want for the Dardanelles."

That day at Aldershot every man was given a chance to go back to Newfoundland. They had enlisted for one year only, and any man that wished to could demand to be sent home at the end of the year; and when Kitchener reviewed them, ten months of that year had gone. With the chance to go home in his grasp, every man of the first battalion re-enlisted for the duration of the war.

IN THE TRENCHES

After the blockhouse trench, our next move was to a part of the firing-line that I have never been able to identify. It was very close to the Turks, and in this spot we lost a large number of men. From one point, a narrow sap or rough trench ran out at right angles very close to the Turkish position. It may have been twenty-five or thirty yards away. To hold this sap was very important; if the Turks took it, it gave them a commanding position. About twenty men were in it all the time, four or five of them bomb-throwers. The men holding this sap at the time we were there were the Irish, the Dublin Fusileers, or, as we knew them, the Dubs. The Turks made several attempts to take it, but were repulsed. When our men were not on sentry duty, several of them spent their rest hours out in this sap, talking to the Dubs. The Dubs were interesting talkers. They had been in the thing from the beginning, and spoke of the landings with laughter and a fierce joy of slaughter. Most of them had been on the Western front before coming to Gallipoli. From the Turkish trenches directly in front of this sap, the enemy signalled the

effect of our shots. They used the same signals that we used in target practice, waving a stick back and forth to indicate outers, inners, magpies, and bull's-eyes. Whoever did it, had a sense of humor; because as soon as he became tired, he took down the stick for an instant, then raised it again and waved it back and forth derisively, with a large red German sausage on the end of it. This did not seem to bear out very well the tales that the enemy was slowly starving to death. Prisoners who surrendered from time to time told us that at any moment the entire Turkish army might surrender, as they were very short of food. One thing we did know: the Turks felt the lack of shoes; out between the lines we found numbers of our dead with the boots cut off.

While we were in this place the Turks dug to within ten or twelve yards of us before they were discovered. One of the Dublins saw them first. He seized some bombs, and jumped out, shouting: "Look at Johnny Turk. Let's bomb him out of it." But Johnny Turk was obstinate; he stayed where he was in spite of our bombs. One of our fellows, the big chap whom I had heard at Aldershot complaining about being asked for his name and number, had crawled into the sap. He made his way through the smoke and dirt to the end of the sap where only a few yards separated him from the Turks. In one item of armament the British beat the Turks. We use bombs that explode three seconds after they are thrown; the Turks' don't explode for five seconds. The difference of only two seconds seems slight, but that day in the sap-head it was of great importance. For a short while the supply of bombs for our side ran out. The man who was trying to get the cover off a box of them found difficulty in doing it. The men in the sap-head were without bombs. Meanwhile the Turks kept up an uninterrupted throwing of bombs. Most of them landed in the sap. The big Newfoundlander who had crawled out looking for excitement found it. As soon as the supply of bombs ran out, instead of getting back into safety, he stood his ground. The first bomb that came over dropped close to him. He was swearing softly, and his face was glowing

with pleasure. He bent down coolly, picked up the bomb and threw it back over the parapet at the Turks who had sent it. With our bombs he could not have done it, but the extra two seconds were just enough. Five or six of the bombs came in and were treated in the same way before our supply was resumed. A brigade officer, who had come out into the sap, stood gazing awe-struck at the big Newfoundlander. Open-mouthed, with monocle in hand, the officer was the picture of amazement. At last he spoke, with that slow, impersonal English drawl:

"I say, my man, what is your name and number?"

The look on the Newfoundlander's face was a study. He knew he should not have come out into that sap, and every time that question had been shot at him before it had meant a reprimand. At last he shrugged his shoulders, then with a resigned expression answered the officer in a fashion not entirely confined to Newfoundlanders—by asking a question: "What in hell have I done now?"

Without a word the officer turned on his heel and left the sap. The big fellow waited until he felt the officer was well out of sight, then departed for his proper place in the trench. One of the Dubs, looking after him, said to me:

"There's a man that would have been recommended for a Distinguished Conduct Medal if he'd answered that officer right."

That Irishman was a man of wide experience.

"I've been in every war that England fought in that time," said he, "and I'll tell you now, the real Distinguished Conduct Medal men and the real V. C. heroes never get them. They're under the ground." Coming from the man it did, this expression of opinion was interesting, for he was Cooke, the man who had been given a Distinguished Conduct Medal for his work on the Western front. Since coming to the Peninsula he had been acting as a sharpshooter, and had been recommended for the V. C., the Victoria Cross, which is the highest reward for valor in the British army. He was only waiting there, for word to go to London, to get the cross pinned on by the King.

"There's one man on this Peninsula," continued Cooke, "who's won the V. C. fifty times over; that's the donkey-man."

The man Cooke meant was an Australian, a stretcher-bearer. His real name was Simpson, but nobody ever called him that. Because he was of Irish descent, the Australians, who dearly love nicknames, called him Murphy, or Moriarty, or Dooley, or whatever Irish name first occurred to them. More generally, though, he was called the Man with the Donkey, and by this name he was known all over the Peninsula. In the early days, the Anzacs (Australian-New Zealand soldiers) had captured some booty from the Turks and in it were some donkeys. It was in the strenuous time when men lay in all sorts of inaccessible places, dying and sorely wounded. Simpson in those days seemed everywhere. As soon as he heard of the capture he went down, looked appraisingly over the donkeys, and commandeered two of them. On one donkey he painted F. A. No. 1, and on the other, F. A. No. 2; F. A. being his abbreviation for Field Ambulance. Day and night after that Simpson could be seen going about among the wounded, here giving a man first aid, there loosening the equipment and making easier the last few minutes for some poor fellow too far gone to need any medical care. The wounded men who could not walk or limp down to the dressing-station he carried down, one on each of the donkeys and one on his back or in his arms. He talked to the donkeys as they plodded slowly along, in a strange mixture of English, Arabic profanity, and Australian slang. Many an Australian or New Zealander who has never heard of Simpson remembers gratefully the attentions of a strangely gentle man who drove before him two small gray donkeys each of which carried a wounded soldier. In Australia long after this war is over men will thrill at the mention of the Man with the Donkey. I agreed with Cooke that this man had won the V. C. fifty times over.

Mr. Nunns came toward the group, looking for Stenlake (the Chaplain). It was Sunday afternoon, and he thought it would be well to have a service. Stenlake was found, and a crowd trailed

after him to an empty dugout, where he gathered them about him and began. It was a simple, sincere service. Out there in that barren country, it seemed a strange thing to see those rough men gathered about Stenlake while he read a passage or led a hymn. But it was most impressive. The service was almost over, and Stenlake was offering a final prayer, when the Turkish batteries opened fire. Ordinarily at the first sound of a shell men dived for shelter; but gathered around that dugout, where a single shell could have wrought awful havoc, not a man stirred. They stayed motionless, heads bowed reverently, until Stenlake had finished. Then quietly they dispersed. As a lesson in faith it was most illuminating.

It was strange to see week by week the psychological change that had come over the men. Most of all I noticed it in the songs they sang. At first the songs had been of a boisterous character, that foretold direful things that would happen to the Kaiser and his family, "As We Go Marching Through Germany." These had all given place to songs that voiced to some extent the longing for home that possessed these voluntary exiles. "I Want to Go Back to Michigan" was a favorite. Perhaps even more so was "The Little Gray Home in the West." "Tipperary" was still in demand, not because of the lilt of a march that it held, but for the pathetic little touch of "my heart's right there," and perhaps for the reference to "the sweetest girl I know."

Perhaps it may have been the effect of Stenlake's service, or it may have been the news that we were to go into the firing-line the next day, that made the men seek their dugouts early that Sunday evening. But there was something heavy in the air that night. For almost a week we had been comparatively safe in dugouts. To-morrow we were again to go into the firing-line and wait impotently while our number was reduced gradually but pitilessly. The hopelessness of the thing seemed clearer that evening than any other time we had been there. Simpson, "The Man with the Donkeys," had been killed that day. After a whole summer in which he seemed to be impervious to bullets, a

stray bullet had caught him in the heart on his way down Shrapnel Valley with a consignment of wounded. Simpson had been so much a part of the Peninsular life that it was hard to realize that he had gone to swell the list of heroes that Australia has so much cause to be proud of. A Company had suffered heavily in the front-line trenches that day. A number of stretchers had passed down the road that ran in front of our dugouts, with men for the dressing-station on the beach. One piece of news filtered slowly down to us that evening, that had an unaccountable, strange effect on the men of B Company. Sam Lodge had been killed. Sam Lodge was perhaps the most widely known man in the whole regiment. There were very few Newfoundlanders who did not think kindly of the big, quiet, reliable-looking college man. He had enlisted at the very first call for volunteers. Other men had been killed that day; and since the regiment had been at Gallipoli, men had stood by while their dugout mates were torn by shrapnel or sank down moaning, with a sniper's bullet in the brain; but nothing had ever had the same effect, at any rate on the men of our company, as the news that Sam Lodge had been killed that day. Perhaps it was that everybody knew him. Other nights men had crowded around the fire, telling stories, exchanging gossip, or singing. To-night all was quiet; there was not even the sound of men creeping about from dugout to dugout visiting chums. Suddenly, from away up on the extreme right end of the line of dugouts, came the sound of a clear tenor voice, singing: "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground." Never have I heard anything so mournful. It is impossible to describe the penetrating pathos of the old Civil War song. Slowly the singer continued, amidst a profound hush. His voice sank, until one could scarcely catch the words when he sang: "Waiting for the War to Cease." At last he finished. There was scarcely a stir as the men dropped off to sleep.

It was a quiet, sober lot of men who filed into a shady, tree-dotted ravine the next day behind the stretcher that bore the remains of Private Sam Lodge. Stenlake read the burial service.

Everybody who could turned out to pay their last respects to the best-liked man in the regiment. After the brief service, Colonel Burton, the commanding officer, Captain Carty, Lodge's company commander, a group of senior and junior officers, and a number of profoundly affected soldiers gathered about the grave while the body was lowered into it. In the shade of a spreading tree, within sound of the mournful wash of the tide in Suvla Bay, lies poor Sam Lodge, a good, cheerful soldier, uncomplaining always, a man whose last thought was for others. "Don't bother to lift me down off the parapet, boys," he had said when he was hit; "I'm finished."

WOUNDED

Just before nine o'clock I went down to see the cooks about dinner for my section. On my way back I passed a man going down the trench on a stretcher. One of the stretcher-bearers told me that he had been hit in the head while picking up rubbish on top of the parapet. He hoped to get him to the dressing-station alive. As I came into our own lines another stretcher passed me. The man on this one was sitting up, grinning.

"Hellow, Gal," he yelled. "I've stopped a cushy one."

I laughed. "How did it happen?" I asked.

"Picking up rubbish on top of the parapet."

He disappeared around the curve of the trench, delightedly spreading the news that he had stopped a cushy one in the leg. I kept on back to my own traverse, and showed the diagram I had made the night before to Art Pratt. Mr. Nunns had granted us leave to go out that day to try to get the sniper in the tree. Art was delighted at the chance of some variety. While Art and I were making out a list of things we wanted at the canteen, a man in my section came down the trench.

"Corporal Gallishaw," he said, "the brigade Major passed through the lines a few minutes ago and he's raising the dickens at the state of the lines; you've got to go out with five men, picking up rubbish on top of the parapet."

Instantly there came before my eyes the vision of the strangely limp form I had met only a few minutes before that had been hit in the head "picking up rubbish on top of the parapet." But in the army one cannot stop to think of such things long; orders have to be obeyed. Since coming into the trench we had constructed a dump, but the former occupants of the trench had thrown their refuse on top of the parapet. My job with the five men was to collect this rubbish and put it in our dump. At nine o'clock in the morning we mounted the parapet and began digging. There was no cover for men standing; the low bushes hid men sitting or lying. Every few minutes I gave the men a rest, making them sit in the shelter of the underbrush. The sun was shining brightly; and after the wet spell we had just passed through, the warmth was peculiarly grateful. The news that the canteen had been opened on the beach made most of the men optimistic. With good things to eat in sight life immediately became more bearable. Never since the first day they landed had the men seemed so cheerful. Up there where we were the sun was very welcome, and we took our time over the job. One chap had that morning been given fourteen days' field punishment, because he had left his post for a few seconds the night before. He wanted to get a pipe from his coat pocket, and did not think it worth while to ask any one to relieve him. It was just those few seconds that one of the brigade officers selected to visit our trench. When he saw the post vacant, he waited until the man returned, asked his name, then reported him. Field punishment meant that in addition to his regular duties the man would have to work in every digging-party or fatigue detail. I asked him why he had not sent for me, and he told me that it had happened while I was out in the listening patrol. He was not worrying about the punishment, but feared that his parents might hear of it through some one writing home. . . . When we had the rubbish all scraped up in a pile, we took it on shovels to the dump we had dug. To do this we had to walk upright. We had almost finished when the snipers on Caribou Ridge began to bang at us. I jumped to a small depression, and

yelled to the men to take cover. They were ahead of me, taking the last shovelful of rubbish to the trench. At the warning to take cover, they separated and dived for the bushes on either side. That is, they all did except Hayes, who either did not hear me or did not know just where to go. I stepped up out of the depression and pointed with outstretched arm to a cluster of underbrush. "Get in there, Hayes!" I yelled. Just then I felt a dull thud in my left shoulder-blade, and a sharp pain in the region of my heart. At first I thought that in running for cover one of the men had thrown a pick-ax that hit me. Until I felt the blood trickling down my back like warm water, it did not occur to me that I had been hit. Then came a drowsy, languid sensation, the most enjoyable and pleasant I have ever experienced. It seemed to me that my back-bone became like pulp, and I closed up like a concertina. Gradually I felt my knees giving way under me, then my head dropped over on my chest, and down I went. In Egypt I had seen Mohammedans praying with their faces toward Mecca, and as I collapsed I thought that I must look exactly as they did when they bent over and touched their heads to the ground, worshipping the Prophet. Connecting the pain in my chest with the blow in my back, I decided that the bullet had gone in my shoulder, through my left lung, and out through my heart, and I concluded I was done for. I can distinctly remember thinking of myself as some one else. I recollect saying, half regretfully, "Poor old Gal is out of luck this morning," then adding philosophically: "Well, he had a good time while he was alive, anyway." By now things had grown very dim, and I felt everything slipping away from me. I was myself again, but I said to that other self who was lying there, as I thought, dying: "Buck up, old Gal, and die like a sport." Just then I tried to say: "I'm hit." It sounded as if somewhere miles away a faint echo mocked me. I must have succeeded in making myself heard, because immediately I could hear Hayes yell with a frenzied oath, "The Corporal's struck. Can't you see the Corporal's struck?" and heard him curse the Turk who had fired the shot. Almost instantly Hayes was kneel-

ing beside me, trying to find the wound. He was much more excited over it than I.

"Don't you try to bandage it here," I said; "yell for stretcher-bearers."

Hayes jumped up, shouting lustily, "Stretcher-bearers at the double, stretcher-bearers at the double!" then added as an afterthought: "Tell Art Pratt the Corporal's struck."

I was now quite clear-headed again and told Hayes to shout for "B Company stretcher-bearers." On the Peninsula messages were sent along the trench from man to man. Sometimes when a traverse separated two men, the one receiving the message did not bother to step around, but just shouted the message over. Often it was not heard, and the message stopped right there. One message there was, though, that never miscarried, the one that came most frequently: "Stretcher-bearers at the double." Unless the bearers from some particular company were specified, all who received the message responded. It was to avoid this that I told Hayes to yell for B Company stretcher-bearers. Apparently some one had heard Hayes yell, "Tell Art Pratt the Corporal's struck," because in a few minutes Art was bending over me, talking to me gently. Three other men whom I could not see had come with him; they had risked their lives to come for me under fire. "We must get him out of this," I heard Art say. In that moment of danger his thought was not for himself, but for me. I was able to tell them how to lift me. No women could have been more gentle or tender than those men, in carrying me back to the trench. Although bullets were pattering around, they walked at a snail's pace lest the least hurried movement might jar me and add to my pain. The stretcher-bearers had arrived by the time we reached the trench, and were unrolling bandages and getting iodine ready. At first there was some difficulty in getting at the wound. . . . The stretcher-bearer's scissors would not work, and Art angrily demanded a sharp knife, which some one produced. The stretcher-bearer ripped up my clothing, exposing my shoulder, then began patching up my right shoulder; I knew I had been hit in the left

shoulder and tried to explain that I had been turned over since I was hit. The stretcher-bearer thought I was delirious and continued working away. I thought he was crazy, and told him so. At last Art interrupted to say: "Just look at the other shoulder to satisfy him." They looked, and as I knew they would, found the hole the bullet had entered. To get at it they turned me over, and I saw that a crowd had gathered around to watch the dressing and make remarks about the amount of blood. I became quite angry at this, and I asked them if they thought it was a nickel show. This caused them all to laugh so heartily that even I joined in. This was when I felt almost certain that I was dying. . . . Never as long as I live shall I forget the solicitude of my comrades that morning. The stretcher-bearers found that the roughly constructed trench was too narrow to allow the stretcher to turn, so they put me in a blanket and started away. Meanwhile the word had run along the trench that "Gal had copped it." I did not know until that morning that I had so many friends. A little way down the trench I met Sergeant Manson. He was carrying some sticks of chocolate for distribution among the men. I asked him for a piece. To do so on the Peninsula was like asking for gold, but he put it in my mouth with a smile. Hoddinott and Pike, the stretcher-bearers, stopped just where the communication-trench began. The doctor had come up. He asked me where I was hit, and I told him. He examined the bandages, and told the stretcher-bearers to take me along to the dressing-station. Captain Alexander, my company commander, came along, smiled at me, and wished me good-by. Hoddinott asked me if I wanted a cigarette, and when I said, "Yes," placed one in my mouth and lit it for me. I had never realized until then just how difficult it is to smoke a cigarette without removing it from your mouth. Poor Stenlake, who by this time was worn to a shadow, was in the support-trench waiting with some other sick men, to go to hospital. He came along and said good-by. A Red Cross man gave me a post-card to be sent to some organization that would supply me with comforts while I was in

hospital. "You'll eat your Christmas dinner in London, old chap," he said.

We had to go two miles before the stretcher-bearers could exchange the blanket for the regular stretcher. The trenches were narrow, and on one side a little ditch had been dug to drain them. The recent wet weather had made the bottom of the trench very slippery, and every few minutes one of the bearers would slide sideways and bring up in the ditch. When he did the blanket swayed with him, and my shoulders struck against the jagged limestone on the sides. To avoid this as much as possible the bearers had to proceed very slowly. Those two miles to me seemed endless. I had now become completely paralyzed, all control of my muscles was gone, and I slipped about in the blanket. Every few yards I would ask Hoddinott, "Is it very much farther?" and every time he would turn around and grin cheerfully, and answer, as one would answer a little child: "Not very much farther now, Gal."

At last we emerged into a large side communication-trench, with the landmarks of which I was familiar. I was suffering severely now, and was beginning to worry over trifles. Suddenly it came to me that I was still a couple of miles from the dressing-station, and when we came out of the communication-trench onto open ground that had been torn up by shrapnel, I was consumed with fear that at any moment I might be hit by another shell, and might not get aboard the hospital after all, for by this time my mind had centred on getting into a clean bed. A dozen different thoughts chased through my mind. I was grieved to think that in order to get at the wound it had been necessary to cut the fine greatcoat that I had so much wanted to take home as a souvenir. I asked Hoddinott what they had done with it, and he told me that part of it was under my head as a pillow, but that it was so besmeared with blood that it would be thrown away as soon as I arrived at the dressing-station. From thinking of the greatcoat, I remembered that before I went out with the digging-party I had taken off my rain-coat and left it near my haversack

in the trench, and in the pocket of it was the little diagram I had drawn of the position of the sniper I had seen the night before. Again I called for Hoddinott, and again he came, and answered me patiently and gently: "Yes, he would tell Art about the little diagram." Where a fringe of low bushes bordered the pathway at the end of the open space, Hoddinott and Pike turned. For the distance of about a city block they carried the stretcher along a road cut through thick jungle. At the end of it stood a little post from which dropped a white flag with a red cross. It was the end of the first stage for the stretcher-bearers. A great wave of loneliness swept over me when I realized that I was to see the last of the men with whom I had gone through so much. I was almost crying at the thought of leaving them there. Somehow or other it did not seem right for me to go. I felt that in some way I was taking an unfair advantage of them. Hoddinott and Pike slipped the straps from their shoulders and lowered the stretcher gently. Under the blanket Hoddinott sought my hand. "Good-by, Gal," he said. "Is there any message I can take back to Art?"

"Yes," I said, "tell him to keep my rain-coat."

Since the moment I had been hit I had been afraid of one thing—that I should break down, and not take my punishment like a man. I was tensely determined that no matter how much I suffered I would not whine or cry. In our regiment it had become a tradition that a man must smile when he was wounded. One thing more than anything else kept me firm in my determination. Art Pratt had walked just behind the blanket until we came to the communication-trench. Even then he was loath to leave me. He could not trust himself to speak when I said: "Good-by, Art. old pal." He grasped my hand, and holding it walked along a few feet. Then he dropped my hand gently. There are some things in life that stand out ineffably sweet and satisfying. For me such a one was that last moment of farewell to Art. I had always considered him the most fearless man in a regiment whose name was a byword for reckless courage. Of all men on the

Peninsula I valued his opinion most. No recommendation for promotion, no award for valor, not even the coveted V. C., could have been half so sweet as the few words I heard Art say. With eyes shining, he turned to the man beside him and said, almost savagely: "By God, he's a brick."

The men our regiment lost, although they gladly fought a hopeless fight, have not died in vain. Constantinople has not been taken, and the Gallipoli campaign is fast becoming a memory, but things our men did there will not soon be forgotten. The foremost advance on the Suvla Bay front is Donnelly's Post on Caribou Ridge, made by the Newfoundlanders. It is called Donnelly's Post because it is here that Lieutenant Donnelly won his Military Cross. The hitherto unknown ridge from which the Turkish machine-guns poured their concentrated death into our trenches stands as a monument to the initiative of the Newfoundlanders. It is now Caribou Ridge as a recognition of the men who wear the deer's-head badge. From Caribou Ridge the Turks could enfilade parts of our firing-line. For weeks they had continued to pick off our men one by one. You could almost tell when your turn was coming. I know, because from Caribou Ridge came the bullet that sent me off the Peninsula. The machine-guns on Caribou Ridge not only swept part of our trench, but commanded all of the intervening ground. This ground was almost absolutely devoid of cover. Several attempts had been made to rush those guns. All these attacks had failed, held up by the murderous machine-gun fire. Whole companies had essayed the task, but all had been repulsed, and almost annihilated. It remained for Lieutenant Donnelly to essay the impossible. Under cover of darkness, Lieutenant Donnelly, with only eight men, surprised the Turks in the post that now bears his name. The captured machine-gun he turned on the Turks to repulse constantly launched bomb and rifle attacks. Just at dusk one evening Donnelly stole out to Caribou Ridge and took the Turks by storm. They had been accustomed before that to see large bodies of men swarm over the parapet in broad daylight, and had been able to wipe them out

with machine-gun fire. All that night the Turks strove to recover their lost ground. The darkness that confused the enemy was the Newfoundlander's ally. One of Donnelly's men, Jack Hynes, crawled away from his companions to a point about two hundred yards to the left. All through the night he poured a rapid stream of fire into the flank of the enemy's attacking-party. So steadily did he keep it up that the Turks were deluded into thinking we had men there in force. When reinforcements arrived, Donnelly's eight men were reduced to two. Dawn showed the havoc wrought by the gallant little group. The ground in front of the post was a shambles of piled-up Turkish corpses. But daylight showed something more to the credit of the Newfoundlanders than the mere taking of the ridge. It showed Jack Hynes purposely falling back over exposed ground to draw the enemy's attention from Sergeant Greene, who was coolly making trip after trip between the ridge and our lines, carrying a wounded man in his arms every time until all our wounded were in safety. Hynes and Greene were each given a Distinguished Conduct Medal. None was ever more nobly earned.

IN THE TRENCHES¹

MAURICE HEWLETT

As I lay in the trenches
Under the Hunter's Moon,
My mind ran to the lencches
Cut in a Wiltshire down.

I saw their long black shadows,
The beeches in the lane,
The gray church in the meadows
And my white cottage-plain.

¹ From "Sing Songs of the War," copyright, 1914. Used by permission.

Thinks I, the down lies dreaming
Under that hot moon's eye,
Which sees the shells fly screaming
And men and horses die.

And what makes she, I wonder,
Of the horror and the blood,
And what's her luck, to sunder
The evil from the good?

'Twas more than I could compass,
For how was I to think
With such infernal rumpus
In such a blasted stink?

But here's a thought to tally
With t'other. That moon sees
A shrouded German valley
With woods and ghostly trees.

And maybe there's a river
As we have got at home
With poplar-trees aquiver
And clots of whirling foam.

And over there some fellow,
A German and a foe,
Whose gills are turning yellow
As sure as mine are so.

Watches that riding glory
Apparel'd in her gold,
And craves to hear the story
Her frozen lips enfold.

And if he sees as clearly
As I do where her shrine
Must fall, he longs as dearly,
With heart as full as mine.

WAR FLYING¹

BY A PILOT

The book from which these selections were taken was published under the pseudonym, "Theta." It is composed of letters written by a young officer barely nineteen, of the Royal Flying Corps, to his home people during his period of training and later when in actual service. These letters will interest boys who wish to know what it takes to make a "war flier."

ORDERED OVERSEAS

(After Kipling)

Does he know the road to Flanders, does he know the criss-cross
tracks

With the row of sturdy hangars at the end?

Does he know that shady corner where, the job done, we relax
To the music of the engines round the bend?

It is here that he is coming with his gun and battle 'plane

To the little aerodrome at—well, you know!

To a wooden hut abutting on a quiet country lane,

For he's ordered overseas and he must go.

Has he seen those leagues of trenches, the traverses steep and
stark,

High over which the British pilots ride?

Does he know the fear of flying miles to eastward of his mark

When his only map has vanished over-side?

It is there that he is going, and it takes a deal of doing,

There are many things he really ought to know;

And there isn't time to swot 'em if a Fokker he's pursuing,

For he's ordered overseas and he must go.

Does he know that ruined town, that old—of renown?

Has he heard the crack of Archie bursting near?

Has he known that ghastly moment when your engine lets you
down?

¹ From "War Flying," copyright, 1917, by The Houghton Mifflin Co. Used by special arrangement with the publishers.

Has he ever had that feeling known as fear?

It's to Flanders he is going with a brand new aeroplane
To take the place of one that's dropped below,
To fly and fight and photo mid the storms of wind and rain,
For he's ordered overseas and he must go.

Then the hangar door flies open and the engine starts its roar,
And the pilot gives the signal with his hand;
As he rises over England he looks back upon the shore,
For the Lord alone knows where he's going to land.

Now the plane begins to gather speed, completing lap on lap,
Till, after diving down and skimming low,
They're off to shattered Flanders, by the compass and the map—
They were ordered overseas and had to go.

The Development of an Idea.—The first number of the well-thumbed file of *Flight*, carefully kept by "Theta" up to the present day, bears date July 30, 1910, just two years after the first public flight in the world. At that time this particular public-school boy was thirteen years of age. His interest in aviation, however, dated from considerably before that period, and its first manifestation took the form of paper gliders. Beyond the fact that they could be manipulated with marvellous dexterity and that they could be extremely disturbing to the rest of the class in school, no more need be said. In December, 1910, "Theta" felt that he had a message on airships to convey to the world, and he communicated it through the medium of the school *Journal*. Thenceforward he wrote regularly on flying topics for the *Journal*, and for four years acted as its Aeronautical Editor. Throughout 1911, with two school friends, he also assisted in producing *Aviation*, a cyclostyle sheet of small circulation proudly claimed as "the first monthly penny Aviation Journal in the world." Therein the various types of machines were discussed with all the delightful cocksureness of youth, and various serial stories based on flying adventures duly ran their course. For some years he pursued the construction of

WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE

When your boy
asks you—

"FATHER,—WHAT
DID YOU DO
TO HELP WHEN
BRITAIN FOUGHT
FOR FREEDOM
IN 1915?"

ENLIST NOW



Published by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, London.



model aeroplanes with an assiduity that may well have been fatal to school-work and games, and that was kept up until the German power-driven model drove the elastically propelled machines into realms of toydom. A motley crowd of enthusiasts used to gather every Saturday and Sunday in one of the great open spaces of London for the practice of their craft—nearly all boys in their teens, occasionally one or two grown-ups with mechanical interests. When the War came the group broke up. Some of them took up real aircraft construction; others became attached to the Air Service, naval and military, and mechanics. At least two became flying officers.

In Training.—"Theta" was born in May, 1897; the War broke out in August, 1914. On his eighteenth birthday "Theta" decided that it was time to "get a move on." His ambition from the first had been to enter the Royal Flying Corps. This was opposed chiefly because of his youth and seeming immaturity and the excessive danger attached to training. But fate, impelled by inclination, proved too strong. . . .

After many preliminaries an appointment was secured at the War Office with a High Official of Military Aeronautics. There "Theta" was subjected to a curiously interesting catechism which seemed to touch on nearly every possible branch of activity under the sun except aviation. Finally the High Official, probably seeing a way of ridding himself of a candidate who had accomplished little or nothing of the various deeds of daring enumerated in the Shorter Catechism, suggested an immediate medical examination on the premises. That ordeal safely passed, "Theta" returned to his catechist, who said wearily: "Well, we'll try you, but you know you have not many of the qualifications for a flying officer." "Theta" returned to school to await his summons, which was promised within two months. The school term ended; a motor-cycling holiday in Devon followed—and still no call. On the return to London a reminder was sent to the War Office. There immediately came a telegram ordering "Theta" to report for instruction at what may be called Aerodrome "A."

Training began almost at once with a joy ride of ten minutes' duration. But the weather was for the most part what the aviators in their slang call "dud." An "abominable mist" hung over the aerodrome, and consequently, though the period of instruction was fairly prolonged, the opportunities for flights were few. There was much waiting and little flying, and the bored youth was driven to music and rhyming to fill up the interstices. But before the end of the year a good deal had been accomplished. At the close of his eleventh lesson "Theta" was told to hold himself in readiness for a "solo" performance.

After four more flights came the successful tests for the "Ticket" which transforms the pupil into a certificated aviator. This preliminary triumph was celebrated the same evening by a joy ride at nearly 2,000 feet, the highest altitude that "Theta" had reached on a solo performance. Nearly four years and a half had elapsed between the schoolboy "Ticket" and the real thing.

Then came a transfer to another and more advanced type of machine. On this there were but three flights with an instructor, and then another "solo" performance. Toward the close of the year "Theta" left Aerodrome "A" for Aerodrome "B," having in the meantime been gazetted as a probationary second lieutenant, Special Reserve.

The advanced course occupied about three months. It proved more exciting in many ways. In the elementary portion of training "Theta" saw many "crashes," none of which, however, proved fatal. In the second, war conditions more nearly prevailed, and at times—when, for example, three colleagues lost their lives in flying, and a Canadian friend who shared his hut in training was reported "missing, believed killed," within a few weeks of reaching the front—the stern realities of his new profession were driven home.

But youth is ever cheerful and optimistic. In fulness of time there came a flight of a covey of seven "probationaries" in one taxicab to an examination centre for "wings," a successful ending, followed shortly afterward by final leave, an early-morning

gathering of newly made flying officers at Charing Cross Station, the leave-taking, and the departure to the front.

Training was over; the testing-time had come. Before his nineteenth birthday was reached "Theta" had been across the German lines.

My First Flying Lesson.—Have had a ten minutes' flight this evening. It was splendid and felt perfectly safe. Machine seems quite simple to control. I had my hands on the dual set, and felt how the pilot did it. Don't expect I shall get up again for a long time. I was quite warm, and felt happy, calm, and confident. . . . My first flying lesson was in the gathering dusk of a cold evening, but an extra leathern waistcoat and an overcoat and muffler kept me warm. I mounted to my seat behind the pilot in the nacelle of the huge biplane, fastened my safety-belt, donned my helmet, and sat tight.

A duologue ensued between the pilot and the mechanic who was about to swing the propeller and to start the great 70-h. p. Renault engine.

"Switch off," sang out the mechanic.

"Switch off," echoed the pilot as he complied with the request.

"Suck in," shouted the mechanic.

The pilot moved a lever. "Suck in," he echoed.

The mechanic put forth his strength, and turned the propeller round half a dozen times or so to draw petrol into the cylinders.

"Contact," he shouted.

"Contact," came back the echo from the pilot as he switched on.

A lusty heave of the propeller, and the engine was started.

For a moment the machine was held back, while the pilot listened to the deep throbbing of the motor, and then satisfied with its running, he waved his hand, and we began to "taxi" rapidly across the aerodrome to the starting-point. The starting-point varies almost every day, as the rule is to start facing the wind. Then we turned, the pilot opened the throttle wide, and a deep roar behind us betokened the instant response of the engine.

With the propeller doing its 900 revolutions a minute we were soon travelling over the ground at 40 m. p. h. The motion got smoother, and on looking down I found to my surprise that we were already some thirty feet above the ground. A slight movement of the elevator, and we started to climb in earnest. A couple of circuits and we were 700 feet up.

The pilot looked round and signalled to me to put my hands on the controls. I did so, and then—apparently to test my nerves—he started doing some real sporting “stunts,” dives, steep-banks, and so on—in fact, everything but looping the loop. However, it did not occur to me at the time to be nervous, I was enjoying it so much. And so at last the pilot, who kept casting furtive glances at me, was satisfied, and taking her up to 1,000 feet put her on an even keel, and took both his hands off the controls, putting them on the sides of the nacelle and leaving poor little me to manage the “bus.” This I did all right, keeping her horizontal and jockeying her up with the ailerons when one of the wings dropped a little in an air-pocket. On reaching the other side of the “drome” he retook control, turned her, and let me repeat my performance.

Then, again taking control, the pilot, after a few more stunts, throttled down till his engine was just “ticking over,” and did a volplane from 1,000 feet into the almost invisible aerodrome. A gentle landing in the growing darkness and rising fog, a swift “taxi” along the ground to the open hangar, and my first lesson in aerial navigation was concluded.

The teaching methods may be considered rather abrupt, but they are those adopted now by all the flying schools. The pupil is taken up straight away on a dual-control machine to a height of about 1,000 feet, and then is allowed to lean forward and amuse himself with the second set of controls, any excessive mistake being corrected by the pilot. After a time he is allowed to turn unaided, to do complete circuits unaided, and finally to land the machine unaided. If he does this successfully he is sent “solo,” and after

a few "solos" is sent up for his "ticket" of Royal Aero Club Certificate. At the time of writing I am doing circuits unaided, but I hope, weather permitting, to have come down unaided by the time this appears in print.

On Going "Solo."—At last I have gone "solo." On Sunday and Monday two of our machines were smashed by pupils on their first solos and both machines had to be scrapped. In consequence, the pilots have been rather chary about letting us go up alone, and we, too, have been wondering whether we were fated to follow the example of the others.

At length, however, Captain — sent up X this evening, and he got on all right. So he turned to me suddenly and said: "Well, you'd better go and break your neck now." Thus cheered, I gave my hat as a parting gift to Y, shook hands mournfully all round, and amid lamentations and tears took my seat for the first time in the pilot's seat.

"Contact," etc., and my engine was running. I pointed her out into the aerodrome, and then turned her to the right; but "taxing" is almost as tricky as flying, and before I could stop it the machine had turned completely round. However, I got it straight again, and taxied to the starting-place.

A "biff" of my left hand on the throttle, and the engine was going all out. Faster and faster over the ground; a touch of the controls, and we were off! The next thing I recollect was passing over a machine on the ground at a height of 200 feet, and then I was at the other end of the aerodrome. This meant a turn; so down went the nose, then rudder and bank, and round we came in fine style. A touch on the aileron control, and we were level again. Thus I went on for ten minutes, and as Captain — had told me to do only one circuit and I had done considerably more, I decided to come down.

It was growing dusk, so it was as well that I did. I took her outside the "'drome," then pointed her in, put the nose down and pulled back the throttle.

The roar of the engine ceased, and the ground loomed nearer.

A very slight movement of the controls and we flattened out three feet above the ground and did a gentle landing.

A touch on the throttle, a roar, and I taxied back to the waiting mechanics. "Good landing," sang out one of them, and a moment later some half a dozen pupils were shaking me violently by all the hands they could find and all talking at once in loud voices.

"*Somewhere.*"—I am here at last. Where that is, however, I can't tell you. . . . We had a good journey, but while I was snoozing the carriage door—which must have been carelessly shut by one of our men—opened, and one of my field-boots departed. I had taken them off so as to sleep better. I told a police corporal at the next station, and he is trying to get it. I had to put on puttees and boots, and pack the odd field-boot. . . . You would hardly believe we were on Active Service here, although we are, of course, within hearing of the big guns. There is a stream near by where we can bathe. We have sleeping-huts fitted with electric light, nice beds, a good mess, and passable aerodrome. The fellows all seem nice, too. I have met three of our squadron before.

I have been up several times, but have not had a job yet. I have been learning the district, and how to land and rise on cinder paths ten feet wide. The ground here is rather rough, and it speaks well for our under-carriages that they stand up to it so well. A good landing is a bounce of about twenty feet into the air, and a diminuendo of bounces, like a grasshopper—until you pull up. A fairly bad landing is a bounce of fifty feet and diminuendo. Every one here is cheerful, and thinks flying is a gentleman's game, and infinitely better than the trenches; when your work is over for the day, there is no more anxiety until your next turn comes round, for you can read and sleep out of range of the enemy's guns. What a pity the whole war could not be conducted like that, both sides out of range of each other's guns all the time!

One of our more cheerful optimists feels sure the war will end in the next four or five years.

My field-boot has turned up, much to my surprise. It was forwarded on to me by our local Railway Transport Officer.

(To B. C.) *Archies*.—I have been putting off writing to you till I can tell you how I like German Archies. Well, I can tell you now; that is, I can tell you how I don't like them if you promise not to show any one else this letter. Still, perhaps I'd better not; you are such a good little boy and have only just left school; perhaps one day when you are grown up I'll tell you my opinion of Archie.

Yesterday I was some miles across the line with my observer, as an escort to another machine, and was Archied like the—er—dickens, shells bursting all round and some directly under me. Why the machine wasn't riddled I don't know. I was nearly 10,000 feet up too. The Archies burst, leaving black puffs of smoke in the air, so that the gunners could see the result. Those puffs were all over the sky. Talk about dodge! Banking both ways at once! 'Orrible. What's more, I had to stay over them, dodging about until the other machine chose to come back or finished directing the shooting. Both W. and J., who came here with me, got holes in their planes from Archie the day before yesterday, and W. had a scrap with a Fokker yesterday and got thirty holes through his plane about three feet from his seat. The Fokker approached to within twenty-five feet. W. had a mechanic with him, and he fired a drum of ammunition at it, and the Fokker dived for the ground. So the pilot was either wounded or—well, they don't know how the machine landed, but are hoping to hear from the people in the trenches. The funny part is that the Fokker attacked as usual by diving from behind, and W.'s observer turned round and fired kneeling on the seat; but W. never saw the Fokker once during the whole fight or after. W. had his main spar of one wing shot away, and several bracing wires, etc.; so he had a lucky escape.

My latest adventure is that my engine suddenly stopped dead when I was a mile over the German lines. My top tank petrol-

gauge was broken, and was registering twelve gallons when it was really empty. I dropped 1,000 feet before I could pump up the petrol from the lower tank to the top, and was being Archied, too; but I could have got back to our side easily even if the engine had refused to start, though it would have been unpleasant to cross the lines at a low altitude. I have had the petrol-gauge put right now. Incidentally, not knowing how much petrol you have is rather awkward, as I landed with less than two gallons at the end of that flight; that is ten minutes' petrol.

Hide-and-Seek.—All goes well, and I have finished my job for to-day (a three-hours' patrol) without seeing a Hun or getting an Archie. Two of us went up and F. had streamers on his wings; he was going to direct the flight, and I was to follow him. It was very cloudy, and F., being in a skittish mood, played hide-and-seek round them. This was good fun for the first hour, but after that it became boring. Once, when I was following him a short distance behind, he ran slap into the middle of a huge cloud. I said to myself, "If you think I am going to follow you there you're jolly well mistaken"; so I waited outside the cloud, and was gratified to see him come out at the bottom in a vertical bank, about 500 feet directly below me. It turned out that he had been pumping up the pressure in his petrol-tank, roaring with laughter as his passenger gave a little jump at every pumpful, for the passenger sits on one of the large petrol-tanks, which swells or "unkinks" itself as you pump, and to his disgust he had run slap into the cloud without seeing it. It was a wonderful sight among the clouds, and to see the other aeroplane dodging in and out of grottos, canyons, and tunnels, poking its nose here and there, sometimes worrying a zigzag course through a maze of cloudlets, and sometimes turning back from an impenetrable part with a vertical bank, outlining the machine sharply against the cloud. Finally we came down to a height of 5,000 feet, and there, just by the lines, we had a sham battle for the amusement of the Tommies in the trenches.

Dual Control.—I am at present flying a machine fitted with dual control. A couple of days ago I went up to test it and E. came

with me. We trotted round the country very low and stunted gently over neighboring villages. You can easily tell when people are watching you, as, in looking up, the black blob of the hat changes to the white blob of the face. We went up again yesterday, and when I had taken the machine to 2,000 feet or so, I signalled E., and he fitted in his control-lever and took charge. I then had a pleasant little snooze of twenty minutes or so, waking up now and then to give my lever a pat in the required direction when he did not get the machine level quickly enough after turning the machine splendidly sometimes. Then, when it was just about a quarter of an hour before dinner-time, he took out his lever, and I brought the machine down in the most gorgeous spiral I have ever done. Absolutely vertical bank on. M. was very amusing afterward. "Quite a good spiral, that," he said patronizingly to E., "for a first attempt."

I was up again this morning for two and a half hours with E. The weather was hopeless; our altitude was often under 2,000 feet by the lines. To relieve the monotony E. flew me for about half an hour while I observed—the clouds and mist! Finally, we got up a bit higher, and just before it was time to come home did a beautiful spiral quite close to the lines for the benefit of a few thousand Tommies and Huns in the trenches—just to show there was no ill-feeling, you know.

I had just got my letters to-day when I was sent up, so I had to take them with me, and read them in the air on the way to the lines.

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I took up some chocolate the other day when I was on patrol, and gave some to the observer in the air, and we munched away for some time. He was a sergeant, one of the ancient observers, and he did not know that when I wagged the joy-stick—thus shaking the 'bus from side to side—I wanted him to turn round. I wagged away for about five minutes, and he sat there quite contentedly, thinking to himself (as he afterward told me) that it was rather a bumpy day. Then I started switch-backing and he endured that, though on what theory I don't know. Finally

I nearly had to loop him to persuade him to turn round, and when he did so he had a grin on his face and a sort of "Think-you-can-frighten-me-with-your-stunts-you-giddy-kipper" look as well.

Fokker, a German aeroplane. *Archie*, abbreviation for Archibald, term applied to German anti-aircraft guns. *Hangar*, the station for an aeroplane within the *aerodrome*, the field that contains the hangars. *Ailerons*, the small wing-tips that maintain the balance of the aeroplane. *Nacelle* refers to the inside of the body of the airplane where pilot or observer sit, while *fuselage* means the outside body of the machine. *Dual controls*, two sets of controls for two-passenger machines. *Volplane*, to swoop down at a steep angle.

TALES OF THE BRITISH AIR SERVICE¹

WILLIAM A. BISHOP

Major Bishop, of Great Britain's Royal Flying Corps, was at the time this story was written the only living person who had won the three distinctions of the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order (twice bestowed), and the Military Cross. Although only 23 years of age, up to January, 1918, he had brought down 47 German machines in 110 air battles. Captain Albert Ball, mentioned in this selection, was only 19 years of age when killed, yet he had long held the record among British aviators, the official count of machines destroyed by him being 43. Major Bishop then not only outranked in air achievements every other member of the Royal Flying Corps, but held the record for all the Allied armies since the death of Captain Guynemer, of the French Aviation Service. In the terms of the airman he was the *premier ace* of the Royal Flying Corps.

Some of the exploits of the late Captain Ball, V. C., were most exciting. He was especially noted for getting himself into the tightest corners and then, in an instant, turning defeat into victory and coming out of the fight victorious.

Upon one occasion in the early part of his career as a fighter he had gone some twenty miles across the enemy lines, vainly looking for some one to fight with. Finally he saw two enemy machines flying together. Without hesitation he flew straight at these two and engaged them in a fight which lasted over ten minutes, at the end of which time he found that he had run out of ammunition. The two enemy machines had also had enough of

¹ From *The National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1918. Copyright, by The National Geographic Society. Used by permission.

it by now and seized their first opportunity to escape, diving down to the ground.

Ball was much disgusted at this and emptied six rounds from his revolver at the two diving machines. He then seized a piece of paper and a pencil which he had with him and wrote out a challenge for the same two machines to meet him at the same spot the next day.

At the appointed time Ball turned up on the spot and a few minutes later the same two enemy machines approached him from the east. He flew toward them to engage in a fight, but at that moment three more of the enemy came down from the sky and attacked him. It was a carefully laid trap and he had fallen into it without even suspecting that there was one.

The three enemy machines that had attacked him from behind were of the latest fighting type and were all flown by expert men.

At every turn Ball, who was underneath and was thus at a slight disadvantage, found himself outmanœuvred. Turn and twist as he would, he always found one of the enemy on top of him and another just ready to catch him if he turned the other way. Several times bullets passed within inches of him. Finally deciding to escape, he realized that he must do something extraordinary; so he dived toward the ground and, picking out a large field, glided into it and landed.

The three enemy machines at once suspected that he had been shot and forced to land, and they all glided down and landed, either in the same field with him or the adjoining one. Then, jumping out of their machines, they ran over to Captain Ball. However, Ball, who had carefully foreseen exactly what would happen, had kept his engine running slowly while he was on the ground, and the moment he saw the others come out of their machines he tore off again and flew away from them.

By the time the first of the Huns had been able to get off the ground, Ball was over half a mile away and had made good his escape. The risk he took in landing this way was very great, as his engine might have stopped when he landed, in which case

there would have been no way of starting it again and escaping.

On another occasion, about six months later, he had an experience just as thrilling as the one above. He had chased an enemy machine for ten miles behind its lines and, on turning to come home, found himself cut off by several groups of the enemy. Picking out a group just in front of him, and the smallest group which was trying to cut him off, he decided to fly straight at the machines and through them. There were four in the party, and as he flew toward them they all opened fire at him, while he did the same at them.

The leader of the enemy patrol did not like it, however, and swerved to one side, just as Ball was hoping he would. Two of his followers did the same thing, perhaps in the hope that they would be able to catch Ball from the flank; but it was all according to Ball's plan and he carried on straight at the last man, who, he hoped, would also turn.

At a speed of 250 miles¹ an hour they approached, both firing two machine-guns at each other. It looked as if they were going to go into each other. Both men seemed determined that they would not swerve the slightest. Ball told me later that he was quite sure in his own mind that the man intended ramming him and thus causing death to them both.

Many bullets struck Ball's machine, one hitting an oil-pipe, allowing the oil to leak and splash over him. His face was covered with it and some of it got into his eyes and he could hardly see. He closed his eyes and flew straight, firing as he went, expecting every second to hear the awful crash when they would strike. The other man, however, when only about twenty yards away, suddenly dived down and went straight to earth, where Ball saw him crash into the ground.

Upon looking back upon the encounter Ball came to the conclusion that he must have killed his adversary with an early shot and the way in which the German fell back in his seat must have just held the machine in a level position for the length of time while

¹ They were each moving at 125 miles per hour.

he came on straight at him. Ball thought the man's fingers must have remained on the triggers of his guns.

Ball managed to escape the remainder of the crowd, but a little later he had a most terrifying experience. While crossing the lines he had to pass over a very intense battle raging on the ground. Shells were dropping everywhere and he knew that in flying over this ground he was passing through air which was literally full of shells in their flight.

Suddenly, with an awful sound, a shell struck his machine about two feet behind where he sat, passing clean through the body of the machine without exploding. The unfortunate part of it was that in passing through the machine it practically severed all his control wires, which meant that all the mechanism which directed the machine—except a few strands of the cable—had been destroyed.

His machine immediately went into a spinning nose-dive and fell, out of control. Simply by means of the most delicate handling and great skill he managed, when only 2,000 feet from the ground, to regain control of his machine and headed it in the direction of home. Any ordinary pilot would have been content to come down and land in the first field; but not so Ball. His aerodrome was still twenty miles away; yet he flew this damaged machine all the way to it and landed there without further damage.

His flight home must have been a terrible experience, as the shell in passing through his machine had strained it and damaged it tremendously, and at any moment the whole machine might have collapsed and fallen in pieces; yet Ball, with his customary coolness and courage, brought it back home to his aerodrome and landed. Twenty minutes later he was in another machine and on his way to the lines to look for another fight.

HIGH ADVENTURE¹

JAMES NORMAN HALL

This experience of an airman is by the author of "Kitchener's Mob," parts of which are found elsewhere in this book. He is an American who first enlisted in the British army and later in the French air service. He wrote the part of "High Adventure," from which this selection is taken, before he was wounded severely in a fight with seven enemy planes. He has since recovered from his wound, participated in other air battles, and in May, 1918, fell within the German lines and was made a prisoner.

The winter of 1916-17 was the most prolonged and bitter that France has known in many years. It was a trying period to the little group of Americans assembled at the Ecole Militaire d'Aviation,² eager as they were to complete their training, and to be ready, when spring should come, to share in the great offensive, which they knew would then take place on the Western front. Aviation is a waiting game at the best of seasons. In winter it is a series of seemingly endless delays. Day after day, the plain on the high plateau overlooking the city of V. was storm-swept, a forlorn and desolate place as we looked at it from our windows, watching the flocks of crows as they beat up against the wind, or as they turned, and were swept with it, over our barracks, crying and calling derisively to us as they passed.

"Birdmen do you call yourselves?" they seemed to say. "Then come up; the weather's fine!"

Well they knew that we were impostors, fair-weather fliers, who dared not accept their challenge.

Sometimes the winds would die away and the thick clouds lift, and we would go joyously to work on a morning of crisp, bright winter weather. Then we had moments of glorious revenge upon the crows. They would watch us from afar, holding noisy indignation meetings in a row of weather-beaten trees at the far side of the field. And when some inexperienced *pilote* lost control

¹ From *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1917. Copyright, by The Atlantic Monthly Co. Used by permission.

² Military Aviation School.

of his machine and came crashing to earth, they would take the air in a body, circling over the wreckage, cawing and jeering with the most evident delight. "The Oriental Wrecking Company," as the Annamites¹ were called, were on the scene almost as quickly as our enemies the crows. They were a familiar sight on every working-day, chattering together in their high-pitched gutturals, as they hauled away the wrecked machines. They appeared to side with the birds, and must have thought us the most absurd of men, making wings for ourselves, and always coming to grief when we tried to use them.

At last came the event which really marked the beginning of our careers as airmen: the first *tour de piste*, the first flight round the aerodrome. We had talked of this for weeks, but when at last the day for it came our enthusiasm had waned. We were like little birds, eager to try our wings and yet afraid to make the start.

Now, this first *tour de piste* was always the occasion for a gathering of all the classes on the part of the Americans, and there was the usual large assembly when word was passed along that Drew and I were going to "bump along the ceiling." The beginners were present to shiver in anticipation of their own forthcoming trials, and the more advanced *pilotes*, who had already taken the leap, to offer the usual gratuitous advice.

"Now remember, son! Don't try to pull any big league stuff. Not too much rudder on the turns. Remember how that Frenchman piled up on the Farman hangars when he tried to bank the corners."

"You'll find it pretty rotten when you go over the woods. The air-currents there are something scandalous!"

"Believe me, it's a lot worse over the fort. Rough? Oh, la la!"

"And that's where you have to cut your motor and dive, if you're going to make a landing without hanging up in the telephone wires."

"When you do come down, don't be afraid to stick her nose

¹ Men from French protectorate of Annam, Indo-China.

forward. Scare the life out of you, that drop will, but you may as well get used to it in the beginning."

"If you do spill, make it a good one. There hasn't been a decent smash-up to-day."

These were the usual comforting assurances. They did not frighten us much, although there was just enough truth in the warnings to make us uneasy. We took our hazing as well as we could inwardly, and, of course, with imperturbable calm outwardly; but, to make a confession, I was somewhat reluctant to hear the peremptory, businesslike "*Allez! en route!*"¹ of our *moniteur*.

When it came, I taxied across to the other side of the field, turned into the wind, and came racing back, full motor. It seemed a thing of tremendous power, that little forty-five horse-power Anzani. The roar of it struck awe into my soul.

"I'm in for it!" I thought, and gripped my controls in no very professional manner. Then, when I had gathered full ground speed, I eased her off gently, and up we went, over the class and the assembled visitors, above the hangars, the lake, the forest, until, at the half-way point, my altimeter registered 1,000 feet. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw all the beautiful countryside spread out beneath me, but I was far too busily occupied to take in the prospect. I was watching my wings, nervously, in order to anticipate and counteract the slightest pitch of the machine. But nothing happened, and I soon realized that this first grand tour was not going to be nearly so terrifying as we had been led to believe. I began to enjoy it. I even looked down over the side of the fuselage, although it was a very hasty glance.

All the time I was thinking of the rapidly approaching moment when I should have to come down. I knew well enough how the descent was to be made. It was very simple. I had only to shut off my motor, push forward with my "broomstick"—the control connected with the elevating planes—and then wait and redress gradually, beginning at from six to eight metres from the ground. The descent would be exciting, a little more rapid than Shoot-

¹ "Come!—on the way."

ing the Chutes. Only one could not safely hold onto the sides of the car and await the splash. That sort of thing had sometimes been done in aeroplanes, by overexcited young *pilotes*. The results were disastrous, without exception.

The moment for the decision came. I was above the fort, otherwise I should not have known when to dive. At first the sensation was, I imagine, exactly that of falling, feet foremost; but after pulling back slightly on the controls, I felt the machine answer to them, and the uncomfortable feeling passed. I brought up on the ground in the usual bumpy manner of the beginner. Nothing gave way, however, so this did not spoil the fine rapture of a rare moment. It was shared—at least it was pleasant to think so—by my old Annamite friend who stood by his flag nodding his head at me. He said, "*Beaucoup bon*,"¹ showing his polished black teeth in an approving grin. I forgot for the moment that "*Beaucoup bon*" was his enigmatical comment upon all occasions, and that he would have grinned just as broadly had he been dragging me out from a mass of wreckage. For I was very happy. It was precisely the same quality of happiness which I knew upon the occasion I swam, for the first time, to the centre of the old swimming-hole at home, yelled, "So deep, kids!" to the watchers on shore, and then let down until my feet touched the bottom of that appalling seven-foot abyss.

A CIVILIAN'S WILD FLIGHT OVER THE FRENCH FRONT²

G. H. PERRIS

WITH THE FRENCH ARMIES, Jan. 11, 1918.—This is the twenty-sixth consecutive day of frost and snow. The front is ice-bound. In the trenches every man not needed at the loopholes is under cover. Behind them all movements are laborious, if not painful.

¹ "Very good."

² From *The New York Times*. Used by permission.

The short-lived sun has gone under gray masses of cloud. The countryside sleeps, a forlorn fairy-land swept by a cutting wind, apparently deserted and silent save for an occasional booming note from hidden guns.

But under this dead surface the multitudinous life of the armies throbs in powerful currents, and in a certain aviation camp, between the Oise and the Aisne, I seem to touch its very pulse.

The airmen never hibernate. In time the air service is the newest arm of war and in personnel the youngest, because the best physique is rarely equal to the strain of this work after the thirtieth year. This youthfulness flourishes also in the peculiar rapidity of technical development and daring initiative.

Military aviation is the child of this war. There were few airmen in the battle of the Marne, and they did service, then invaluable but now of infantile simplicity. They reported promptly to Gallieni von Kluck's divergence from Paris and to Foch the first signs of von Below's retreat. If a stiff wind blew their rickety machines were disabled. The flesh was willing, but the material was weak. In three years the difference is as great as that between Columbus's caravel and the latest ocean liner. In the bitter cold and stormy skies of December French chasers brought down seventy-six enemy machines, many long-distance bombarding expeditions were made, hydroplanes kept unceasing watch along the coast, and on the land front all the work of patrol and observation went on as usual.

We drift into such revolutions without any clear idea of their significance. The pen, indeed, can do little with things so rich and momentous, in which the vocabulary even is not fixed. I learned more in a half-hour's experience than in years of reading.

On an Observation Flight.—It was not only idle curiosity, then, that made me ask for a flight over the front. The French authorities were properly hesitant. After more than a year a favorable answer came, and I owe to the kindness of the officers of — squadron a veritable voyage of discovery.

Of course, there are planes and planes, as there are ships and

ships. There are good old buses that go like trains, and there are frisky torpedo-boats of the air whose master qualities are speed and ease of manœuvre. This last was the kind I came to know—the observation-biplane of a recent model that does 120 miles an hour.

Clad in overalls, helmet, and goggles, I climbed into the observer's seat behind the pilot. A jumpy run over the hard ground, and, swish, we were off on a sharp upward slant. Several minutes of sheer funk followed, of which I remember nothing, having shut my eyes and clung desperately to the sides of my well, just conscious enough to keep from touching the duplicate controls and wireless keyboard. A sound warning not to look overboard till we were pretty well up, perhaps, saved me from any feeling of physical sickness. The first terror lightened a little, and we must have risen 500 yards when I dared to take a sidewise glance into the gulf on either hand.

We were mounting steadily and must have been going at a great rate, but the icy hammering of the wind on one's face was the only indication of it.

Fringes of woodland, tiny roofs, the course of the Oise, and then of the Oise-Aisne Canal, stood out faintly against the white fields; but they always seemed to me the same trees, streams, and houses. Shapes and perspectives, every appearance, was twisted out of recognition.

Strangest of all was the lack of any sensation of speed. We were going now as fast as the fastest express-train, yet it was only when I plucked up nerve to examine the abyss more closely that any outward mark of our movement could be detected, and then it was scarcely perceptible.

As I was reconciling myself to this weird condition another of the space values of Mother Earth was rudely upset. A slight lurch, and instantly the plain rose up into a precipice close beside us. We appeared to be rushing headlong into this mountainside of checkered black and white, when with equal rapidity it settled back to its former flatness.

Horrible Sensation of "Banking."—For a long moment of horrible alarm the senses cried out that my friend, the Brigadier, had gone mad, or else the world was breaking up. Then reason insisted that he was turning to the right, the plane banking over like a toboggan as it negotiated a sharp corner and then resumed its balance. The sensation was not of any movement of the machine, but of a displacement of the earth, which should have been nearly a mile below, but was threatening to fall on us from above.

From this point I began to get accustomed to the state of suspended motion of an invisible sea and, half assured that even if accident remained hostile, all laws favored us, looked down more intently upon our cold planet.

I have seen nothing so strange. The landscape refused all familiarity, not only by its distance and extent, but also by the complete change of our accustomed spacial values. A surface looked at from the apex of its cone is curiously different from the same surface looked at from a level. A forest seen from the air is not a thick, dark mass of trunks, surrounded by white fields and blue sky, but a myriad tiny points of shade, carried widely upon a snow-sheet and offering little if any cover against the aviator's prying eyes. A village or town is an inconsiderable group of roofs with abundant space between, giving no impression corresponding to our sense of solid. The height or breadth of buildings and all the lesser hills have disappeared. The earth is no better than a map without a human word inscribed upon it.

Sheets and streams of water, railways and roads are, however, very plainly marked, and shadows take prodigious importance. It is the shadow and not the substance of trenches and wire that appears in the airman's photographs. The narrow course of the trenches should have been visible, though there was no sun as we passed over the lines, but for me the front might have been fifty miles away.

It is a silly confession to have to make, but in the excitement of novel feelings I completely forgot to use my field-glasses. Assuredly there were other machines in the air, but I saw none, nor

any bubbles of shrapnel smoke. Down below two armies lay concealed, and not a man showed himself. The hammering of the wind upon forehead and cheeks would in any case have shut out all other sounds.

Lost All Thought of War.—It is a lame conclusion, perhaps, to report of a flight over the front, but the fact is that as the snowy plain swept up to meet us in our dive to the finish of a forty or fifty mile voyage, as the green hangars assumed their real bulk and the mechanics grew from dwarfs to full human stature, I had forgotten the war in thought of something greater even than that vast issue. They showed me in the photograph-room and map bureau of the camp what I ought to have seen, and much more—a brief account of nearly every German trench and battery in the sector.

I have no ambition to try again the rôle of aerial observer. The new world up there belongs to our splendid youth. Even for the greatest of air pilots—say the Captains—there comes a moment when a little bell rings in the fearless heart, and by some trivial failing they know that they must fly no more; but look into the face of one of these lads, ask him whether he ever felt afraid, and weigh his shy answer, "I don't remember," and you will feel with me that man's powers of body and mind are still and ever growing. The Wrights and Santos Dumonts, Blériots, Lathams, and Farmans needed better nerves and brains than the famous discoverers of old time.

Foch: pronounce *Fosh*. Kluck and Below, German generals. "The Wrights, Santos Dumonts," etc., aeroplane inventors.

AMBULANCE NO. 10¹

LESLIE BUSWELL

The book from which this selection is taken is composed of letters written by one of the many young Americans who have done service for France as ambulance-drivers. These letters were written home during the summer of 1915. They give some idea of the work that Americans were doing before the United States entered the war.

For many years before the war there existed at Neuilly-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris, a semiphilanthropic institution supported by Americans and known as the American Hospital. At the outbreak of the war this institution instantly and naturally became the rallying-point for Americans who loved France and wanted to help care for her wounded soldiers. Within a few weeks it was evident, however, that larger quarters must be found. A splendid new school-building, which was rapidly nearing completion in the neighborhood, was rented; its large, well-lighted, and well-ventilated rooms were transformed into hospital wards, operating-rooms, dormitories, and offices; a multitude of doctors, surgeons, and nurses were brought over from the United States; and thus the American Ambulance Hospital in the Lycée Pasteur, with accommodations for more than six hundred wounded soldiers, came into being. Soon the generosity of another American friend of France made possible a second American Ambulance Hospital, and the venerable College of Juilly, located about thirty miles east of Paris, was steam-fitted, electric-lighted, and plumbed, and made over into a hospital for about two hundred additional wounded, with distinguished American surgeons in charge.

From the outset it was clear that the saving of soldiers' lives depended quite as much upon the quick transportation of the wounded as upon their surgical treatment, and in September, 1914, when the battle-front surged close to Paris, a dozen automobiles given by Americans, hastily extemporized into ambulances, and driven by American volunteers, ran back and forth

¹ From "Ambulance No. 10." Copyright, 1916, by The Houghton Mifflin Co. Used by special arrangement with the publishers.

night and day between the western end of the Marne Valley and Paris. This was the beginning of the American Ambulance Field Service with which the following letters have to do. During the autumn and winter that followed many more cars were given and many more young Americans volunteered, and when the battle-front retired from the vicinity of Paris, sections of motor-ambulances were detached from the hospitals at Neuilly and Juilly and became more or less independent units attached to the several French armies, serving the dressing-stations and army hospitals within the army zone. To-day more than a hundred such ambulances given and driven by American friends of France are carrying wounded French soldiers along the very fighting-front in Belgium and France.

On arriving at Nancy I was met by Salisbury, our Section leader, and after a very good meal in the most beautiful little town you could hope to see (and where the Kaiser and ten thousand troops in dress parade were waiting on a hill close by to enter in state last October), we started by motor for Pont-à-Mousson. Some fifteen kilometres farther on, our lights were put out and we then entered the region under shell-fire. It was a funny feeling listening to my conductor talking about how this shell and that shell hit here and there; and all along the route we passed torn-up trees, houses, and roads. At last we came to Pont-à-Mousson, a dear little village with about eight thousand inhabitants, and felt our way, so to speak, in the darkness and silence to the barracks which are now the Headquarters of the Ambulance. I found that there were about twenty cars and twenty-two men here, the latter all enthusiastic about their work and the help the Section were giving the French. The day before I arrived a shell hit the house next door, and on first sight one would think it was the barracks itself which had been hit. These huge high-explosive shells are sent into the town every two or three days, and everywhere one sees masses of brick and stone, all that remains of houses struck. The Germans have bombarded the town over one hundred and ten times.

After being introduced to the "boys," I went to my room which is some one hundred and sixty metres up the road—nearer the trenches, but safer for all that. Here I found I was to share the house with another man, Schroeder by name, a Hollander, and a very nice fellow, who has already lost one brother and has had another wounded in the French army. My bedroom is a quite typical French peasant room, very comfortable, and I felt grateful to know that I was to have a bed and not straw to sleep on. I went to sleep there my first night in comparative quietness, only hearing now and then a crack of a musket which in peace-time one would think was merely a back-fire of some motor. In the morning I woke at six and went to breakfast in our barracks, which is always served at seven o'clock. Walking out of my front door, I came into the main street. To the left is the way to the town and the barracks—to the right the road goes straight on, an avenue of trees. My friend or housemate pointed out, about five hundred metres away, what looked like a fallen tree across the road. Imagine my feelings when he told me that they were the French trenches. To the right and left of this avenue are hills and on the left runs the River Moselle. On the ridge of hills on the right one sees a brown line—these are the German trenches—and walking down the road to breakfast, one gets the knowledge that a first-class rifle-shot could pick one off. After breakfast I was asked by one of the men, Roeder, if I would like to look about the place, and I jumped at the invitation. We got into a Ford ambulance (no one can realize the excellence of the Ford for this purpose until he has seen what they can do), and we started on a tour.

Pont-à-Mousson was in the hands of the Germans for five days and our Headquarters were the German Officers' Headquarters. The French partially blew up the bridge which crosses the Moselle at this most picturesque point, and for the last five days the Germans have been bombarding it, attempting in their turn to destroy it; many of the houses round it seem to have been hit, and the two places where shells have taken most effect are on the bridge the French have repaired with wood. The boys tell me it is a

wonderful sight to see the water rising like a geyser when the shells hit in the river. To show how careless the few remaining peasants are, directly the Germans have "apparently" ceased firing, they get into boats to pick up the fish killed in hundreds by the concussion. We left the river (where we could be clearly seen by the Germans intrenched some thousand metres away), and I confess I sighed in relief—for it is difficult to accustom one's self immediately to the possibility of receiving a bullet in one's head or a shell in one's stomach. We then went through the town, everywhere being told stories of how, on such and such a day last week, five men were killed there and three wounded here, etc. All the houses are left open, and one can walk into any doorway that looks interesting and do a tour of inspection.

On the other side of the hill on our right extended the famous Bois-le-Prêtre; but it is no longer a wood—it is just a wilderness with a few brown stumps sticking up. "Would you like to go into the Bois?" I was asked. I felt I had been in as much danger as I was likely to get into, so I said yes, and we turned to the left and mounted a steep hill and entered it. Here the birds were singing and all was green and beautiful (it was a part where the artillery had not been), but one could see trench after trench deserted. Here was an officers' cemetery, a terribly sad sight, six hundred officers' graves. Close by were also the graves of eighteen hundred soldiers. The little cemetery was quite impressive on the side of this lovely green hill with the great trees all around and the little plain wood crosses at each grave.

SUNDAY.—I was suddenly interrupted by being called to fetch the wounded from X. and I am just back.

My roommate offered to come with me to get the contagious case (which proved fortunately to be only measles), and we started off on what I thought then one of the most amazing trips of my life. Turning suddenly to the left from the main road, I drove our little Ford three kilometres along the road, which was in full view of the Germans and which had been the death-place of many passers-by, then turning left again we drove slowly to a village so

full of soldiers that it seemed impossible so many could even find shelter—a quick turn to the right—up, up, up—first speed—along a very narrow road with just room for the car. On both sides were stuck up cut tree-branches to make the Germans think there was no road. Up we went through another tiny hill village full of artillery, and on every side underground dugouts where they all live—trees blown down—branches stuck here and there to look like trees, and at last we reached the top. The water in the radiator was boiling, so we stopped, walked a bit in the most beautiful woods, and picked flowers and wild strawberries to the tune of birds and distant cannon. In this wood are heavy naval guns, but *from* where and *how* they were ever taken there is a puzzle. On we went through more woods until we were stopped by a sentry, who directed us still further, and then I saw what was the most dream-like spectacle I ever beheld.

The thick woods teemed with soldiers, and dotted through the forests were little huts, very low, where they live—thousands of them—pathways starting every twenty yards to some new wood village. We heard music, and on reaching our destination were invited to inspect these quaint habitations. We walked down a path past hut after hut, and then suddenly the wood opened out and we came to a kind of amphitheatre, and my friend and I were conducted to seats of honor, and we listened (after much handshaking and “Vive l’Amérique,” “Vive l’Angleterre,” and “camarades,” etc.) to a band of three, banjo, violin, and dulcimer (as I write a shell has just exploded near by. I jumped to see where—about two hundred yards away and the smoke is slowly clearing).

We soon left our friends and took our contagious case to the station. After passing through wonderful valleys, hills, woods, and plains we returned home pretty tired—wondering how such atrocities could be taking place in such a perfect country. We go regularly to X. to get our wounded, and for two out of the six kilometres we are exposed to German view and the whole of the way, of course, to shell-fire. On my first arrival at this little mountain village I was horrified to see two people lying dead in the road

in huge pools of blood. Six German "150's" had been suddenly launched into the village, which is full of soldiers, and killed six soldiers and wounded some thirty. Three of the six shots had landed actually in the road itself. Two of our ambulances were in the street at the time and only chance spared them. I asked where the shells had struck, and my stretcher-bearer looked around for a moment and then pointed under my own car, and there was a hole some nine inches deep and two feet wide. It made me feel rather rotten, I must say. Only five minutes before and it might happen again at any moment. I took down three "couchés," as the lying-down ones are called, and had to pass in front of a battery of "75's" which fired as I passed and gave me a shaky-knee feeling, I can tell you. Then backward and forward for two hours carrying more wounded, and to add to the excitement it rained so hard that I was thankful I had bought myself two uniforms and could change. To-day is Sunday, and after a rather uncomfortable night in my clothes and a snatchy sleep, I have a day off.

Yesterday I visited the trenches. I left here at four o'clock in the morning and started up the hill through a little village, rather like what the French call me, "Booseville," which has been much bombarded, and then climbed up past disused trenches until we came to a sentry who directed us up to the company where a friend had promised to meet me. At last I found him and we started for the first line. I felt a little nervous and anxious, as I did not care to get killed *sightseeing*. My friend pointed out some bushes to me, and I had not noticed what he said, when on passing within a foot of another bush I found myself looking into the muzzle of a "75" gun. For some distance every inch seemed full of great guns and little guns, all so cleverly hidden that it would seem impossible to know they were there. At last we came to a hill and were told by a sentry that we could not pass that way (for some reason or other—perhaps the position of a battery had just been changed), and we had either to go straight back or right across a field three hundred yards wide in full view of the Germans, three

hundred and fifty metres away. Said my friend: "Oh, I think they are eating now; let's risk it. They never fire while food is about." So somewhat against human nature I assented, and we slowly trudged across the open. I confess I was relieved when we reached the shady wood. Still mounting up, we passed hundreds and hundreds of blue-coated soldiers returning from their night vigil in the trenches, and then the noise and chatter of men and birds seemed to die away and I could hear little else but the crack of some twig one of us walked on, or the occasional bang of a rifle. This deadly silence—it was really quite awe-inspiring—continued as we passed silent groups of soldiers sipping coffee, tea, or soup. Then we took three or four steps down and henceforth walked in trenches—winding, curving, zigzag we went, no trench being more than five metres straight.

The soldiers silently smiled, one heard whispered: "Américains." I saluted an officer, who smiled in return and showed me his room. Really it was quite comfortable. At last we came to a trench where every metre soldiers stood looking and waiting. It was the thin blue line that guards France's frontier for four hundred kilometres. The Germans are not pressing or attacking this particular place at present, and so the whole trench is so wonderfully neat and so clean and so uniform and almost comfortable, one began to wonder whether it was only a side-show in some exhibition. We walked very quietly along this trench for some two kilometres, and I suddenly discovered that in my interest I had allowed but forty-five minutes to get home if I was to be in time for duty at seven, so I made a hasty retreat and arrived back at barracks just in time.

. . . I was on duty all night at X. and it was a great strain riding backward and forward in pitch darkness up and down the very steep and narrow road. I had to go to A. at about two o'clock this morning. This road is in full view of the Germans and much bombarded, and shrapnel burst close by, which reminded me that a lively moonlight night with trees and hills and valleys dimly shaping themselves can be other than romantic.

It was a sad trip for me—a boy about nineteen had been hit in the chest and half his side had gone, they told me—and as we lifted him into the car, by a little brick house which was a mass of shell-holes, he raised his sad, tired eyes to mine and tried a brave smile. I went down the hill as carefully as I could and very slowly, but when I arrived at the hospital I found I had been driving a hearse and not an ambulance. It made me feel very badly—the memory of that faint smile which was to prove the last effort of some dearly loved youth. All the poor fellows look at us with the same expression of appreciation and thanks; and when they are unloaded it is a common thing to see a soldier, probably suffering the pain of the damned, make an effort to take the hand of the American helper.

On Friday I again took down a German wounded—this time a German of the Kaiser's or Crown Prince's Bodyguard (the German Crown Prince is against us here). He was dying. Picture to yourself a fine, truly magnificent man—over six feet four—wonderful strength—with a hole through both lungs. He could not speak, and when I got to the hospital, I asked in German if he wanted anything. He just looked at me and then chokingly murmured: "Catholic." I asked a soldier to fetch the priest, and then two stretcher-bearers and the doctor, the priest, and I knelt down as he was given extreme unction. That is a little picture I shall never forget—all race hatred was forgotten. Romanist and Anglican, we were in that hour just all Catholics and a French priest was officiating for a dying German—a Boche—the race that has made Europe a living hell. I came back about seven o'clock at night to the hospital with more wounded and asked if he still lived. "Yes; would I care to see him?" I went in, and, although he breathed his last within an hour after, his look showed recognition, and that man died, I am sure, with no hatred for France.

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES¹

WILLIAM BOYD

This book is made up of letters written March 7 to August 15, 1915, or, as the author says himself, it is "a diary written in kitchens and muddy dugouts." Doctor Boyd is a physician and a professor of pathology in the University of Manitoba. These letters illustrate ambulance work and also give some idea of the work of the actual fighters. The subjects treated in the letters selected are: "A Day with the Gunners," a description of the city of Ypres, and the ambulance work in the Ypres region.

April 22, 1915.

A Day with the Gunners.—Yesterday I had a great day with the artillery. I had to go and visit my friend A., who is medical officer to the — artillery brigade, in connection with some work. The headquarters of the brigade is at the little village of Kemmel, behind which rises Kemmel Hill, one of the great artillery observing stations in our line. It was a delightful afternoon, and the ride to Kemmel took me through far and away the most charming bit of country that I have seen since coming out here; up hill and down dale, through woods where the young green of the larch was a constant delight to the eyes, with the birds singing in the branches, and wood anemones, celandines, violets, and wild-strawberry flowers on every side. There is just one little bit of hilly country like this; beyond in every direction stretches the great plain of Flanders. Let us be thankful that we hold the hills.

After riding for an hour and a half I crossed a rise, and looking down into the hollow beyond, I saw the famous little village—it is a mere hamlet—basking in the sun below me. The first thing that struck me was the enormous number of telephone-wires that ran in all directions, crossing and recrossing till they formed a regular network, and looking strangely out of place in the midst of such rural surroundings. These were the various wires going from headquarters to the observation-stations and the batteries,

¹ From "With a Field Ambulance at Ypres," copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Co. Used by permission.

from the observation-stations to the batteries, and from both of these to the fire-trenches.

The next thing that impressed me was the deserted appearance of the place. Although I knew that there were all sorts of troops about, hardly a soul was to be seen. The reason for this, as I discovered later, was that no one was allowed out unless on duty. The village is within range of rifle-fire. Further, you do not want a scouting Taube to see a crowd of men hanging around the various headquarters, and thus learn the position of these important buildings. Result—a village apparently containing nothing but civilians, with the hot sun baking down from a cloudless sky, and a general air of peace and slumber over everything, save for the remains of half-demolished houses that met the eye in every direction. Nothing but quiet and peace on this hot afternoon, but suddenly there was an explosion so close that my horse leaped into the air and I nearly fell into the ditch. At first I thought that a shell had burst just behind me, but it was only one of our own howitzers, so artfully concealed that I had not noticed it, being fired within a few yards of me.

After a cup of tea at brigade headquarters, A. and I visited several of the batteries, and I had a chance of admiring the extraordinarily cunning way in which the gun-positions were hidden both from the German lines and from the air. The dugouts where the officers and men on duty sleep are great places. You descend into a hole in the ground, and find yourself in a tiny chamber varying from three to five feet in height, roofed with stout timbers on top of which is a layer of sand-bags, with turf sods covering all. In many cases ivy was trained over the roof, cowslips and violets were planted at the door, and outside the mansion called "Fern Villa" hung two baskets filled with very charming ferns and moss.

There is no doubt about it that the gunners have a much better time of it than the infantry. They certainly live in greater peace and comfort, and their particular method of slaughtering men is full of scientific interest. As we passed one of the batteries we found the men engaged in a game of football. Suddenly the

sharp sound of a whistle was heard. In a moment every man was a motionless statue. A hostile aeroplane was overhead, which would at once have detected the gun-position if the men had been moving about, whereas motionless they are invisible. We stood thus for a couple of minutes, and then two blasts were sounded on the whistle, and we were free to move on again.

Our first visit was to one of the observation-stations on Kemmel Hill. The hill is covered with trees, and amongst the trees are numbers of dugouts, all used as observation-posts by the various batteries, but quite invisible until you are actually upon them, so cunningly are they concealed. We reached the one for which we were bound, and entered. Inside were a couple of chairs on which we sat in comfort, and by means of a telescope suspended from the roof surveyed through a narrow opening in the wall the network of trenches spread out in the valley at our feet. It was a glorious afternoon, ideal for observing, and there in front of us, spread out before our eyes, was a wonderful panorama.

Immediately opposite, at a distance of a couple of miles, were the German trenches, and over those lines the shrapnel was bursting in little fleecy clouds. Away to the left lay Ypres, like some dream city in the warm light of the sinking sun, with delicate wisps of mist eddying around its shattered spires. In between was Hill 60, where a furious bombardment was in progress. And yet with it all not a living creature nor moving thing could be seen for miles, and the whole countryside seemed as deserted as the Sahara. But it was a Sahara swarming with moles, moles who lived in burrows, who spied at one another through peep-holes, in whose minds there was but one thought—to slay—and who shouted at each other with deep-toned voices, which carried but one message—death.

At first peace reigned in the dugout, as the battery for which it observed was not in action. Presently, however, the telephone-bell rang. It was an order from headquarters for our battery to open fire on a certain segment of the enemy's trenches. The battery commander turned to the telephone orderly with the com-

mand, "Battery prepare for action," which was transmitted to the battery over a mile away. At that moment the gunners were playing football, but in exactly two and a half minutes the message came up along the wire, "All ready, sir." There were a few moments of tense silence while the battery major sat with his eye glued to the telescope; then he muttered, "Number one—fire!" "Number one—fire!" repeated the telephonist. Dead silence, and then the word came up, "Number one fired, sir." Again absolute silence, and suddenly the shell rushed past overhead shouting its song of death, and later still the report of the gun came floating up from behind.

May 20, 1915.

A City of the Dead.—I have just paid a second visit to Ypres and the result is that I find it difficult to be articulate. At my first visit about a month ago the damage had been largely confined to the buildings in the Great Square, and those immediately surrounding it. The streets were full of people, shops were open in which I had been able to buy post-cards, ammunition-carts and motor-cars passed to and fro; everywhere there was a general feeling of liveliness and stir.

But when I returned this afternoon it was like entering some city of the dead, some ancient Egyptian or Assyrian town which for centuries has lain under the sand, a place so full of the splendor of the past, but so forlorn and forsaken in the present, that an overwhelming sadness descends on all who enter its portals. It was indeed a City of the Dead. I passed along many of those ghastly streets before meeting a single soul, and then it was only a small patrol of military police. It was as if some mighty earthquake had shaken the town in its grasp till it fell into nothingness, or as if rows of card-houses had been built, and some relentless hand had swept away the bottom stories, so that the entire superstructure had crumbled to the ground. In many places it was not a question of bare, shattered walls, but simply of confused piles of bricks and rubbish. Not a sound of any kind or description

was to be heard. In that city of desolation there was not a foot-fall on the pavement, not the rumble of a wheel on the road, not the sound of a voice, or the bark of a dog, or the bang of a door, nothing but the silence of death. "The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also and the raven shall inhabit it, for he hath stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness."

June 10, 1915.

This afternoon I had to visit the headquarters of a certain division close to Ypres. The headquarters are in a delightful seventeenth-century château, which looked a picture of perfect peace. A long shaded drive led up to the house, which stood in the midst of a lovely Old World garden. All round ran a moat in which floated yellow water-lilies. Everywhere there was the hum of bees, and here and there a gilded butterfly hovered over a flower.

And yet it was not all peace. About fifty yards away there was a huge shell-hole, which had been made two days ago. A tree close to the house had been struck down the previous night. A sentry with fixed bayonet stood upon the bridge. In a flower-bed just in front of the main door were a number of dugouts, round which the roses bloomed, whilst through the trees gleamed those wonderful shattered spires of Ypres, with the afternoon sun streaming full upon them.

My return journey took me within half a mile of Ypres, and I could not resist the temptation of paying another visit to the Great Square. Ypres is a place that one never tires of, and that, like some irresistible magnet, draws one back again and again. Hosts of tourists and globe-trotters will come to see it in future years, but it will never mean the same to them as to those who have seen it in its utter ruin, and have listened to its awful silence and to the shells bursting in its midst. And they, and only they, can ever only truly know Ypres the beautiful, Ypres the desolate.

June 26, 1915.

On the Ypres Salient.—We have moved at last, and are now at work on the Ypres salient. It was a perfect evening when we left Neuve-Eglise. The shades of night were just beginning to fall; thin wisps of mist crept down the slopes into the valley; the smoke from the chimneys rose in great, tall columns; not a breath of air stirred the thick foliage of the trees; the occasional notes of a late blackbird alone disturbed the quiet of the evening. The men were all drawn up in a field, with the long line of wagons trailing out behind; and as we moved off to the sound of one of the great marching songs we knew that we were entering on a new phase of our military life, for we were exchanging the comparative quiet of the line at Neuve-Eglise for that perilous salient, the very name of which was enough to make the heart beat faster.

As the night darkened the mist grew denser, and soon everything took on a most mysterious appearance. We passed little bivouacs in fields, and copses with fires burning brightly in front of them; camps consisting of rows of huts guarded by motionless figures, who would suddenly step into the middle of the road and give a sharp challenge; and wagons of ammunition column far in the rear up to the batteries a couple of miles behind the firing-line—all dim and mysterious in the uncertain light. It was after one when we reached the grass-field which was our destination, and laying ourselves down on the ground, we were soon wrapped in slumber.

Last night work on the salient began. Our camp is some miles behind Ypres, so the plan is to take the stretcher-bearers up in motor-ambulances to a point on the other side of the town, and from there to start the work of collecting. Another officer and I were in charge of the party on the first night, and as I took my seat beside the driver of the first car, with the long column of twelve cars stringing out behind, I felt that we were probably in for an interesting evening.

We soon struck the great road running from Poperinghe to Ypres, a road which is at present one of the most fascinating in the world.

I know of no highway which touches the imagination to anything like the same extent. For along that road must pass every person and every vehicle, all the infantry, the guns, the ammunition, the ration-carts, the motor-ambulances, the stretcher-bearers, bound for that famous but perilous salient which bends forward like some great bow in front of Ypres. In the gathering gloom we passed small bodies of infantry moving up, guns with ammunition-limbers, supply-wagons, and one queer little vehicle like a farmer's trap drawn by a mule, and piled up with a varied assortment of articles which I could not recognize in the uncertain light, but which I suspect was furniture for officers' dugouts. And always you had the feeling that ahead of you lay Ypres, and beyond was that terrible salient which was going to absorb all this humanity, but which would never give it all up again.

AN AMBULANCE DRIVER IN FRANCE¹

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

This selection is part of a letter written from France in 1917 by an American ambulance-driver in the French service. It describes something of the work of an ambulance-driver and some of the scenes near a battle-front.

We were put on active duty at the front about the first of the year; in fact, I spent New Year's night in a dugout within pistol-shot of the Germans.

. . . The next day was a typical one, so I will sketch it for you, to give an idea of how we live and what we do. When the party broke up it was late, so we turned in at once, in a deep, strong dugout, which is safe against anything short of a direct hit by a very heavy shell. Once or twice, as I dropped off to sleep, I thought I heard furtive scamperings and gnawings, but all was quiet until just before daybreak when we were awakened by a terrifying scream from a small and inoffensive soldier who does clerical

¹ From *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1917. Copyright, by The Atlantic Monthly Co. Used by permission.

work in the office of the *médecin chef*. The poor fellow has a horror of rats, and usually sleeps with head and toes tightly bundled up. I flashed on my electric torch at the first scream and caught a glimpse of an enormous rat—fully the size of a small fox-terrier, I assure you!—streaking it for his hole. The next minute I made out the unfortunate little soldier holding with both hands one ear, from which the nocturnal visitor had bitten a large mouthful, while he did a frantic dance around the floor. First came a titter, then a choked laugh, and finally the whole dugout howled with uncontrollable mirth, until the victim wound on his puttees and stalked out, much offended, to get some iodine for his ear. As we had laughed ourselves wide awake, I passed around some cigarettes while another fellow went down for a pot of coffee. Dressing consists of putting on one's shoes, puttees, and tunic—when I feel particularly sybaritic¹ I take off my necktie at night.

For once the sun came up in a clear blue sky and shone down frostily on a clear white world—a metre of snow on the ground, and pines like Christmas-trees. It was wonderfully still; far away on a hillside some one was chopping wood, and beyond the German lines I could hear a cock crow. After stopping to ask the telephonist if there were any calls, I took towel and soap and tooth-brush and walked to the watering-trough, where a stream of icy water runs constantly. As I strolled back, a thumping explosion came from the trenches—some enthusiast had tossed a grenade across as a New Year's greeting to the Boche. Retaliatory thumps followed, and suddenly a machine-gun burst out with its abrupt stutter. Louder and louder grew the racket as gusts of firing swept up and down the lines, until a battery of 75's took a hand from the hills half a mile behind us. Crack-whang-crack, they went, like the snapping of some enormous whip, and I could hear their shells whine viciously overhead.

An orderly appeared shortly, to inform me that I must make ready to take out a few wounded. My load consisted of one poor fellow on a stretcher, still and invisible under his swathing of

¹ Luxurious.

blankets, and two very lively chaps, each with a leg smashed, but able to sit up and talk at a great rate. We offered them stretchers, but they were refused with gay contempt. They hopped forward to their seats, smiling and nodding good-by to the stretcher-bearers. Despite my efforts, one of them bumped his wounded leg and a little involuntary gasp escaped him. "*Ça pique, mon vieux,*" he explained apologetically; "*mais ça ne fait rien—allez !*"¹

At the hospital, several miles back, there was the usual wait for papers, and as I handed cigarettes to my two plucky passengers, I explained that hospital bookkeeping was tiresome, but necessary. Suddenly the blood-stained blankets on the stretcher moved and a pale, but calm and quizzical face looked up into mine: "*Oh, la la ! C'est une guerre de papier ; donnez-moi une cigarette !*"² You can't down men of this calibre.

Just before bedtime another call came from a dressing-station at the extreme front. It was a thick night, snowing heavily, and black as ink, and I had to drive three kilometres, without light of any kind, over a narrow, winding road crowded with traffic of every description. How one does it I can scarcely say. War seems to consist in doing the impossible by a series of apparent miracles. Ears and eyes must be connected in some way. Driving in pitchy blackness, straining every sense and calling every nerve to aid one's eyes, it seems that vision is impaired if ears are covered. . . . I had an interesting day yesterday. The commandant asked for a car—he is the head medical officer—to visit some posts, and I was lucky enough to land the job. He is a charming, cultivated man, and made it very pleasant for his chauffeur. We visited a number of posts, inspecting new dugout emergency hospitals, and vaccinating the stretcher-bearers against typhoid—a most amusing process, as these middle-aged fellows have the same horror of a doctor that a child has of a dentist. Reluctant was scarcely the word.

Finally we left the car (at the invitation of the artillery officer)

¹ "It stings, but that is nothing."

² "It is a paper war; give me a cigarette."

and walked a couple of miles through the woods to see a new observation-post. The last few hundred yards we made at a sneaking walk, talking only in whispers, till we came to a ladder that led up into the thick green of a pine-tree. One after another the officers went up, and at length the gunner beckoned me to climb. Hidden away like a bird's nest among the fragrant pine-needles, I found a tiny platform, where the officer handed me his binoculars and pointed to a four-inch hole in the leafy screen. There right below us were two inconspicuous lines of trenches, zigzagging across a quiet field, bounded by leafless pollard willows. It was incredible to think that hundreds of men stood in those ditches, ever on the alert. At a first glance the countryside looked strangely peaceful and unhampered—farmhouses here and there, neatly hedged fields, and farther back a village with a white church. Look closer, though, and you see that the houses are mere shells, with crumpling walls and shattered windows; the fields are scarred and pitted with shell-holes, the village is ruined and lifeless, and the belfry of the church has collapsed. Above all, there is not an animal, not a sign of life in the fields or on the roads. Not a sound, except the distant hornet-buzzing of an aeroplane.

On clear days there is a good deal of aeroplane activity in our section, and one never tires of watching them. The German machines do not bomb us in this district, for some reason unknown to me, but they try to reconnoitre and observe for artillery-fire. It is perfectly obvious, however, that the French have the mastery of the air, by virtue of their skilful and courageous pilots and superb fighting-machines, and their superior skill in anti-aircraft fire. To watch a plane at an altitude of, say, nine thousand feet under shrapnel-fire, one would think the pilot was playing with death; but in reality his occupation is not so tremendously risky.

Consider these factors: he is a mile and a half to two miles from the battery shooting at him, he presents a tiny mark, and his speed is from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour. Above all, he can twist and turn or change his altitude at will. The gunner must calculate his altitude and rate of speed,

and after the lanyard is pulled considerable time elapses before the shell reaches its mark. Meanwhile, the aviator has probably come down or risen or changed his course. It is like trying to shoot a twisting snipe with very slow-burning powder—the odds are all in favor of the snipe.

Crack! Whang! Boom! goes a battery near by, and three white puffs spring out suddenly around the distant machines, above, behind, below. Another battery speaks out, another and another till the sky is filled with downy balls of smoke. Suddenly the firing ceases, and the big German aero slants down swiftly toward its base. A sharper droning hits your ears. There, directly above us, a French fighting-machine is rushing at two hundred kilometres an hour to give battle to the little Fokker. Close together, wheeling and looping the loop to the rattle of their mitrailleuses, they disappear into a cloud, and we can only guess the result.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS¹

JOHN FINLEY

I

Wherever war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
Thither I fly.

II

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
The dead I mourn;

¹ From the *Red Cross Magazine*. Used by permission.



• THEY ARE GIVING ALL • • WILL YOU SEND THEM WHEAT? •

U.S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Drawn by H. T. Dunn.



I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
What shells have torn.

III

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give.

IV

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
The crimson loss.

V

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
Your avatar.

VI

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of War's red line.

THE Y. M. C. A. AT THE FRONT¹

FRANCIS B. SAYRE

In a certain corner of France to-day behind one small section of the long battle-line there are massed one million men. What that means no one can grasp unless he has moved in and out among the lines some evening when a push is on and watched the endless movement to and fro—has seen the mile after mile of muddy camp-ground swarming with soldiers preparing to go up into the trenches, or has ridden past the acres of supplies, guns, ammunition, and horses. He must stand beside the road and watch the long line of traffic that goes on all night without cessation—the ceaseless columns of soldiers in khaki with their steel helmets on their heads, their gas-masks and kits slung across their backs, and their rifles on their shoulders, swinging by with grave, set faces; the huge guns ponderously lumbering over the roughly paved street; the trains of clattering ammunition-wagons; the great fleets of lorries loaded with unending supplies; the soup-kitchens; the empty ambulances—a great and endless stream of life surging forward to meet ruin and agony and death; and on the other side of the road, moving in the opposite direction, another endless stream of the broken and crushed, returning from the trenches—great trains of red-crossed motor-ambulances, carrying hundreds and hundreds of limp forms, wrapped in dirty, blood-soaked blankets; marching soldiers, dirty, dishevelled, and dog-tired, returning from the trenches; disabled guns; empty lorries; broken wagons; and all that is worth bringing back after the touch of war. Or he must stand just back of the line at night and see the sky alight with the flashes of the great guns, not in one or two or three places, but the whole horizon aflame with that weird light as far as eye can reach; and he must feel the tremble of the very earth as the great guns hurl their tons of projectiles miles away into the enemy lines. 'It is vastness on a scale which the world never

¹ From *Harpers Magazine*, February, 1918. Copyright, by Harper & Bros. Used by permission.

imagined before—vastness such as multiplies a hundredfold the difficulties of any organization which undertakes to play a real part in the lives of those endless lines of soldiers, and to make its influence profoundly felt throughout that stupendous and gigantic array.

Furthermore, the problem changes in its aspects with every movement of the soldiers. The methods of meeting the needs of troops in home training-camps will not suffice when the soldiers are in transport. Still other methods must be followed when the soldiers reach the great base-camps in France, or as they move on “up the line” in railway transit, or dwell in quarters under shell-fire in the shattered towns or take their places on the firing-line. At each stage the problem requires a different solution.

Never in all history has there been such an assemblage of the manhood of the world as that met on the plains of France to-day. In one of the great English base-camps are gathered countless thousands of men in khaki from every county of England; hordes of dark-skinned East-Indians in picturesque turbans and native uniforms of khaki; men with tanned faces from the wind-swept plains of far-away Australia; Scotch Highlanders in their khaki kilts and gray tam-o’shanter; New-Zealanders in their broad-brimmed felt hats; Canadians; West-Indians; South-Africans; men from every corner of the far-flung British Empire; gallant Belgians; Frenchmen in their blue uniforms; swarthy Arabs from northern Africa in their red fezzes; Chinese coolies from the Far East; German prisoners in their faded gray-green—men from every reach and quarter of the world. There has been nothing like it since the days of the old Crusades; since the time of Peter the Hermit there has been never such an opportunity to minister to the congregation of the world. In a vast tented city, covering the French plain for miles, this motley throng dwells for two or three weeks, receiving the last word of instruction in bombing, in the use of gas-masks, on where and how most effectively to thrust the bayonet home. It is easy to imagine the thoughts of these men who are, most of them, thousands of miles from home in a strange land,

and stripped of all the comforts of life, and who are preparing themselves to enter the most horrible experiences that this world can offer. Little wonder that they are thinking as they have never thought before, and wondering, amid the tragedy and the ruin all around, what, after all, in life and death is worth while and fundamental. Was there ever such an opportunity for a creative, healing work for the bodies and minds and souls of men?

Into such a field the Y. M. C. A. has been privileged to enter. In the centre of each group of tents is erected a huge wooden structure, known as a "hut," marked at each end with a bright-red triangle. The hut usually contains a "canteen-room," a large lecture-hall, and a number of smaller rooms for classes and group meetings. In this building and on the athletic field close by centres the camp life of the troops. The canteen-room, a large lounging-place, fitted up with board benches and tables, decorated with gay bunting or bright pictures of home life, or possibly with wall-paintings done by some soldier decorator, is usually thronged with troops at every hour of the day when soldiers can be found off duty; for it is generally the only place in camp where soldiers can gather for recreational or social purposes. At one end, by the canteen counter, lined up to get their hot coffee, their buns, crackers, sweet chocolate, sandwiches, or the like, are crowds of soldiers; others are sitting at the tables, writing letters home on the stationery furnished them; still others are at the other end of the room, gathered around the piano or victrola, playing the tunes they used to play at home; many are reading the home newspapers and magazines which are given out at the counter, or selecting books from the library, or matching their wits in friendly games of checkers. Outside on the athletic field, during such afternoons as they are not on duty, crowds of soldiers are delighting in games of baseball, hand-ball, or volley-ball, or watching a lively boxing or wrestling match, or taking part in intercompany field-contests. The silent psychological influence of the few Y. M. C. A. secretaries upon these masses of troops is a striking and interesting phenomenon. Because of their presence, there seems to prevail,

all unconsciously, a finer spirit, an atmosphere of good-fellowship, of clean sportsmanship, manliness at its best, that is no small factor in making up the tone and morale of the camp. In another part of the hut is a large lecture-room with a stage at one end; here are given in the evenings educational lectures, soldiers' minstrel shows, musical entertainments, cinema shows, patriotic addresses, and religious talks; and here, too, are generally held the Sunday religious services and meetings. Scarcely an evening goes by that does not see these halls packed to the doors. I have seen them so crowded, on the occasion of some stirring religious talk, that after the benches were all filled and the standing-room taken, soldiers kept crowding in through the windows to sit on the floor of the platform, and others remained standing outside to listen to the speaker through the windows. Surging in and out of the thirty huts in one of these base-camps there pass daily actually sixty thousand men of every race and creed; every night between ten and fifteen thousand men are listening to educational lectures and entertainments; on two nights every week a like number are crowding in to hear religious talks. . . .

On the wall of what was formerly a French home of the well-to-do class we see painted a large red triangle. As we reach the door, several Y. M. C. A. secretaries welcome us and take us inside. Here they have lived through all the furious shelling of the preceding months, serving hot coffee and caring for the needs of thousands of soldiers; and, strangely enough, this house, the ground-floor rooms of which have been crowded with troops night after night, is the only one in the vicinity which has not been partially wrecked by German shells. The upper stories, scarred with shrapnel and flying shell fragments, are not in use; the secretaries are sleeping underground in what was once a wine-cellar, with the floor above them sand-bagged and bomb-proofed. They tell us, to our surprise, that the seemingly deserted city is filled with troops; we learn that under the city is a vast network of labyrinthine cellars and connecting passages, and in these underground mazes, with the rats and vermin, the soldiers are living.

No wonder that that little friendly Y. M. C. A. building is thronged with troops night after night. We hear that in some way, I know not how, the secretaries managed to secure last week 15,000 fresh eggs which they supplied to the troops going up to the trenches; they are giving out ninety gallons of hot coffee every night. We ask what chance for rest they have, and are told that a few days before one of them spent his time unloading boxes of supplies from five in the afternoon until three the next morning, and turned in at last, only to be called out a few moments later by the arrival of fresh troops, whom he spent the rest of the morning serving. As we watch them at their work we begin to understand that a cup of hot coffee and a bit of cheery atmosphere may sometimes preach the most eloquent of sermons.

PRINCETON, MAY, 1917¹

ALFRED NOYES

Here Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them to wait that future, side by side.

—(Lines for a monument to the American and British soldiers of the Revolutionary War who fell on the Princeton battlefield and were buried in one grave.)

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dogwood, red and white;
And round the gray quadrangle, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law;
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of "Old Nassau."

¹ By special permission of the author.

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plow.

Through this May night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last.

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue,
Where those dim lilacs wave.
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave;
Then, with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword,
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man:
"Hasten thy kingdom, Lord.

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form from thee;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,
With eyes like stars upon the brave night air,
And young as when they died,
To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.
They see you piercing like gray swords through flowers,
And smile, from souls at peace.

FROM DARTMOUTH TO THE DARDANELLES¹

Dartmouth is the British naval training-college. The young midshipman who writes this story was barely sixteen years old. The story was written while at home on sick leave in December, 1915, and has been edited for publication by his mother. She says that it has been left mainly in his own words. This book has been described as "one of the unique personal records of this war." The travels of this boy should be followed on a map of the world.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S LOG

My first term at Dartmouth commenced on the 7th of May, 1914—previously I had, of course, been through the regulation two years at Osborne College in the Isle of Wight.

Compared with the collection of low, one-storied, bungalow-like buildings which comprise the Osborne premises, the College, standing high upon a hill above the river, appeared to me a very imposing structure. . . .

A long flight of stone steps leads up through the grounds from the workshops, and after climbing these I found myself in the big entrance-hall of the college, where I was met by a warrant-officer who took me to his office, and after filing my health certificate, showed me the way to the vast mess-room where the five hundred or so of cadets in residence have all their meals.

¹ From "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles," copyright, 1916, by William Heinemann. Used by permission.

At 6 o'clock next morning we were all awakened by the reveille, and trooped down in a body to the bathrooms for the cold plunge with which, unless excused by doctor's orders, every cadet must begin the day. Then, having been informed by the senior cadets who were placed in authority over us that if we were not dressed in one and a half minutes the consequences would be unpleasant, we threw on as many clothes as possible, and ran out of the dormitory surreptitiously carrying boots, ties and collars, and finished dressing in the gun-room. Then we waited about, greeted friends, and exchanged reminiscences of the past "leave" until summoned to breakfast at 7.30.

This meal was served in the mess-room in which I had had my supper the night before, and we all scrambled and fought our way up some stairs to a gallery where were situated the four long tables reserved for the use of the junior term.

Breakfast over, the cadet captains (who correspond to the monitors of our public schools) showed us over the College grounds, and drew our attention to the various rules, regulations, and notices posted up at different points.

It may be here noted that everything at Dartmouth is done at the "double," *i. e.*, at a run. Strolling around with your hands in your pockets after the fashion of most public schools is, of course, not allowed in an establishment where naval discipline prevails.

This summer term of 1914, destined surely to be the most momentous in the whole history of the College, nevertheless pursued its normal course until July 18, on which date began the great test mobilization of the "Fleet in being," to which we had all been eagerly looking forward for some weeks.

The cadets were all sent to Portsmouth, from where they embarked on the various ships to which they had been respectively appointed. As a description of my personal experiences I think I will insert here the copy of a letter I wrote to my mother on my return to the College, omitting only some personal details of no interest to the public.

“Dartmouth College, Devon: July 25, 1914.

“DARLING MOTHER—

“Thanks so much for your letter and enclosures. . . . Now to describe the mobilization. It was the finest thing I’ve ever seen! I did enjoy myself. When we were just coming into Gosport in the train, we saw an airship and two aeroplanes above us. We went on board the tank-ship *Provider*, which took us to our respective ships. While we were waiting to start we saw flights of aeroplanes like birds chasing each other through the air, and a big airship was slowly hovering about low down on the horizon. The harbor was teeming with dashing little launches rushing about commanded by ‘snotties’!¹ Outside the sight was wonderful. Simply miles of stately battle-ships, and swarms of little torpedo-craft. As we steamed out the *Astra Torres*, a huge airship hovered over us. Just as we got abreast the line they fired a salute of 12-pounders to the King. It was lovely seeing the little white spurts of smoke from the sides of the huge ships. We went alongside the *Irresistible*, and soon afterward saw the *Formidable* signalling to us a message from my ship—the *Lord Nelson*.

“Almost directly afterward her launch steamed alongside towing a boat for our luggage. There were no ‘snotties’ on board my ship and we had to take their duty, and were treated just like midshipmen. It was absolutely ripping! When we got on board we went down to the gun-room flat and deposited our bags and ‘macks.’ Then we went up on deck and a Petty Officer showed us the 9.2 and 12 inch turrets, and how they worked. Then we set to and started to explore the ship. After this came supper of sardines and bread and butter and ginger beer in the gun-room.

“Then we went on deck and looked at everything and climbed up to the search-light platforms till the search-light display began. That was splendid. The beams seemed to pierce everywhere. They described arcs and circles in the sky and swept up and down, and round and round, and from right forward to right aft. This went on for about an hour, and then we turned into our ham-

¹ Lieutenants.

mocks. At first I couldn't get into mine, but when I had succeeded, and as soon as I had kicked the foot out as the hammock was too short for me, I found that it was more comfortable than a bed. The only thing that kept me awake was the ship's company 'singsong,' but I did not mind as it was all very lovely and novel, and they sang such topping sea-songs.

"We turned out in the morning and had a bath and dressed, and had breakfast, and then went on deck. We had to officer parties of seamen at 'divisions.' I was in charge of the ship's boys. After that we had church, which was on the men's mess-deck. I sat just opposite the galley whence emerged an odor of varied foods cooking, and I was so far away from the Padre that I never heard a word and nearly went to sleep. After church we shifted from our best clothes and started exploring again. We looked in the engine-room and went up a mast, etc. . . . Next morning we got up early and watched them weighing anchor. We saw the 1st Fleet slowly get under way. When they had all passed we got under way and steamed down Spithead at the head of our line. When we got near the royal yacht, ship was lined and we fell in on the after turret to cheer the King. That was grand! To see the stately ships steam by and hear their ship's companies cheering for their King!

"Then we went below and shifted into flannels and put on our overalls and had to get down into the engine-room and boiler-room to be shown round. In the upper part of the boiler-room the temperature was about 110° Fahrenheit, I should think! The rails of the steps were so hot that they blistered my hands. Then the 1st Fleet fought us in a sham fight out in mid-channel, and there was a beastly row when each ship started firing her 12-pounders.

"In the middle of it the 1st Fleet Destroyer flotilla dashed up to within 400 yards, intending to torpedo us, and we fired our 12-pounders as fast as we could load them. The flotilla then turned round and steamed away as fast as they could. I think we were supposed to have beaten them off. At 4 o'clock the battle ended

and our Fleet remained at sea all that night. We arrived at Portland at 8 in the morning, and after breakfast we disembarked and returned to the College by train. I must stop now as it is time for prayers. Fuller details in the leave. Best love from

"Mobilize!" On Saturday the 1st of August, the Captain, standing at the main entrance to the College, opened the fateful telegram which contained only that one momentous word. It had come at last! Our dreams were realized; it was *war*! But—did one of us, I wonder, even dimly imagine the stern and terrible business that war would be?

The news reached me as I was leaning against the balcony of the gymnasium talking to a friend after a bout at the punch-ball. A dishevelled fifth-termer burst through the swing-doors and shouted at the top of his voice: "Mobilize!"

At first all were incredulous. Murmurs of "Only a scare"—"I don't think!" etc., etc., rose on all sides; but, after the messenger had kicked two or three cadets through the door with emphatic injunctions to "get a move on quick"—the rest of us were convinced, and we hurled ourselves out of the building and away to the College.

Masters and officers on motor-bikes and "push"-bikes were careering over the surrounding country to recall the cadets who had gone out on leave, and to commandeer every kind of vehicle capable of carrying the big sea-chests down to the river.

In gun-room and dormitory clothes, books, and boots were thrown pell-mell into these same chests, which, when crammed to their utmost capacity, were closed with a series of bangs which rang out like the sound of pistol-shots. Perspiring cadets, with uniform thrown on anyhow, dragged and pushed them through doors and passages with sublime disregard of the damage to both.

For two hours the work of transportation went on, and then all cadets turned to and strapped together such games, gear, and books as were to be sent home.

At 5.30 every one fell in on the quarter-deck, and as each re-

ceived his pay went off to the mess-room to get something to eat before setting out on the train journey. After this we all repaired to the gunner's office to telegraph to our homes that we were ordered away on active service. My wire was as follows: "General mobilization. Embarked H. M. S. '—,' Chatham. Will write at once"—and when received was a terrible shock to my poor mother, who had not had the faintest idea that we "first-termers" would in any eventuality be sent to sea.

Thus it was that, three weeks before my fifteenth birthday, I went to war!

Hastily we scrambled aboard, in the excitement of the moment nearly forgetting to salute the quarter-deck. Fortunately all recollected that ceremony in time with the exception only of one, who was promptly dropped on by the Commander—much to his confusion and dismay.

In obedience to the order of the cadet captain in charge we "fell in" on the quarter-deck while the Commander went below to report to the Captain. As we were awaiting further instructions the first Lieutenant, who was also the Torpedo Lieutenant (commonly known in naval slang as "Torps"), came up and spoke to us. He told us he would probably have to look after us, and said he hoped we should like the life on board. We all thought he seemed to be a very nice officer—an opinion we found no occasion to change, and we were all sincerely sorry when, three months later, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Commander then reappeared and told us to go down to the Captain's cabin. We ran down the gangway he had just come up, and our cadet captain knocked at the door of the after cabin. A voice said, "Come in"—and Carey entered, leaving us standing outside. In a few seconds he returned and beckoned to us to follow him. We did so, and came to "attention" facing the Captain, who was seated at a knee-hole writing-desk.

He eyed us keenly until we were all assembled, and then, leaning forward toward us, he rapped sharply on his desk with a ruler, and said in a deep bass voice:

"Young gentlemen, it is war-time, and you have been sent to sea as officers in His Majesty's Navy!"

He then continued, so far as I can remember, to express the hope that we might worthily uphold the traditions of a great service. Further he informed us that all our letters would be strictly censored; that our relatives and friends would only be able to write to us "Care of the General Post Office, London"; and that on no account must we write them one single word indicative of the whereabouts or work of the ship; for, under the Official Secrets Act, any infringement of this rule rendered us liable in the words of the Articles of War to "Death—or some such other punishment hereinafter mentioned!" . . .

. . . We went away feeling very small and rather crestfallen, and I am afraid we thought our new Captain rather unnecessarily stern and severe, though it was not long before we recognized the absolute necessity for such restrictions. It must be remembered that at that time we were only raw, inexperienced boys and most of us barely fifteen years old. Later on, when we had worked under Captain ——'s command—above all, when we came to know of the letters he, in spite of his many and onerous duties, had found time to write to our mothers—letters so kindly in their sympathy and understanding, so generous in their recognition of our efforts to do our duty—we appraised him at his true worth; and when he, together with so many of our ship's company, gave up his life for England in that disaster in which our ship was lost, those of us who survived mourned the loss of a true friend, and carry in our hearts for all time the honored memory of "a very gallant gentleman." . . .

One afternoon we took on board a detachment of 800 marines with their equipment, and shortly afterward weighed anchor and steamed out of Ostend roads.

When we went to night-defense stations at 8 o'clock that night there were marines all over the place—sleeping on the deck and in the battery and, in fact, anywhere there was room to lie down. We came across two sergeants who had been drill-instructors at Os-

borne College when we were there, and had a yarn with them over old times.

About 9 o'clock rapid firing was heard on our starboard bow.

I was then stationed at my search-light on the port side just abaft the bridge, and I ran up the short gangway and across to the forward end of the shelter-deck to see what was happening. At first it sounded like big guns over the horizon, and I thought we had run into an action; but when I got on the bridge I saw that it was the flag-ship that had fired and was now turning four points to starboard to give the other ships a clear range. Our helm was now put to port, and we swung off in the wake of the flag-ship.

Then I heard the captain give the order to switch on No. 1 search-light, which was in charge of Cunninghame, our junior cadet. This light was just forward of mine, and I nipped back in a hurry in case mine should switch on. No. 1 failed to pick up the object the flag-ship had fired at—which, by the lights it was showing, should by rights have been a fishing-smack—and his beam was very badly focussed. I knew my beam was all right, as I had tested it when preparing for night defense, and, as I had trained on the lights in question as soon as I had seen them, when the captain ordered me to switch on, my beam revealed the object at once. It proved to be two German destroyers, one showing the lights usually shown by a fishing-smack, the other showing no lights at all! Now the other search-lights quickly focussed on the enemy, and one of our 12-pounders fired two shots in swift succession. A few seconds later I saw two flashes in the beam of the search-lights where the shells struck the water close to their objective, and two white columns of water were flung high into the air. Then came a blinding flash, followed immediately by the sound of an explosion; a blast of hot air, smelling strongly of cordite, caught me unprepared and threw me off my balance. The six-inch gun immediately below me had fired without any warning. I never saw the fall of that shell, although, as soon as I had recovered myself, I watched the enemy ships carefully. Only a minute later one of them fired a torpedo at us. For some way we could follow

the track of bubbles in the gleam of the search-lights—then it passed out of the light, and there came a moment of breathless suspense. Had they got us? No! the brute passed harmlessly between us and the flag-ship.

Then our aftermost six-inch gun fired, but this time I was prepared, and, bracing myself against the blast, watched eagerly for the fall of the shot. It pitched some hundred yards from the torpedo-boats—ricochetted like a stone—hit the second of them right amidships and exploded; and the enemy craft simply vanished from the face of the waters! A jolly lucky shot! The other destroyer evidently thought so anyway, for, extinguishing her lights on the moment, she dashed away at full speed and was lost to sight in the darkness.

Presumably pursuit was useless, for shortly afterward we extinguished our search-lights and proceeded on our way without encountering any more excitement.

The next day, which we spent at sea, was quite uneventful, and on the following evening we entered Spithead.

Here, with the last rays of the setting sun illuminating their pale-gray hulls, lay the whole of the 2d Fleet at anchor off Portsmouth. We had parted company with the two last ships of our division just outside, they having gone on to Portland and Plymouth respectively, and we entered Portsmouth in the wake of the flag-ship, lining ship and dipping our ensign as we passed the old *Victory*, and shortly afterward dropping anchor in the harbor.

That night we disembarked all the marines. . . .

At 2 A. M. one morning we stopped both engines just outside Valetta Harbor; the guard-boat came alongside and gave us instructions to proceed to Port Said, and there, after an uneventful voyage, we duly arrived three days later. . . .

. . . In the evening we weighed anchor and, taking on a pilot, proceeded through the Canal. Great expanses of open water, broken occasionally by long sand-spits, stretched away on either side. The banks of the Canal are raised some six feet above the

water-level and are about twenty feet wide. On our starboard, or the Egyptian side, ran a caravan road overshadowed by plane and palm trees, and we saw several camels being driven along by Arabs in picturesque flowing garments. Presently the sun dipped below the horizon and turned the wide expanse of water to the color of blood. Gradually this faded away and slowly disappeared, and only a beautiful rosy glow was left in the sky above us.

. . . At this time we had taken to sleeping on deck because of the heat, and in the middle of that night I woke up just as we were passing three Indian troop-ships which were tied up to the eastern bank of the Canal.

A gorgeous full moon was shining down on the desert, silvering the sand, and making everything almost as clear as in daylight. There was no sound to break the silence save the gentle lippety-lap of our wash against the banks. I got up and leaned over the shelter-deck watching the desert as we slipped by. I used to imagine somehow that the desert was flat, but of course it isn't!

Every now and then we would pass a tall palm-tree showing up in deep relief against the rolling sand-hills, and sometimes a sleeping Arab and his camel. Presently we passed into the Bitter Lakes, when all around us stretched placid water, the channel being marked out with red and green lights dwindling away in dim perspective to the horizon. Toward dawn a little chill, sighing breeze sprang up, and I returned to my slumbers.

Next morning, as we drew near Suez, the view was glorious. Mile on mile of billowing sand, golden now in the fierce rays of the sun, stretched away on either side, the banks being clothed with sparse vegetation.

. . . That evening found us far down the Gulf of Suez and Mount Sinai appeared on our star-board beam. Next day we were in the Red Sea, where we found it appallingly hot. Every morning we used to bathe in a canvas bath which was rigged up on the quarter-deck and filled with sea-water. We had our first experience of that most objectionable thing, "prickly heat," here, and did not like it at all!

We were up early next morning for our first good look at Aden. What an arid place! Great mountains tower above the town to a height of several thousand feet. Not a leaf, not a tree to be seen, no scrap of vegetation, no glimpse of green save only a small patch of some kind of grass, just opposite the landing-stage. Truly the place is suitably immortalized in the name of the famous pipe-tune, "The Barren Rocks of Aden!"

. . . That afternoon we weighed anchor and sailed for Bombay, arrived there about a week later, and dropped anchor in the early morning while it was still dark; and coaling by native labor began again at once.

Daylight revealed a huge convoy of over sixty ships assembled in the harbor and shepherded by one of our battleships.

In the afternoon native merchants came aboard bringing deck-chairs, mosquito-nets, and other less useful things for sale. By the advice of the surgeons we all supplied ourselves with mosquito-nets, and many of us also bought deck-chairs and mats.

That evening the whole of the convoy mentioned above got under way, and we, together with H. M. S. "—," formed their escort. After a voyage of little more than a week we sighted H. M. S. "—," who took our place, while we, separating from the main body, took half the convoy down toward Tanga. One of the troop-ships was very slow and could only do about seven and a half knots, which delayed the convoy a lot.

Now we learned that we were under orders to destroy all the shipping in the harbor of Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, which lies about twenty miles south of Zanzibar. It appeared that the Huns in that port had been surreptitiously supplying food, etc., to the crew of the *Koenigsberg*, that German raider which had been safely bottled up in the Rufigi river some weeks previously, and it was designed to cut their claws by disabling such merchant shipping as they possessed.

That evening we dropped anchor in Zanzibar, and started coaling by native labor. Here we saw the masts of H. M. S. *Pegasus* sticking up forlornly out of the water half a mile on our port bow.

They were very much battered and smashed, for she had been sunk by the Koenigsberg in September.

Early next morning we weighed anchor, and proceeded out of the harbor in company with H. M. S. "——."

At 8 A. M. we sighted Dar-es-Salaam, and all hands went to general quarters. Half an hour later we dropped anchor in the roads outside Dar-es-Salaam, and when all the guns were cleared away, and ready for instant action, we were allowed to go on deck for a few minutes.

The town, with the Governor's house, a handsome building, standing out prominently on the foreshore, looked very peaceful and harmless in the brilliant tropical sunshine. It was rather an awful thought that we might have to shatter and destroy those quiet-looking houses in which lived women and—worst of all—children. War is a ghastly thing, and it seems so wantonly stupid.

A large white flag was hoisted at our foremast. We meant to play a square game anyway, and give them a fair chance. Then we signalled to the Governor of the town to come on board and receive our ultimatum.

The said ultimatum was as follows:

If our boats were allowed to go unmolested into the harbor, there to destroy the shipping in accordance with our orders, we would not bombard the town. But—in the event of hostile action against our expedition we should open fire on the town without further warning. . . . In about ten minutes the officer in charge of one of the batteries telephoned through to us that rapid firing had broken out from the shore, although the Germans were still flying the white flag!

. . . Almost immediately the order came through from the control position: "Range 4,500, deflection 3 left—both turrets load with common object—the Governor's house"—followed quickly by "Commence!" The A. P. who worked the turret telephone gave the order: "Stand by—Fire!" And about one minute later we heard from the battery that the Governor's house had been hit and totally destroyed! Jolly good shot! Hurrah!

Now all guns which could be brought to bear on the town were firing rapidly.

. . . The bombardment continued the whole afternoon. Down in the Fore T. S. the heat was stifling—we were all stripped to the waist and streaming with perspiration.

. . . Shortly afterward the "Cease Fire" sounded, and, hastily changing, we ran up on deck to see what damage had been done.

. . . At 2 next morning we anchored in Zanzibar Harbor, and the wounded were transferred to the hospital.

By this time we had learned what had taken place while our boats were in the enemy's harbor. They had no sooner entered the mouth than, despite the white flags, a heavy fire broke out from the shore. Nevertheless, gallantly proceeding with their duty, they had managed to destroy two ships, and had then run alongside a large hospital-ship. Three of our officers, accompanied by the demolition party, had hardly boarded her before three Maxims were unmasked on her deck, opening a murderous fire on the boat, which was forced to retire.

One of our party—the surgeon—managed to fight his way back to the gangway, and, leaping into a small boat alongside, presented his revolver at the heads of two natives who were in it, and ordered them to row him back to the pinnacle. They had only pulled a few strokes when the surgeon was hit in the head and fell down in the bottom of the boat, apparently dead. The natives at once turned the boat round and in terror of their lives rowed back to the treacherous hospital-ship.

The pinnacle was then forced to abandon all hope of recovering the prisoners, and with much difficulty fought her way out of the harbor and back to the ships.

For his gallantry on this occasion our Commander eventually received the V. C. The cockswain was awarded the C. G. M., and the lieutenant in command of the tug, who was also wounded, received the D. S. C.

During the voyage up the coast, the Admiral had us all in turn to breakfast with him. This was a great treat to us, for not only

was Vice-Admiral — a most kindly and genial host, but the fare at his table, though not, perhaps, luxurious according to shore and peace standards, was a vast improvement on the bully-beef, liquefied margarine, and very nasty bread, which was all that was to be had in the gun-room. Perhaps this sounds rather greedy, but it is really extraordinary how awfully important quite ordinarily nice food becomes when it is no longer an every-day matter of course!

Crash! Bang!—Cr-r-r-ash! I woke with a start, and sitting up in my hammock gazed around to see what had so suddenly roused me. Some of the midshipmen were already standing on the deck in their pajamas—others, like me, were sitting up half dazed with sleep. A party of ship's boys crowded up the ladder from the gun-room flat, followed by three officers; one of these, a sublieutenant R. N. R., called out: "Keep calm, and you'll all be saved."

. . . Gradually a crowd gathered along the port side. "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" they yelled; but, as the ship listed more and more, and there was no sign or sound of any approaching vessel, the men's voices seemed to get a bit hopeless. The Commander was urging on a gang who were trying to get some heavy timber overboard; but, as we listed further and further over, they found it impossible to get it up on the port side and couldn't get round to starboard, as the capstan and the Captain's hatch and skylight were in the way. At last they gave it up, and going to the side joined their voices to those of the crew, who were trying to attract the attention of any vessel that might be in the vicinity.

Inside the ship everything which was not secured was sliding about and bringing up against the bulkheads with a series of crashes. Crockery was smashing—boats falling out of their crutches—broken funnel-guys swinging against the funnel casings. She had heeled over to about twenty degrees, then she stopped and remained steady for a few seconds. In the momentary lull the voice of one of our officers rang out steady and clear as at "divisions": "Keep calm, men. Be British!"

Then the ship started to heel rapidly again, and I felt sure there was no chance of saving her. I turned to jump overboard. The Commander, who was standing a few paces away on my right, went over a second before me. Raising my arms above my head, I sprang well out board and dived. Just before I struck the water my face hit the side of the ship. It was a horrid feeling sliding on my face down the slimy side, and a second later I splashed in with tremendous force, having dived about thirty feet.

Just as I was rising to the surface again a heavy body came down on top of me. I fought clear and rose rather breathless and bruised. I swam about fifty yards away, to get clear of the suction when the ship went down; then, turning round and treading water, I watched her last moments. The noise of crashing furniture and smashing crockery was continued. Slowly her stern lifted until it was dimly outlined against the deep midnight sky. Slowly her bows slid further and further under until, with a final lurch, she turned completely over and disappeared bottom upward in a mass of bubbles.

She had been our home for nearly ten months—she was gone—vanished in less than four minutes.

. . . When I had been in the water for about twenty minutes I looked up and saw what I thought to be a boat. I shouted out, "Boat ahoy!"—and, turning on my side, swam for some time a fast side-stroke. When at last I rested and looked for the imagined boat, which ought to have been quite near by now, I discovered that I had somehow misfocussed the *Cornwallis*, and so come to imagine she was a small steamboat quite close instead of a battleship a mile and a half away. However, I felt quite confident of reaching her if only I persevered, so I continued to swim a slow side-stroke. Soon after this my pajama jacket came undone, and I took it off as it hindered me.

. . . About a quarter of a mile behind me, and slightly up-stream, I saw another ship with all her search-lights going and I determined to try and reach her. I swam toward her, and presently saw two steamboats push off from her bow and make off up-stream

for the scene of the disaster, but they were too far off to hail. Five minutes later I heard the welcome splash of oars and, looking to my left, saw a cutter approaching with a man in the bows sweeping the surrounding water with a hand-lantern. I yelled out, "Boat ahoy!" and back came the cheering answer: "All right, we're coming. Hang on!"

A minute later the lantern flashed in my face, a pair of strong arms grasped me by the shoulders and hauled me clear of the water.

I must have fainted then, for I remember nothing more until I became dimly conscious as in a dream that I was in the stern-sheets of a boat lying alongside some other vessel. A man's voice said, "Here's a midshipman, sir," and next moment I was picked up and set down on the deck.

Barely conscious as yet of my surroundings, I was taken into a sort of cabin, where I was given some neat rum. It was very fiery and nearly choked me, but it bucked me up a bit all the same. Then I was conducted down to the boiler-room, where some one stripped off my pajama trousers (my one remaining garment), and I sat down on a locker before the furnace and soon got a degree of warmth back into my body.

Presently I heard the voice of one of our Lieutenants speaking up above, and called out to him to know how he'd come off. Then I was helped up the gangway again and into a small sort of saloon in the stern. Here I was given some more rum, a very large sweater, and a pair of blue serge trousers belonging to one of the crew, and when I had put them on I lay down in a bunk and immediately fell asleep. About an hour later I woke up and found the saloon full of officers and men.

The Lieutenant to whom I had spoken in the boiler-room was sitting at the table. He was dressed in a jersey and a seaman's duck trousers. Two other survivors, a marine and an armorer, were also at the table, and across the saloon in the bunk opposite mine lay a gunner's mate. I asked the Lieutenant what time our ship was struck. He said his watch had stopped at 1.29 A. M.,

when he jumped into the sea, and so he presumed we were torpedoed at about 1.27, as the ship only took three and a half minutes to go down. She had been struck on the starboard side by three torpedoes fired from a Turkish torpedo-boat, which had drifted down the straits keeping close inshore, and thus eluded our destroyer patrol. To give the enemy his due, it was a jolly smart piece of work.

. . . One of the *Lord Nelson's* middies kindly lent me some old uniform, and after I had dressed I made a parcel of the clothes I had been lent on the trawler and took them to the ship's corporal, and asked him to see that they were returned to their owner.

I remembered, with an odd sense of unreality, that the last time I had been in the *Lord Nelson* was at the manoeuvres the previous July!

. . . However, my discontent was short-lived, for I soon found that, after all, my luck was "in." That afternoon I was leaning over the stanchions looking at the shipping in the harbor, and wondering what fate might have in store for me, when the Lieutenant-Commander of the T. B.'s¹ and the Captain of the *Fauvette* came along the deck and stopped close to where I was standing, and I heard the former say that he intended—if he could get the Admiral's permission—to take one of the rescued midshipmen to act as second in command of his torpedo-boat. I pricked up my ears at that, and a few minutes later, when Captain — had gone below, I summoned up all my courage (call it cheek, if you like), and, regardless of the snub I was undoubtedly asking for, I went boldly up to the Lieutenant-Commander and told him I had overheard what he had said, and asked him if he would not take me if he could, as I was most awfully keen to serve on a T. B.

He was frightfully kind, and did not seem a bit annoyed or surprised, nor did he hand me the snubbing I had invited; but he explained that, although at the moment the job I coveted was pleasant enough and not too strenuous, it was likely to be a very

¹Torpedo boats.

stiff service later on, and he asked if I really felt I should be equal to it.

Next morning Lieutenant-Commander — came aboard again, and to my intense delight told me I was duly appointed to his T. B. and could join that afternoon! Further, he invited me there and then to go off with him and have a look round the boat. I found it a very different proposition to the big ship to which I had been accustomed. To begin with, there was only one tiny cabin, called by courtesy the ward-room, in which we would live and eat and sleep, and my new skipper warned me that when we were at sea it would often be three feet deep in water. However, I felt it would require much more water than that to damp my ardor for this new and exciting work.

Then he gave me a brief explanation of the duty on which the T. B.'s were then engaged. That night, he said, we would in all probability go out on patrol duty, just outside the boom until relieved at 6 the next morning. Then we might proceed to sea and patrol the waters surrounding the island of Lemnos. Doubtless we should anchor in some small bay for the night, and early next morning return to harbor, when we should have a day off, and so on and so forth.

. . . That night I slept on one of the settees which served the single cabin for seats and lockers by day as well as for bunks by night, and early the next morning we put to sea on patrol duty, carrying a crew of sixteen in addition to the Commander and myself.

. . . No particular incident occurred during our patrol, and the next morning, after being relieved by another T. B., we proceeded for duty off the island.

My enjoyment of the three weeks I spent in this service was due in no little measure to the personal charm of my skipper, who was not only the most considerate and tactful officer to serve under, but a most charming and interesting companion. The work was mainly routine on the lines indicated above, and although there was plenty of variety, and at times no little excitement, to enlarge further on our doings would be waste of pen and ink, as any

more detailed account would *probably be* "omitted by order of the censor"!

It had not occurred to me that those august, and occasionally paternally minded, powers who preside over the sailorman's earthly destiny, would think it necessary to send me home on leave. "Leave" had long since been relegated in my mind to that dim and distant future "after the War." Doubtless the said powers in their wisdom realized—as at that time I certainly did not—the inevitable strain following on my narrow escape from the sinking ship.

It was, however, with some surprise and much regret that I heard from the Commander on the 1st of June, that he had been ordered to send me at once to the auxiliary cruiser *Carmania*, on which ship I was to proceed to England.

Very reluctantly I took leave of the T. B. and her genial Commander, and went on board the armed liner, where I found most of the survivors from my old ship. Alas! they were tragically few, for out of a ship's company of 760 only 160 men and 20 officers had been saved.

. . . Our voyage home was uneventful. Now that there was no duty to be performed I think most of us began to feel a bit slack, but our spirits rose as they turned homeward. We had not seen our people for nearly thirteen months, and the necessarily strict censorship of all our letters had of course increased the sense of separation.

On June 12 we arrived at Devonport, and our Commander went ashore and shortly afterward returned with the welcome information that we had all been granted a fortnight's leave.

Leave! Cheero-o! We wasted no time in getting ashore, and I at once wired to my mother that I had arrived, and was going straight to London to the house of some cousins who had offered me hospitality whenever I might need it, and that I would there await instructions as I did not know where she might be. A fast train landed us at Paddington about 5 o'clock, and I took a taxi to S— Place.

THE HOME-COMING DESCRIBED BY MOTHER

The Admiralty had informed me that he had sailed for England on the 2d, and I knew he would go to London according to instruction, so I was able to be there to meet him.

I had not seen him since he left for Dartmouth, nearly fourteen months before. Then he was a round-faced, rosy boy. . . .

Up the steps, dragging a seaman's canvas kit-bag, came a tall, thin figure, white of face, drawn, haggard—incredibly old. I had not quite realized this. For a second my heart stood still—Where was my boy?

Then he saw me waiting in the hall, and his face lighted with half-incredulous, joyous wonder: "Mother! You here!"

.
My boy was gone forever—but my son had come home.

THE WILLIAM P. FRYE¹

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

The *William P. Frye* was an American sailing vessel that sailed from Seattle with a cargo of wheat bound for an English port. On January 28, 1915, she was sunk in the South Atlantic by a German commerce raider whose commander claimed that her cargo was contraband of war.

I saw her first abreast the Boston Light
At anchor; she had just come in, turned head,
And sent her hawsers creaking, clattering down.
I was so near to where the hawse-pipes fed
The cable out from her careening bow,
I moved up on the swell, shut steam and lay
Hove to in my old launch to look at her.
She'd come in light, a-skimming up the Bay
Like a white ghost with topsails bellying full;

¹ From "Wild Apples." Copyright by Sherman French & Co. Used by permission.

And all her noble lines from bow to stern
Made music in the wind; it seemed she rode
The morning air like those thin clouds that turn
Into tall ships when sunrise lifts the clouds
From calm sea-courses.

There, in smoke-smudged coats,
Lay funnelled liners, dirty fishing-craft,
Blunt cargo-luggers, tugs, and ferry-boats.
Oh, it was good in that black-scuttled lot
To see the *FRYE* come lording on her way
Like some old queen that we had half forgot
Come to her own. A little up the Bay
The Fort lay green, for it was springtime then;
The wind was fresh, rich with the spicy bloom
Of the New England coast that tardily
Escapes, late April, from an icy tomb.
The State-house glittered on old Beacon Hill,
Gold in the sun. . . . 'Twas all so fair awhile;
But she was fairest—this great square-rigged ship
That had blown in from some far happy isle
On from the shores of the Hesperides.

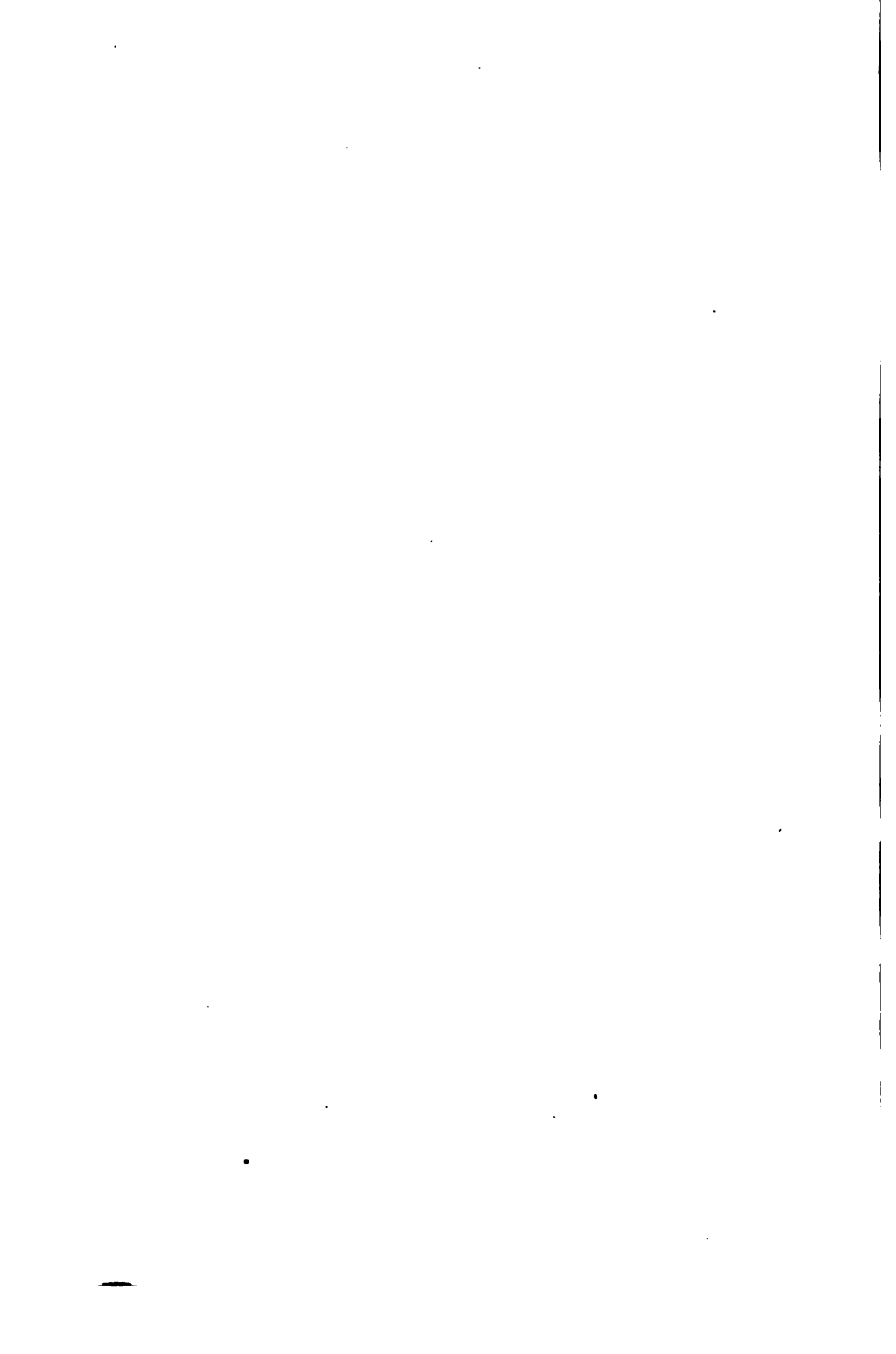
They caught her in a South Atlantic road
Becalmed, and found her hold brimmed up with wheat;
"Wheat's contraband," they said, and blew her hull
To pieces, murdered one of our staunch fleet,
Fast dwindling, of the big old sailing ships
That carry trade for us on the high sea
And warped out of each harbor in the States.
It wasn't law, so it seems strange to me—
A big mistake. Her keel's struck bottom now
And her four masts sunk fathoms, fathoms deep
To Davy Jones. The dank seaweed will root
On her oozed decks, and the cross-surges sweep

U. S. NAVY



**"Here he is, Sir."
We need him and you too!
Navy Recruiting Station**

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.



Through the set sails; but never, never more
Her crew will stand away to brace and trim
Nor sea-blown petrels meet her thrashing up
To windward on the Gulf Stream's stormy rim;
Never again she'll head a no'theast gale
Or like a spirit loom up, sliding dumb,
And ride in safe beyond the Boston Light,
To make the harbor glad because she's come.

TORPEDOED ¹

ALBERT KINROSS

I

The first torpedo struck us at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning. I was down below in the saloon with E. We had both kept a boat-watch during the night and were the last officers to come to breakfast.

The saloon was a fine, large place, with lots of glass and tables and white-jacketed stewards. Above, on the decks, the men and most of the officers had fallen in at dawn and were to remain alert during our passage through the danger zone. A couple of Japanese destroyers, one to port and one to starboard, formed our escort. Our course was a series of zigzags at fourteen knots per hour by day and rather more at night.

E. and I ate our bacon and eggs and drank our coffee. The steward waiting on us was a clean-shaven little fellow who looked much like a low comedian. When the torpedo struck, there was no mistaking it for anything else. E. and I laughed, as much as to say: "Here she is!" Then I put on my cork belt, asked myself whether any part of me had suffered in the explosion, and received a confident answer, and next I leaped up the three flights of stairs that led to the liner's deck and my own boat-station.

¹ From *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1917. Copyright, by The Atlantic Monthly Co. Used by permission.

E. raced with me. I have never seen him since. He had a lovable habit of mothering people. I dare say it cost him his life. There is something specially tragical about this officer's disappearance. He was the last of three brothers. Two had died gallantly in France, and so that one of her boys might be spared to the bereaved mother, E. had been taken out of the trenches and given a "safe" job at the base; yet even so the Fates had followed him!

The stewards and cooks raced with us too. There was something theatrical and cinema-ish about that picture—so many white jackets and blue uniform trousers and white overalls.

All this time—it might have been a couple of minutes—the greater part of me was so active that I have no recollection of any instant devoted to fear. Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightedly enjoying itself. I will try to explain why.

Firstly, the torpedo had come, and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction—I call the last effort a fraction—during this war; and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Saloniki to port, or from Europe to Saloniki, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

Secondly and chiefly, the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal. In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it. "Such things are done at the 'pictures' or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life." I was arguing something like that, very swiftly no doubt, very subconsciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us, on a great liner, cosey as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives, with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently.

As one rushed up-stairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday—two brand-new pairs of boots, one's field-glasses, some money—they seemed now so utterly of no account. Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion.

I had filled my boat as full as it would go. All was ready. I stepped on board and gave the signal. Then slowly we descended. Above our heads one of the ship's officers was seeing to it that we went down all right. Immediately below us was another boat. It pushed off at last, and now we were free to hit the water. Before we pushed off I took on five of the crew who had helped to lower us. They swarmed down the ropes and reached us safely. Then I refused to take anybody else and we got the oars out and rowed away. Only then did I notice that the ship had stopped dead. She looked perfectly steady, like a ship anchored.

On leaving her I had thought of the two other officers who should have been with me, and of the long rows of men I had seen drawn up on the decks. A moment I had hesitated, feeling very like a rat, but it was my duty to leave them and I had no choice. Three more boats were waiting to follow mine. I pointed this out to the men I had to leave behind. And still I felt rather like a rat. Now, with a fuller knowledge, I am glad I went.

I was the only officer in our boat. All my fifty companions were

"other ranks" or else members of the crew. Straightway I took command. It seemed a relief to the men, and it was certainly a relief to me. I heard shouts of "Listen to the officer," and all those fifty pair of eyes I knew would judge me, and if I were worthy, trust me. I had no cap, but I had my tunic and its rank badges for all to see.

Within me I knew that I was an absolute novice, as green as the green waters on which we now moved and had our being. "Row away from the ship," was my first order. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already floating on the water. They had put a safe distance between themselves and the ship, and I thought it right to do the same. One had heard stories about "suction": how a sinking vessel draws down other craft with it. So away we rowed, very crowded and jammed together. When we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I turned to our professional sailors. Two were young negroes; the other three were white; but all five seemed to know little more than I. They were probably stokers or kitchen-hands. In any case, I speedily realized that they could help me very little and that I must rely on my own judgment.

So we floated, one of many little units, on those waters; and for a long time we were kept passionately interested by what we saw. Speaking for myself, I have never lived through moments so tense, so big, so charged with all extremes and textures of emotion.

The big ship—she was near to 15,000 tons—stood like an island, and as if she could stand forever. While one of our destroyers went away on an unknown quest, the other drew alongside. We saw the little khaki figures swarm into her, and, to be frank, we envied them. Then the destroyer manœuvred, and there was a flash and an explosion. A second torpedo had struck and the Japanese commander had just dodged it. We now saw that his mast was broken and his wireless installation was sagging. But still the great ship stood there like an island. "She's beached!" shouted some one; and for quite a while there were many of us who felt that was likely.

Our next diversion came from the destroyer. Some one on board was signalling us to get out of the way, and some one else on board was firing the forward gun straight past us. We were in the line of fire and an obstruction. And so we rowed away from there, getting clear. Five or six shells were fired. We heard later that the target was a sailing-boat which the submarine had used to screen her periscope. Personally, I saw nothing of sailing-boat, submarine, or periscope.

I imagine that I must have been uncommonly busy. The sea was now nursing a little fleet of boats and rafts, and some of my own men wanted comforting. One flash of the Comic Spirit cheered us all. He was a fat, baldheaded soldier on a raft, probably a quartermaster-sergeant. He sprawled at his ease, lying face to the sun, just like a man on a holiday. A pipe stuck in that calm and florid face would have perfected the picture. I hope his sublime coolness has been rewarded.

A similar raft, quite empty, floated by, and it is with a twinge of shame that I admit that I would gladly have swum to it. We were overcrowded, some of us had to be suppressed, and one or two of us were terrified. As an officer I was doing my duty, but as an individual I was not altogether happy! I envied the leisure, the spacious ease, the care-free dignity of that fat man with a whole raft to himself.

That moment passed, as did many another. I remember especially seeing another boat with only five men on board, four rowing gayly past us, the fifth baling. It seemed to us a horrible injustice, and several of my men said so aloud. I negatived the proposition, however, that we should get alongside and in part transfer. We seemed all right, and it struck me as best to leave well enough alone.

There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as if anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropped, her stern lifted, and next she slid to the bottom like a diver. It was as though a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her,

open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was a something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. From somewhere in the middle of her bled a great puff of smoke, and I noticed that her deck as she stood on end, one half of her submerged, was bare and naked. It might have been a ballroom floor. We said nothing, but it was evident that most of us felt and thought alike. We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant, and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixed our attention. What kind of people lived there, and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, apparently a tug, was evidently the forerunner of rescue. . . .

II

So far, absorbed by the larger drama of those hours, I have hardly done justice to our own personal worries and hesitations. To begin with, either our boat leaked, or we had omitted to replace the plug which is part of a boat's equipment and the absence or presence of which regulates the escape of rain-water from a boat as it hangs on its davits. We leaked, and a rising sea added to this danger; for, besides taking in water from below, the big waves, when we met them broadside on, drenched us and filled us still more. To remedy this latter evil, and after discovering also that we were rudderless, I constituted myself coxswain of the boat. I stood up and shouted, "right," or "left," as the case might be, and the men pulled bravely. Thus, by using our oars—and though we lost one or two there were always sufficient—we were able to keep our boat head on to the waves and rise or sink with them instead of meeting them sideways.

The leakage from below, however, was a far more serious matter. At first we tried to hold our own with an iron bucket which we had

found aboard. This helped matters, but still the water was gaining on us. We sat in it and watched it climbing. Then one of the men bailing dropped the bucket over the side. It was gone. I called him a particular kind of fool, in which opinion he certainly concurred; and then a happy inspiration caused me to remember a couple of fresh-water casks and a couple of hatchets that I had noticed in the boat during my second watch at daybreak. We fished for the casks and found one, and we fished some more and found a hatchet. We stove in the cask, emptied it, and began to bale. Then I had the luck to discover the second cask, and soon we had both going as hard as willing arms could fill them and throw the water back into the sea.

I shall never forget the sigh of relief that went up from most of us as gradually we obtained the mastery over that relentless foe. From our waist-line, the water sank little by little to below our knee; and I thanked God for it. We felt safe again. Now there were only two things to bear in mind; firstly, we must keep her head on to the waves, and, secondly, we must keep on baling.

During this critical period I made a closer acquaintance with my comrades. I had never seen any of them before, so I did not know their names or anything about them. Mentally, I described the more marked characters to myself, and even went the length of inventing nicknames. There was the Pop-Eye Man, for instance. He was a sailor or, rather, a member of the crew. He was so terrified that he shouted wild things at us and his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. What he yelled I neither knew nor cared. He made me realize that there are such things as cowards, and once or twice I caught myself wondering what it was that made him so afraid of death, so tenacious of life. Was it wife, children, or beer that so unmanned him? He had a beery look and rather a brutal, bullying manner. He is saved and is now probably lying hard about his confounded heroism. That type usually does.

Then there was the Cocoanut-Shy Man. At village and other English festivals there are men who keep up a continual shouting

in a hoarse and blatant voice. They must have lungs of brass, and as often as not they are attached to a cocoanut-shy outfit. I had one such man on board. He was probably shouting to keep his own courage up as much as ours.

"Three more strokes to the shore, boys!" he yelled. "Three more strokes! Now all together!" And so on; and so on. He had a voice like a bull and made the welkin ring with encouragement and exhortation. Of course, not three nor three thousand strokes would have taken us to the shore. The sea, the wind, and our own dead weight were all against us. But still the Cocoanut-Shy Man, whether it was rowing or baling, worked like a man and encouraged others to work, and was a good fellow.

There was the Man-Who-Nodded. He was a sailor in the stern. I faced him, and whenever I ordered the boat's head to be kept on to the waves, he nodded approval and seemed satisfied.

Other figures come back to me, other faces. One poor Tommy broke a tragic silence by crossing over to me and, all tremulous, confessing: "I haven't got my belt, sir." Nor had he. I put him to baling—and bale he did! He was easily our champion.

Beside me all the time was a boy of about eighteen, fresh from home, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He nestled beside me, with large trustful eyes, like a little dog, and whatever I asked him to do he did quickly and implicitly. If I have any touch of vanity it must have been tickled by that dear lad's faith in me.

There were two negroes—stokers, I believe—in the boat. They sat quite still, moving neither hand nor foot, a picture of resignation. Their passive silence was monumental. A fair young fellow, probably a shop assistant before the war and, I believe, a corporal or sergeant in the Army Service Corps, worked well and always with intelligence and coolness. And there was a plucky middle-aged man in the stern, who simply oozed calmness and confidence, though he once had me puzzled by telling me that the rudder was there and working as it should do. He admitted later that he had said this to cheer up the waverers.

The sea now, or at about this period held five good hopes for us. There were the two original Japanese destroyers, one Italian destroyer that was picking people up, and two Italian tug-boats. The submarine seemed to have finished for the day. My men, even earlier, had in part seemed to think that we were the only people who mattered. They had waved and yelled, and they had let off flares. These flares were to me a mystery and rather a source of laughter. Probably they formed part of our boat's furniture, but in broad daylight they could be of no real use and it was like setting fireworks off at midday. I had advocated patience and suggested that lots of people were far worse off than we were, which was indeed the case.

Now, although there were five authentic steamboats going and coming on the waters, the whole area in sight seemed so enormous and everything human on it so small, that I felt that help would take some time in getting to us. As a matter of fact, we survivors must have flecked a good many square miles of that vast carpet. We were a thin sprinkling, and we covered a considerable area. Hence it was largely a matter of luck who came first and last. And so I was content to wait our turn.

It came at length in the shape of a Japanese destroyer. She was taking in a boat-load of survivors not fifty yards from us. And so, with hearts considerably lighter, we pulled toward her. We were on the wrong side at first, and wind and sea would have made our rescue from that quarter dangerous. But speedily we turned and came round her; she threw us a line which we caught and clung to; then came a rope, and our main adventure was over.

The first man to get aboard was the poor devil without a life-belt. He did not wait to be asked. Then all my men scrambled up the shallow side of the destroyer, helped by the strong brown arms of square-built little sailormen. Those Japs were all helpfulness and smiles of welcome. One or two of my own men paused to say, "Thank you, sir," before they left. It was nice of them, but I did not feel that they owed many thanks to me. I was the

last to quit our boat, and we left it drifting. God only knows where it is to-day. It was Number 13; and in Italy, where we landed, 13 is a lucky number.

THE SOLDIER¹

RUPERT BROOKE

The author of this poem was an officer in the British naval service and died while on duty in the Ægean Sea in April, 1915.

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

¹ From "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke." Copyright, 1915, by John Lane Co. Used by permission.

THE GRAY MAILED FIST¹

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

From all over this wide land to-day boys are travelling toward the coast, to be swallowed up in that great American mystery, the navy.

Where do they go, these boys? What are they doing? How do they live? True, they send home hastily scrawled post-cards, without a postmark, generally consisting of a single line, such as "The eats are fine on this ship"; or "Last night I fell out of my hammock twice. Gee, the deck was hard!"

On such crusts must the home people live. For the boy has entered on a new life. Always inarticulate, he is more so now than ever. He is getting impressions, not giving them. He is struggling with discipline, form, order. He is learning a new tongue, the language of the sea; but he cannot yet speak it.

A certain large percentage of these boys is sent to the great Atlantic Fleet. The fleet takes them—raw, unseaworthy boys who have sailed the high seas only in a pirate bark on some inland pond; boys who have travelled round the world only in the public library; big boys and lesser boys; sunburnt boys and pale boys; freckled boys, farmer boys and college boys. The fleet takes them and makes them into men.

Through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy I have recently been permitted to spend a few days with the Atlantic Fleet. Out of that unusual experience have come many impressions; much information of varied and chaotic sorts; and some sturdy convictions, which are that this country has put her affairs on the high seas into fine and capable hands, that the ancient pride of our seagoing ancestors may still survive in us, and that a boy who joins the navy is doing not only a fine thing for his country but a splendid thing for himself.

¹ From *Saturday Evening Post*, June 23, 1917. Copyright, by Curtis Publishing Co. Used by permission.

TWO HOOKS AND A DITTY-BOX

Quite suddenly, in our coast cities, we begin to see, in groups and alone, boys in the round cap and blue uniform of the navy, but without the rolling gait of the sailor. Big boys, with often a bit too much wrist showing below the sleeves of their blouses; fair boys, not yet tanned by the sea; tall boys and thin boys, and very, very young boys—all a trifle self-conscious, but eager and expectant.

All their lives they have done certain things in certain accustomed ways. Now they have turned a corner, started along a new path. They have loved disorder as only a boy can love it; have hated discipline as only a boy can hate it; have worked and played and fought and eaten and slept as only a boy can do all those things. Now they must learn order and discipline, and that strangest thing of all to the American mind—form.

Boys who have lived all over the house at home, who have accumulated such things as boys gather—old bicycles, and the insides of clocks, and scarf-pins, and tattered books, and footballs, and post-cards, and rabbits—these boys now belong to the country; and they possess, for their very own, two hooks on which to swing their hammocks, and a ditty-box approximately one foot by two.

For a home they have now a ship—sometimes a small patrol boat, but for the great majority a floating steel monster, given to strange terms and strange customs, such as order, neatness, politeness, regular hours, early rising and—fighting.

Because of this last, the boy does not mind the rest. He is now a fighting man. Hour after hour, on the deck, he practises on a dummy gun, the white deck well protected lest something slip and scar it. In his leisure he watches over the rail, for there is always a chance of a submarine; or gazes at the signal men, so expertly waving their tiny flags; or eyes with frank envy the ship's gunners. Or, still struggling with the windings of his new path, he sits cross-legged on the deck, one of a circle round a division officer with a book, and learns the A-B-C of his new calling.

The ship is a part of the great Atlantic Fleet.

After all, our navy is not ships. Our navy is men. Ships and guns are but the medium through which they work. And, though I shall come to ships presently, it is the personnel of the navy that stands out most clearly in my mind, whether it be the officers in their unostentatious uniforms, the marines in their dark-blue caps and tunics and their tight light-blue trousers, the Jackies in their little round hats and those odd garments which were designed to climb the rigging that no longer exists; or, down in the depths of the great ships, those other soldiers of the sea, the men in the engine and dynamo rooms and the repair-shops, on whom the ship must depend for her complicated mechanical life.

A battleship containing sixty officers and eleven hundred men is a world in itself, self-sustaining for surprisingly long periods; it is a moving city plus a moving fortress. It is busy in time of peace; in time of war, for all its apparent quiet, its always arduous labors are multiplied a hundredfold.

I had had a sort of hazy idea of going over, say, a dozen or so battleships from stem to stern when I planned my visit. But I decided to begin with the *Pennsylvania*. It is the newest and finest of all our battle fleet, and in these days, when the motor habit has got us all thinking in horse-power, it may mean something to say that its engines are 31,500 h. p.; because it takes some propelling power to move a steel battleship that looks as big as the Waldorf-Astoria through the not too yielding bosom of old ocean.

The French Mission to the United States recently visited the *Pennsylvania*. They were amazed at her size and her armament. But the thing that astonished them, that sent them away open-mouthed, was her cleanliness. Never was so white a deck—and, by the way, that deck is of three-inch teak-wood over steel. Never was such order, such gleaming brass and white paint; for the *Pennsylvania* is an oil-burner, and oil is the cleanest fuel in the world. It is a problem how to dispose of waste-boxes. There are no furnaces to thrust them into. But they are disposed of.

Engine-rooms deep down shone resplendent. I, who have visited

the engine-rooms of many liners and carried away quantities of highly expensive oil distributed on my garments, found them stupefyingly clean. Guns and gun-turrets, galleys, decks, cabins, rails, supply-rooms—all were swept and scrubbed and burnished.

Perhaps this does not appeal to the average citizen. Perhaps he takes the spotlessness and order of a ship that carries eleven hundred men, and feeds them and clothes them and nurses them and teaches them—perhaps he takes the neatness for granted. But I am a woman, and it hurts my pride somewhat to see such efficient housekeeping without a woman about to superintend it.

But here is something that may interest the average citizen: I never saw it being cleaned. More, I never saw even a broom or a duster, or a tea-towel hung out to dry; or a mop or a pail; or a can of brass-polish! Yet I was over that ship from stem to stern and from top to bottom.

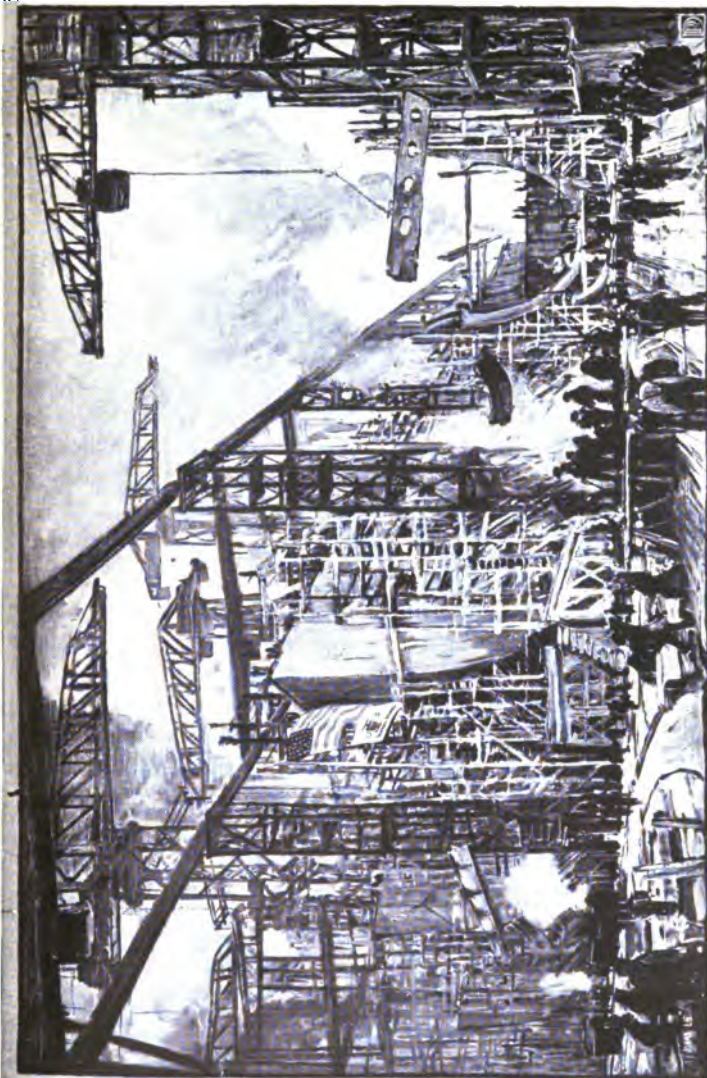
The truth is, of course, that it is all done, Mr. Average Citizen, when you are settling down for two or three hours' more sleep; because the fleet retires early, and gets up when the early milkman on shore is dropping a bottle here and there for the benefit of the automobile-tire makers.

So we may know that our boys who are going to sea for the first time are learning cleanliness and early rising.

At first—because I am a woman, I suppose, and because I know a great deal about boys—I wondered how all this clean bareness and order would affect the new recruits. All those boys, and not a dog about! And no bureau-drawers full of beloved old neckties! And no walls to pin things up on! No cooky-jar! No extra morning nap! And such excruciating personal neatness!

You know the story of the little boy who was going for his music-lesson and washed his right ear because it would be next to the teacher!

Then, after a time, I saw that this new lane, into which the recruit has turned, is the way of a man. He has left boyish things behind him. He has, strangely enough, already forgotten them. His mind is on guns and fighting.

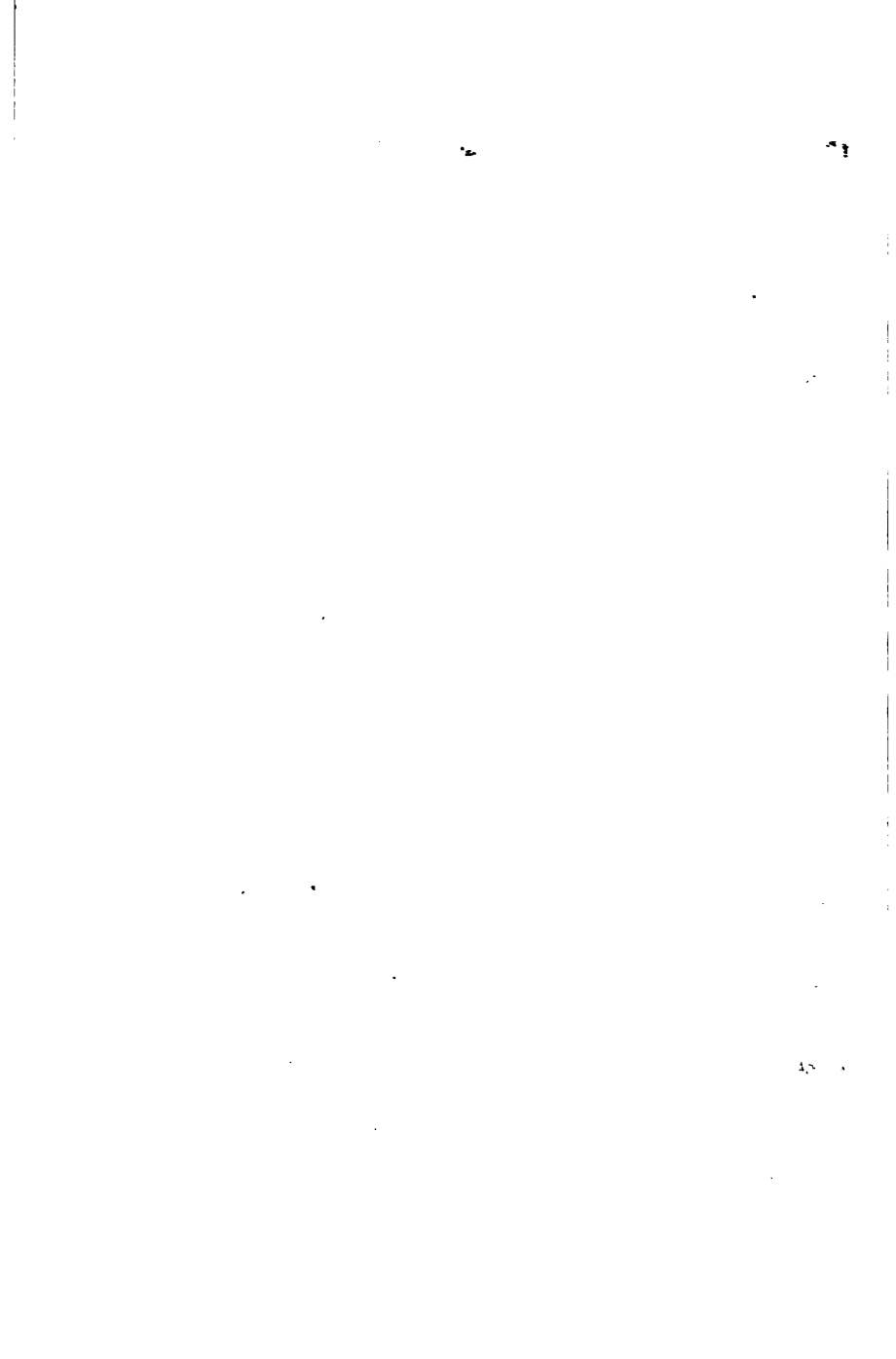


ON THE JOB FOR VICTORY

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION

Drawn by Jonas Lie.



Everywhere on the great ships I saw these new bluejackets learning the rudiments of this new game of war. It is not so very long since some of them were burning their fingers with firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Now they were practising loading with a dummy gun, or in classes on the bridge were learning that boxing a compass does not mean putting it into a crate. They were learning when to stand stiffly at salute; to say, "Sir," when an officer spoke to them; and always they were watching with frankly curious eyes the new life going on round them; the clutter of small craft that came and went; the strange and complicated signals by which the ships talked; the ceremony of a life that always has been semi-isolated, and so has preserved its forms and its traditions as has no other in the world.

Now the bluejacket's day begins early. At five thirty in the morning the bugle sounds reveille. There is no turning over in the hammock for another nap. And, by the way, I believe there is not much turning over in a sea-hammock anyhow—at least at the beginning. They are hung extraordinarily high; and I am told that on the midshipmen's cruise, when the Annapolis graduates get their first taste of real seagoing, the night is punctuated by dull thuds, as one after the other the treacherous hammocks turn them out.

At six thirty they commence to clean ship. This is extremely right and necessary, but highly painful for the officers asleep below decks.

At seven thirty there is breakfast. The cook has been up for hours, of course, for it takes a long time to get breakfast for more than a thousand men.

At nine thirty the division officers inspect their men. I was present at one inspection, and this is how it appeared to one landsman who had never seen it before:

Bluejackets and marines were all on deck. As the marines were near, I found myself engrossed with them. The marines were lined up and an officer stepped forward. I do not refer to his rank, because I do not know it. Stripes and stars mean noth-

ing to me, though I finally got to know an admiral by a story one of them told on himself.

He was behind two new Jackies, when one of them said to the other: "Say, which is the admiral?"

"Why, don't you know?" demanded the other. "He's that guy with the anchors on the back of his neck." For the admiral's three stars drive the anchors far to the rear of his collar.

After inspection and the setting-up exercises the men have drill. Drills in endless variety—gun-drills, boat-drills, signal and fire drills, clearing-ship-for-action drills. There are guns everywhere on a man-of-war. The long cabin of the admiral of the fleet, where from an orderly desk he transacts the great business of the fleet, is divided in two by a green curtain. From beyond that curtain, at stated periods, came certain sounds, the moving of men's feet, the staccato voice of an officer, the metallic click of machinery, followed by a small report and the hissing of compressed air. In the cabins of the chief of staff and of the captain of the *Pennsylvania* at the same time the same thing was going on.

In between drills and various instruction the men must eat.

After a day or two on the ship it occurred to me that, though I had seen food in preparation in the most marvellous galleys—acres of jelly cake, tons of bread, electrically driven ice-cream freezers, a white-tile butcher's shop as spotless as a guest-room bathroom; and in spite of the fact that over the ship had hung at times a most appetizing odor of food, I had seen no place for the men to eat. Then I was shown how the mess-tables, between meals, are folded up and stowed overhead, their folding benches on top of them. They are brought down some fifteen minutes before meals, probably to a bugle-call; because everything on a ship is done by bugle.

They are well fed, these boys of ours. And that is as it should be, for it is poor working and fighting on an empty stomach!

The play end of the fleet is well cared for. Remember, these are mostly boys and very young men. The average age, officers and men, of the fleet that went round the world was twenty-two. And to-day we know the psychology of play and its value. More

than once, when I went to the lines in France, I carried a football to be used behind the trenches.

So the bluejacket goes, at specified times, to his ball grounds and plays excellent baseball. The navy has always encouraged baseball, and, from battleships to submarines, each ship's crew has at least one team. Very good ball it is that they play, I am told.

"Splendid men, the marines!" said Admiral Mayo that morning as we stood watching at drill their businesslike precision, their soldierly and alert carriage.

Just what do we know of the marines? We begin to learn about them early enough, for what child has not heard of that historic and reckless marine named Captain Jenks, who insisted on feeding his horse certain grains that he could not afford?

Most of us know the marines in about this fashion: Now and then we read something in the daily paper about a body of marines being landed somewhere, and the immediate following of peace and order; because peace and order follow the marines like the pause and hush after a cyclone.

And, more recently, some inspired gentleman at Washington has devised a recruiting poster with this appeal to patriotism: "Tell it to the marines!"

LIVING OFF THE COUNTRY

But we have known little more. Yet the marines are of ancient origin. Only British and American war-ships now carry these "soldiers and sailors too," organized so long ago to clear the decks of enemy ships, and now, as then, the trouble-hunters of the sea. They go everywhere, do the marines; and, due to one of those strange vagaries of international law so puzzling to the uninitiated, landing them in force on a foreign shore does not constitute an act of war. But it does constitute an act of extreme discomfort to any who oppose them. Generally speaking, when the marines land on a foreign shore the natives give up the shore and retire to a safe interior.

They are a highly mobile force, carrying with them practically all they need, including the best brand of courage in the war-market; each man has his packed kit ready, rubber blanket and overcoat and leggings, plate and knife and fork, extra shoes, and so on. And he sometimes carries a frying-pan, too; for the marines are notoriously able to live off the country. In time of need they have methods of acquiring what is necessary, and most of us know the story of the little pickaninny in the road:

"Mammy, come and look at the soldiers coming!"

Mammy goes out and surveys the approaching ranks. Then, in shrill apprehension:

"Them ain't soldiers, honey. Them's marines. You come right on in and bring that dog in with you!"

We have something like seventeen thousand marines now. Those who know them wish that there were many times that number, though their warmest advocates will maintain that the seventeen thousand would be able to handle about twenty times their weight in German avoirdupois.

Clear-eyed, businesslike, alert fighting men to their finger-tips, they are as fine a body of men as our country can produce. And that is a large order.

THE SEARCHLIGHTS¹

ALFRED NOYES

("Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the state."—*General von Bernhardt*.)

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

Used by permission of the author.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come;
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry;
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride;
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,
These level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,
Our compass through the world's wide sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power, returns,

The fire, the fire that made her great
Once more upon her altar burns.
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

CAMOUFLAGE¹

WILL IRWIN

There's a new word in the English language—and by that I mean the corrupt dialect of our mother tongue used in the British Isles, not the pure and yet improved variety current in North America. As soon as this war is over and Tommy resumes his civilian activities, the British will be getting out new editions of those dictionaries wherein, they vainly believe, is embalmed the standard English language of the world. And in the C section, probably without the comment of "argot" or "slang" or "colloquial," or any other mark of disreputability, will appear "camouflage."

It is pronounced, at present, French fashion, like this—"camoo-flazh," the first *a* being short, as in *cat*; the second *a* broader, as in *harm*.

It had labored along for centuries, a rare and obscure French word, having several meanings, mostly slang. But in the theatrical business it signified make-up. The scene-painters of the Parisian theatres carried it with them to the war and fixed it in army slang; for just about that time the armies of Europe began to introduce a new branch of tactics into warfare. The aeroplane, hovering over battles with the eyes of a god, had arrived. It made the old-fashioned manoeuvres of strategy impossible. No longer was a general on the defensive obliged merely to guess whether his opponent intended to attack in the centre or to try to outflank. Just as soon as the enemy column began to move, the news came to

¹ From *Saturday Evening Post*, September, 1917. Copyright, by Curtis Publishing Co. Used by permission of the author.

the other side by aeroplane. Worse, perhaps, than that—the aeroplane had an invidious and prying way of discovering batteries, ammunition-dumps, troop-encampments, and, when they were found, of directing the battery-fire that destroyed them.

Except for keeping off the aeroplane, there was only one way to meet this power of the air—conceal your batteries, ammunition-dumps, or encampments—in short, make up the landscape, as a young actor, about to impersonate an old man, makes up his face with false whiskers, light grease-paint, and burned-match lines. By the first winter of the war both sides were at it. The British, as they worked up to efficiency, adopted the method and learned the word.

Before the first anniversary of the war the best scene-painters of France, some of the best painters, not a few of the best physical scientists, were busy with the problems of concealment. Now—without going too deeply into the scientific aspects of the question—every painter knows that any color is not really a single color at all, but a blend of many colors. There are purples and mauves and violets in the grayest stretch of landscape. The colors of Nature are complex; and Nature, also, runs to wavy, broken, and blended lines. One of the first steps in the process of military concealment was to camouflage guns and other military works.

The artists and scene-painters experimented, and viewed the results of their experiments from aeroplanes. By the end of the first year most of the guns and motor-transport used near the line had been painted after a pattern that has no equivalent in civilian uses. They were striped with greens, browns, dull yellows; sometimes with pinks and blues. But the stripes were not regular. All lines of union were wavy or broken. Nor did the colors meet each other sharply. For a little distance they were blended. The pattern, if pattern it can be called, resembled very remotely the marbling sometimes seen inside the binding of books. It looked more, perhaps, as though some one had poured a few bucketfuls of paint, hit or miss, over guns and transports.

Though the horse has been pretty nearly counted out in this

war, he is still used sometimes in sectors of the Front where the army meets peculiar conditions. So the horses, also, were camouflaged—painted with tinted whitewash, which would not affect their skins, in those same irregular stripes. The results, though exactly what the artist expected, were a surprise to the layman. I myself have often passed within a rod of a painted gun and never noticed it until some soldier called my attention to its presence, or until it was fired.

The peculiarities of the landscape were always minutely studied before painting operations began. So it often happens that a battery, shifted from one sector to a remote point, had to wait for a new coat of paint. Nearly invisible in the old landscape, it would attract attention in the new because its color value was not right.

HOW CAMERAS PIERCE DISGUISES

The craft of camouflage went on developing; and presently the camoufleurs hit on one of the best protective devices in their bag of tricks. As the impermanent trenches of the Western Front became permanent war residences, the roads by which transports travel were all camouflaged; and not only against aeroplane observers, but against balloons and artillery observation-posts. Now, as one approaches the Front, he knows that he is in the shell zone through the fact that his automobile is running behind a screen.

In conditions such as prevailed at the Somme battle last autumn, when herbage, trees, and villages had been battered into one wilderness of mud, the road camouflage is of the color of a dirty gunny sack; in the green country, which now lies behind most of the Western Front, the color is green, interspersed, on the principle of broken colors and lines, with brown and yellow.

Of course such road protection does not absolutely blind the enemy; but it does greatly hamper him. The aeroplane, in order to see what is doing on that road, must get absolutely overhead. Long ago the enemy has mapped and plotted every foot of the ground behind your lines. He has the range of that road,

and whenever his guns have nothing else to do they try to tear it up.

But tearing up the road merely gives your working parties a little extra work at road-mending. What the enemy would like to do is to catch the road when it is full of transports. Except by accident he cannot do that, unless he sends up an observation-aeroplane to hover directly overhead and direct his batteries. And aeroplanes cannot be steadily detached from more important work for this auxiliary service. Whatever happens along that road is invisible to the watchers in the captive balloons and to the observation-stations.

The painted camouflage of guns served for a time; but the eyes of aerial observers became sharper with practice, and the camera also was called to their aid. The spur of necessity made the science of photography take a long jump forward.

Within the German lines, fronting a famous French position, was a bit of wood. Now a wood is about the most effective piece of natural camouflage known to modern warfare. Its interlaced brown-and-green branches, blending with the prevailing brown and green of the ground, produce optical uncertainty. One day this wood was photographed and nothing suspicious was found. Photographed again, a brown streak showed about one of the edges. It was a new path, made in the night by the feet of men and horses. Evidently there had been a lot of trafficking about that wood. Further photographs showed the streak growing plainer and plainer. Traffic was evidently keeping up. The French, overnight, sent aeroplanes to bomb the wood; and an ammunition-dump went up.

So minute now is the search for paths, indicating spots of military use, that every precaution is taken to preserve the landscape. Sometimes the ammunition carriers and the cooks approach by a trench roofed with sod; but this cannot always be arranged.

TRENCHES AND BUILDINGS SIMULATED

When snow falls the whole system of camouflage must be changed; for dead white is a mightily uncompromising background, showing up the smallest shadow, and this contrast is stronger than the trick on vision played by any screen. The covering has to be changed to a solid white mat. This has the disadvantage of blinding the gunners to everything except the quarter of the sky just before them.

One main function of aircraft observation is to discover and map the enemy trench system, preparatory to an attack. In a general way it may be said that no general orders an attack before he and his subordinates, down to the captains of the line, know almost exactly what they are going to encounter. I learn from Belgium that the Germans, in preparing for an attack on a French or British position, have often dug an exact duplicate of the trench system they intended to take, and rehearsed their attacking divisions for weeks beforehand.

Now it is extremely hard to camouflage a trench. In the nature of things it is an aggressive piece of engineering. To defend it the firing must be kept up every day. Further, it must be open to the sky. But a trench system, as distinct from a single trench, may be camouflaged by digging fake trenches, so laid that they will seem to the military logic of the opposing intelligence department a part of the real trench system. The Germans, at least, have dug innumerable trenches of this sort. At first, they were mere trenches and nothing else; often they were too shallow for real use.

The long, thin, strange world behind the lines became not only a world of tragedy and heroism, of noise and barbed wire, of strange, grotesque gashes in the earth, but also a world of illusion and fake. Most useful buildings were camouflaged by painting the familiar irregular stripes, studied to blend with the landscape, on their roofs.

There has been much building in the zone of operations—sheds, barracks, headquarters, and the like. To go no further into detail,

there has also been some fake building. The camoufleurs, expert scene-painters, can stretch on bare ground in an appropriately short time a very convincing imitation of a roof. With a few large domestic utensils lying about, such a house looks very realistic from the air. Of course it is usually camouflaged with stripes, but a little carelessly—and yet not too carelessly.

Trench camouflage is another branch of the art. It is not a part of the war within the war between camouflage and aeroplane—except indirectly; for, after all, the aeroplane is the first cause of the locked trenches, of siege warfare on a world scale. Yet, in the camouflage used during day-by-day trench warfare, the artists and scene-painters of Europe have introduced some of their prettiest tricks.

Only recently did I realize how much the outward appearance of front trenches has changed during the past year. A trench is a ditch with a parapet built above the earth in front. Usually the parapet is made of sand-bags, which stop rifle fire. Now in the beginning the trench-builders, taking a workmanlike pride, made the parapets like good brickwork, laying the bags with absolute regularity, carefully evening the tops. At regular intervals there were loopholes. The enemy, watching with high-power field-glasses, could spot the loopholes at once and keep up a constant fire on them.

Moreover, a smoothly even top to the parapet betrays at once the head of a careless man; whereas, if the top be a broken, irregular line, that head, in the fleeting instant which a sniper has for his work, may appear a flickering shadow. Hundreds of miles of regular-laid old trench parapets have been torn up by night, under the direction of camoufleurs, and replaced by trenches more deceptive.

The snipers between the lines, and the trench raiders, make up their persons, thus bringing the word camouflage back to its original meaning. Uniforms, of course, are in themselves a kind of camouflage. The German blue-green-gray, the Italian olive-gray, the French horizon blue, the British and American khaki—

are all designed for protective coloration. Perhaps, considering the conditions of modern warfare, the British uniform, being colored like mud, has been most successful of all; just as French horizon blue, blending so well with the distant landscape, would be best in open summer fighting, and just as the German uniform best suits all-round conditions. The camoufleurs, however, usually believe that all sides have made a mistake in adopting a solid color.

In night operations, however, the white face of a Caucasian man is distinctly visible under the search-lights or the flares, even when his uniform blends with the landscape. So those raiding or scouting parties who crawl out between the trenches at night, making that whole four-hundred-mile strip of No Man's Land a world of curious, secret, crawling activities, usually blacken their faces and hands with the standard burnt cork of the negro minstrel. In Gallipoli the British found that the Turkish snipers, who worked mainly from trees, were wearing grass-green uniforms and had painted their faces green.

Trench camouflage, like the camouflage of guns, changes with the seasons. When snow falls on No Man's Land the faces of patrols need not be blackened; but, of course, blue or khaki uniforms show up with fatal clearness under a search-light. Hence it happened, in the winter of 1915-16, that a spruce young British officer came into a general store in a French city near to the Western Front and asked the astonished saleslady for her best price on eight dozen women's night-dresses, large sizes, with nightcaps to match. The saleslady filled this shocking order; two nights later a party dressed in this outlandish costume made a very successful trench raid.

Now once it happened that the French wanted to make a rapid military movement, a shifting of guns, transports, and troops along a road just behind the first-line trenches and in plain view of the Germans.

The camoufleurs went to work; then the French, having disposed of hostile aeroplanes for the day, moved their troops in peace. There was no use for this scenery elsewhere; so the cam-

oufleurs left it. For weeks, this being a quiet sector, the French used the road in a manner care-free and exultant, until the shells of a chance German bombardment hit the scenery and revealed the trick. Both sides have employed variants on this device; I imagine that, with most of the theatres closed, Europe is painting more scenery than ever before.

Finally the aeroplane, first cause of all this trickery, has borrowed defensive methods from its enemies and is itself taking to camouflage. Most aeroplanes are painted a silvery white, an excellent general color to render them invisible against the silvery blue of the upper atmosphere or the silvery gray of mists. But, viewed from above, this color shows up plainly against the strong brown, blue, yellow, and green of the earth.

Early this summer, Allied airmen began to encounter German planes "painted like harlequins and spotted like circus ponies," said a French aviator. One would have a blue wing and a yellow wing, with a green body; one would be polka-dotted. But always the colors met in wavy uncertain lines, and always they were blended where they joined.

All this was on the upper surface; the lower was still silvery white, except the black Maltese cross, which marked their nationality. So, seen from above, they blended uncertainly with the landscape, and from below, with the sky.

The camoufleurs, first taking notes, from the air, on the prevailing colors of the country over which they must travel, had been at work.

THE GREATEST WEAPON¹

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

The forty-centimetre gun
That hurls, six leagues, against the foe
A missile weighing just a ton
Deals not the most effective blow.

¹ From *Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright, by Curtis Publishing Co. Used by permission of the author.

We thought so several years ago;
But time has taught us better now.
In laying adversaries low
War's greatest weapon is the plough.

Success in war depends, my son,
On making corn and wheat to grow;
And victory will by him be won
Who hoes the most successful row.
On those who plant and till and sow,
And feed the swine and milk the cow,
We must our medals now bestow—
War's greatest weapon is the plough.

That army quickly is undone
Within whose rear stalks, to and fro,
Grim Famine, fiercer than a Hun,
With all his myrmidons of woe,
Who neither ruth nor quarter show.
Because it saves from these, we vow
Our highest praise to it we owe—
War's greatest weapon is the plough.

L'ENVOI

Captain, I must report that so
I find the facts; no matter how
The tides of battle ebb or flow,
War's greatest weapon is the plough.

RATIONS: A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM¹

CAPTAIN GILBERT NOBBS

Captain Nobbs was five weeks on the firing-line on the Somme, four weeks mourned as dead, and three months a prisoner of war in Germany. In his book he describes vividly how he planned the attack of his company under fire, brought his men into position, directed the charge, and fell wounded in the head and blinded for life. The two selections, "Rations" and "Saniez," taken here from his book, "On the Right of the British Line," illustrate his experience in helping to feed the British army and as a prisoner of war.

We arrived at Rouen at 7.30 the following morning. I had to report to the R. T. O. by 9.30, and in the meantime 3,534 rations had to be cut up and distributed on the station platform among 1,178 officers and men.

Have you ever had such a problem as that? If not, then avoid it, if it ever comes your way. . . .

Three days' rations for 1,178 officers and men, in bulk; and 1,178 officers and men began to gather around the stack, in hungry expectancy of breakfast.

Now to issue rations to a battalion straight from bulk is quite difficult enough, but to issue rations from bulk to units of various strengths, belonging to over fifty regiments is enough to drive any one crazy.

Each man was entitled to two and one-fourth ounces of tea, one-fourth ounce of mustard, two and one-fourth pounds of biscuits, three-fourths pound of cheese, twelve ounces of bacon, one tin of bully beef, nine ounces of jam.

Each unit had to be dealt with separately, so that each unit presented a mathematical problem of the most perplexing kind. Each unit sent up its fatigue party to draw rations, whilst I and several officers who had volunteered to assist me made a bold attempt at distribution.

"Come along, first man, what's your regiment?"

¹ From "On the Right of the British Line," Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Manchester, sir; 59 men."

I looked through my volume of papers to check his figures.

"Quite right! Fifty-nine men."

Fifty-nine men meant fifty-nine times two and one-fourth ounces of tea, one-fourth ounce of mustard, two and one-fourth pounds of biscuits, three-fourths pound of cheese, twelve ounces of bacon, one tin of bully beef, and nine ounces of jam. My brain whirls when I think of those problems.

The next unit consisted of 9 men; the next of 1; then came a long list of 2's, 5's, and 7's, and so on; and in each case the mathematical problem had to be worked out; and when the figuring was finished, the stuff had to be cut up.

Seventy-nine pounds of cheese for the Manchesters; does any one know what seventy-nine pounds of cheese looks like? No one did; we had never seen so much cheese before in our lives.

"Give him a whole cheese and chance it. And now tea; the Manchesters want one hundred and thirty-two and three-fourths ounces of tea. Give him about three handfuls and chance it."

The next party consisted of 2 men.

"Six ounces of jam for the 19 Canadians; how much is that?"

"Nearly half a pot."

"What are you going to put it in?"

"Got nothing."

"Can't have any, then."

"Come on, next man."

When I saw the last of that stack of food it was 11.30. We were hungry and tired, and we made our way to the nearest hotel, fervently hoping that we might never see food in bulk again.

FOOD TO FIGHT ON¹

L. LODIAN

The fighting ability of an army depends primarily on its food. The human body cannot create energy, but only transforms it; and it is the energy bottled up in such prosaic stuff as beef and beans that wins our battles. The food-essentials of an army are four—meat, bread, sugar, and tea, stated in the order of importance, it being understood that fats are included in "meat" and all cereals, legumes, etc., in "bread." The "sugar" item includes all sugar-containing fruits, and under "tea" are counted coffee, chocolate, cocoa, and national beverages.

All armies possess emergency rations. None of them is entirely up to the mark; and the problem is still to find an emergency ration which shall be passably satisfactory. For instance, the American article is lacking in proteins and fats; and the chocolate tablets which accompany it are an indifferent substitute.

"There are three different parched maize-meal packets and three chocolates. The former article is but a revival of the parched maize-meal of the American Indians, on which they could exist for days when hunting or on the war-path. But even this hardy race finally abandoned it for the better known pemmican—dried chopped meat with grains mixed in, to which no straight cereal product can compare as a sustaining food. The German Army pea-sausage, or *Erbswurst*, has been much overpraised by those whose familiarity with it is scant. It is about as unsatisfactory a concentrated ration as any extant, and is actually inedible when uncooked, being of a nauseating, bitterish, and raw flavor. It would seem that an emergency ration should above all things be edible, as it is to provide for the not remote contingency in which cooking facilities are lacking."

The finest known combination of sustaining and heating qualities among meat foods is a form of sausage with high fat content, called

¹ Adapted by *Literary Digest* from an article in *Scientific American*.

by the French *boulet ramé* (chain-shot). This is also used by the Belgians and the Germans. It is a winter food and is never issued for summer campaigning. The string is so formed that each ball constitutes a single substantial ration. To quote further:

"There are more than a dozen varieties of compressed teas used by the Russian commissary, appearing in various forms—bar, slab, tablet, disk, ball, etc. One is a high-grade whole-leaf tea. Compressed tea occupies very little space and preserves well. A three-pound slab snugly fits the coat-pocket. The meaning of this will be amply demonstrated by an attempt to stow three pounds of loose tea into the coat-pocket without bulging.

"The compressed rice-macaroni of oriental forces is an instant rice—place it in water, bring it to a boil, and it is ready to serve without further formalities.

"The oat-bread in sausage-link form is still made and used by some of the North British troops, and is indeed a most sustaining breadstuff. It contains some fat seasoning and the links resemble those of pork sausage.

"Another remarkable army food is the compressed fig coffee of the Central Powers, in use over a century, and with the peculiar advantage that it may either be utilized for food as it is or converted by infusion into a coffee-like drink, with the inevitable figgy flavor. The much-wrinkled, smoke-dried pears found in the same armies are another product made by the ton. These are used by the troops as a combined nutriment and corrective.

"The Swiss army, which now and then figures in the daily news as fighting hard to maintain its neutrality, has but one notable food-product—the white chocolate. This is made entirely of cocoa-butter and sugar, the brown residue of the bean after removal of the stearin being excluded. The moulded chocolate cake has the smooth, glossy, ivory-white appearance of a billiard-ball. A less sweet form of the white chocolate has a dried cream incorporated in lieu of sugar. Both types are recognized as of food value superior to that of the ordinary brown chocolate; the brown part is much overrated, in this respect being comparable to beef

extract, calves'-foot jelly, and other supposed dainties, popularly imagined to be highly nutritious.

"An Italian army chocolate is in sausage-length form, put up in ordinary casing, while its plum-duff goes into a beef membrane. This is more sustaining plum-pudding than the more familiar one of British tradition. The Italian 'spotted dog' is made with one of the heavy and dark Italian wines in lieu of water and fat nut meats in place of ordinary shortening.

"There is, to repeat, no entirely satisfactory emergency ration in use by any army, and perhaps there never will be. The nearest approach thereto is the simplest—just the unsalted, sun-dried, paper-thin meat sheets of some of the Latin-American forces. This is always dry and cleanly to handle, can be eaten as it is, and folds up compactly like brown paper. The thick article of the shipping supply trades is a very different and very inferior one.

"The Asiatic soldiery have a similar sun-dried and unsalted meat sheeting, in smaller sizes, shaved from the round of goat, sheep, and pig, while certain African tribes depend upon a similar product of the deer and the buffalo. In every case food-value is high.







